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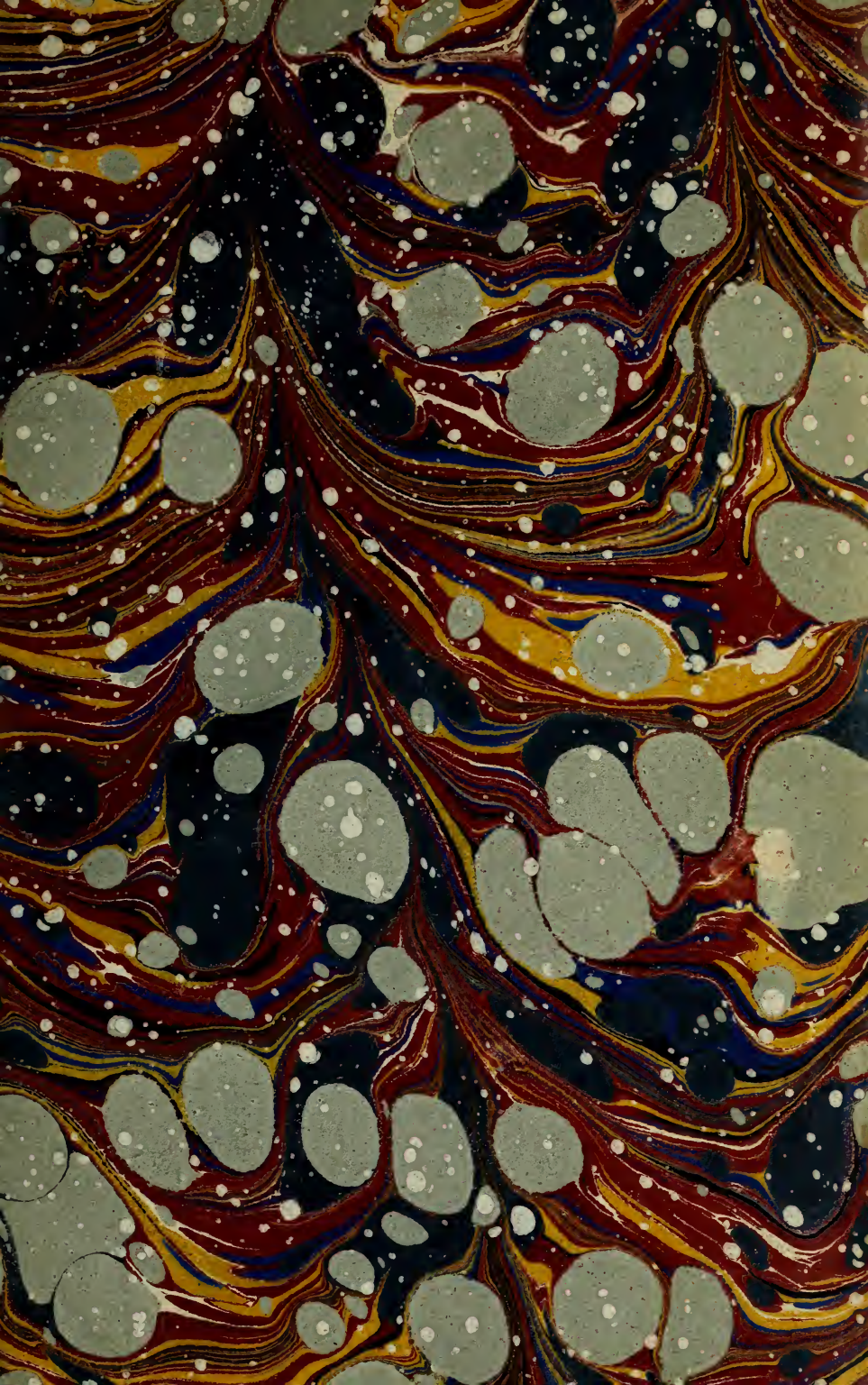

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THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEAR:

VOLUME the EIGHTH.

CONTAINING,

ROMEO *and* JULIET.
HAMLET.
OTHELLO.
An INDEX.

LONDON:

Printed for *J.* and *P. Knapton*, *S. Birt*, *T. Longman* and *T. Shewell*, *H. Lintott*, *C. Hitch*, *J. Brindley*, *J.* and *R. Tonson* and *S. Draper*, *R. Wellington*, *E. New*, and *B. Dod*.

MDCCXLVII.

PROLOGUE.

TWO Houſholds, both alike in Dignity,
In fair Verona, *(where we lay our Scene)*
From ancient Grudge break to new mutiny;
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of theſe two foes,
A pair of ſtar-croſt lovers take their life;
Whoſe miſadventur'd piteous Overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their Parents' ſtrife.
The fearful paſſage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their Parents' rage,
Which but their children's End nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our ſtage:
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here ſhall miſs, our Toil ſhall ſtrive to mend.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS, *Prince of* Verona.
Paris, *a young Nobleman in love with* Juliet, *and kinſman to the Prince.*
Montague, } *Two Lords of antient families, Enemies to*
Capulet, } *each other.*
Romeo, *Son to* Montague.
Mercutio, *Kinſman to the Prince, and Friend to* Romeo.
Benvolio, *Kinſman and Friend to* Romeo.
Tybalt, *Kinſman to* Capulet.
Friar Lawrence.
Friar John.
Balthaſar, *Servant to* Romeo.
Page to Paris.
Sampſon, } *Servants to* Capulet.
Gregory, }
Abram, *Servant to* Montague.
Apothecary.
Simon Catling,
Hugh Rebeck, } 3 *Muſicians.*
Samuel Soundboard, }
Peter, *Servant to the Nurſe.*

Lady Montague, *Wife to* Montague.
Lady Capulet, *Wife to* Capulet.
Juliet, *Daughter to* Capulet, *in love with* Romeo.
Nurſe to Juliet.

CHORUS.

Citizens of Verona, *ſeveral men and women relations to* Capulet, *Maskers, Guards, Watch, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE, *in the beginning of the fifth Act, is in* Mantua; *during all the reſt of the Play, in and near* Verona.

ROMEO

ROMEO and *JULIET.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Street, in VERONA.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregory, (*with ſwords and bucklers,*) *two ſervants of the* Capulets.

SAMPSON.

GREGORY, on my word, [1] we'll not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we ſhould be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an' we be in Choler, we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your Neck out of the Collar.

Sam. I ſtrike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to ſtrike.

Sam. A dog of the Houſe of *Montague* moves me.

Greg. To move, is to ſtir; and to be valiant, is to ſtand: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'ſt away.

Sam. A dog of that Houſe ſhall move me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any man, or maid of *Montague*'s.

1 *we'll not* carry coals.] A phraſe then in uſe, to ſignify the bearing injuries.

Greg. That ſhews thee a weak ſlave; for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Sam. True, and therefore women, being the weakeſt, are ever thruſt to the wall: — therefore I will puſh *Montague*'s men from the wall, and thruſt his maids to the wall.

Greg. The quarrel is between our maſters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will ſhew myſelf a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or the maiden-heads, take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it in ſenſe, that feel it.

Sam. Me they ſhall feel, while I am able to ſtand: and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of fleſh.

Greg. 'Tis well thou art not fiſh: if thou hadſt, thou hadſt been *Poor John*. Draw thy tool, here comes of the Houſe of the *Montagues*.

Enter Abram *and* Balthaſar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How, turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry: I fear thee! ———

Sam. Let us take the law of our ſides: let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I paſs by, and let them take it as they liſt.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a diſgrace to them if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the law on our ſide, if I ſay, ay?

Greg.

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir: but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you; I ſerve as good a man, as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, Sir.

[2] *Enter* Benvolio.

Greg. Say, better: here comes one of my maſter's kinſmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy ſwaſhing blow. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools, put up your ſwords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What art thou drawn among theſe heartleſs hinds?
Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy ſword,
Or manage it to part theſe men with me.

Tyb. What drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all *Montagues* and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [*Fight.*

Enter three or four citizens with clubs.

Offi. Clubs, bills, and partiſans! ſtrike! beat them down!
Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Montagues*!

2 *Enter* Benvolio.] Much of this ſcene is added ſince the firſt edition; but probably by *Shakeſpear*, ſince we find it in that of the year 1599. Mr. *Pope*.

Enter old Capulet *in his gown, and lady* Capulet.

Cap. What noiſe is this? give me my long ſword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch: — why call you for a ſword?

Cap. My ſword, I ſay: old *Montague* is come,
And flouriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Montague, *and Lady* Montague.

Mon. Thou villain, *Capulet* — Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou ſhalt not ſtir a foot to ſeek a foe.

Enter Prince with Attendants.

Prin. Rebellious Subjects, enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-ſtained ſteel —
Will they not hear? what ho! you men, you beaſts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains iſſuing from your veins;
On pain of torture, from thoſe bloody hands
Throw your miſ-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the ſentence of your moved Prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Montague*,
Have thrice diſturb'd the Quiet of our ſtreets;
And made *Verona*'s antient Citizens
Caſt by their grave, beſeeming, ornaments;
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cankred with peace, to part your cankred hate;
If ever you diſturb our ſtreets again,
Your lives ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the reſt depart away,
You *Capulet*, ſhall go along with me;
And, *Montague*, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleaſure in this caſe,

To

To old Free-town, our common judgment-place:
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.
[*Exeunt Prince and* Capulet, *&c.*

SCENE II.

La. Mon. Who ſet this antient quarrel new abroach;
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?
Ben. Here were the ſervants of your adverſary,
And yours, cloſe fighting, ere I did approach;
I drew to part them: In the inſtant came
The fiery *Tybalt*, with his ſword prepar'd,
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He ſwung about his head, and cut the winds:
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiſs'd him in ſcorn.
While we were interchanging thruſts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
'Till the Prince came, who parted either Part.
La. Mon. O where is *Romeo!* Saw you him to day?
Right glad am I, he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an hour before the worſhipp'd Sun
'Pear'd through the golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad:
Where underneath the grove of ſycamour,
That weſtward rooteth from the City ſide,
So early walking did I ſee your ſon.
Tow'rds him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And ſtole into the covert of the wood.
I, meaſuring his affections by my own,
([3] That moſt are buſied when they're moſt alone,)
Purſued my humour, not purſuing him;

3 *That moſt are buſied* &c.] Edition 1597. Inſtead of which it is in the other editions thus,

——— —— — —— *by my own,*
Which then moſt ſought, where moſt might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary ſelf,
Purſued my humour, &c. Mr. *Pope.*

And

[4] And gladly ſhun'd, who gladly fled from me.
Mon. Many a morning hath he there been ſeen
With tears augmenting the freſh morning-dew;
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep ſighs:
But all ſo ſoon as the all-cheering Sun
Should, in the fartheſt Eaſt, begin to draw
The ſhady curtains from *Aurora*'s bed;
Away from light ſteals home my heavy ſon,
And private in his chamber pens himſelf;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himſelf an artificial night.
Black and portentous muſt this humour prove,
Unleſs good counſel may the cauſe remove.
Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cauſe?
Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.
[5] *Ben.* Have you importun'd him by any means?
Mon. Both by myſelf and many other friends;
But he, his own affections' counſellor,
Is to himſelf, I will not ſay, how true;
But to himſelf ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So far from ſounding and diſcovery;
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can ſpread his ſweet wings to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the (*a*) Sun.
Could we but learn from whence his ſorrows grow,
We would as willingly give Cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes: ſo pleaſe you, ſtep aſide,
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.
Mon. I would, thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay
To hear true ſhrift. Come, Madam, let's away.
[*Exeunt.*

4 *And gladly ſhun'd* &c.] The ten lines following, not in edition 1597, but in the next of 1599. Mr. *Pope.*

5 Ben. *Have you importun'd,* &c.] Theſe two ſpeeches alſo omitted in edition 1597, but inſerted in 1599. Mr. *Pope.*

[(*a*) *Sun.* *Mr.* Theobald——Vulg. *ſame.*]

Ben.

Ben. Good morrow, couſin.
Rom. Is the day ſo young?
Ben. But new ſtruck nine.
Rom. Ah me, ſad hours ſeem long!
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?
Ben. It was: what ſadneſs lengthens *Romeo*'s hours?
Rom. Not having That, which, having, makes them ſhort.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out——
Ben. Of love?
Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love?
Ben. Alas, that love, ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without eyes ſee (*a*) path-ways to his ill!
Where ſhall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
Oh, any thing of nothing firſt create!
O heavy lightneſs! ſerious vanity!
Miſ-ſhapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fire, ſick health
Still-waking ſleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Doſt thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppreſſion.
Rom. Why, ſuch is love's tranſgreſſion.—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breaſt;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have them preſt

[(*a*) *path-ways to his ill.* Oxford Editor——Vulg. *path-ways to his will.*]

With

With more of thine; this love, that thou haſt ſhewn,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a ſmoak rais'd with the fume of ſighs,
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in lovers' eyes;
Being vext, a ſea nouriſh'd with lovers' tears;
What is it elſe? a madneſs moſt diſcreet,
A choaking gall, and a preſerving ſweet:
Farewel, my couſin. [*Going.*
Ben. Soft, I'll go along.
And if you leave me ſo, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut, I have loſt myſelf, I am not here;
This is not *Romeo*, he's ſome other where.
Ben. Tell me in ſadneſs, who ſhe is you love?
Rom. What, ſhall I groan and tell thee?
Ben. Groan? why, no; but ſadly tell me, who.
Rom. Bid a ſick man in ſadneſs make his will? —
O word, ill urg'd to one that is ſo ill! —
In ſadneſs, couſin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd ſo near, when I ſuppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good marks-man; — and ſhe's fair, I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is ſooneſt hit.
Rom. But, in that hit, you miſs; — ſhe'll not be hit
With *Cupid*'s arrow; ſhe hath *Dian*'s wit:
And, in ſtrong proof of chaſtity well arm'd,
From love's weak childiſh bow, ſhe lives unharm'd.
She will not ſtay the ſiege of loving terms,
Nor 'bide th' encounter of aſſailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to ſaint-ſeducing gold.
O, ſhe is rich in beauty; only poor,
That when ſhe dies, with her dies Beauty's Store.
Bru. Then ſhe hath ſworn, that ſhe will ſtill live chaſte?
[6] *Rom.* She hath, and in that Sparing makes huge waſte.

6 Rom. *She hath, and in that Sparing*, &c.] None of the following ſpeeches of this ſcene in the firſt Edition of 1597. Mr. *Pope*.

For

For beauty, ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,
Cuts beauty off from all poſterity.
She is too fair, too wiſe; wiſely too fair,
To merit bliſs by making me deſpair;
She hath forſworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I ſhould forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other Beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way
To call hers (exquiſite) in queſtion more;
Thoſe happy masks, that kiſs fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He that is ſtrucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt.
Shew me a miſtreſs, that is paſſing fair;
What doth her beauty ſerve, but as a note,
Where I may read, who paſs'd that paſſing fair?
Farewel, thou canſt not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Capulet, Paris, *and Servant.*

Cap. And *Montague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard
For men ſo old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you Both,
And, pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds ſo long:
But now, my lord, what ſay you to my Suit?
Cap. But ſaying o'er what I have ſaid before:
My child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
She hath not ſeen the Change of fourteen years;
Let two more ſummers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

Par.

Par. Younger than ſhe are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too ſoon marr'd are thoſe ſo early made:
The earth hath ſwallow'd all my hopes but ſhe.
[7] She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her conſent is but a part;
If ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choice
Lies my conſent, and fair according voice:
This night, I hold an old-accuſtom'd Feaſt,
Whereto I have invited many a gueſt,
Such as I love; and you, among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor houſe, look to behold this night
[8] Earth-treading ſtars that make dark Even light.
Such comfort as do luſty young men feel,
When well-apparel'd *April* on the heel
Of limping Winter treads, even ſuch delight
Among freſh female-buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe; hear all, all ſee,
And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Which on more view of many, mine, being one,
May ſtand in number, tho' in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me. Go, ſirrah, trudge about,
Through fair *Verona*; find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there; and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome on their pleaſure ſtay.
[*Exeunt* Capulet *and* Paris.

Ser. Find them out, whoſe names are written here? —— It is written, that the Shoe-maker ſhould

7 *She is the hopeful lady of my earth:*] This line not in the firſt edition. Mr. *Pope.*

8 *Earth-treading ſtars that make dark* HEAVEN'S *light.*] This nonſenſe ſhould be reformed thus,

Earth-treading ſtars that make dark EVEN *light.*

i. e. When the evening is dark and without ſtars, theſe earthly ſtars ſupply their place, and light it up. So again in this play,

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear.

meddle

meddle with his Yard, and the Tailor with his Laſt, the Fiſher with his Pencil, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe Perſons, whoſe names are here writ; and can never find what names the writing perſon hath here writ. I muſt to the Learned.— In good time, ——

Enter Benvolio *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is leſſen'd by another's Anguiſh:
Turn giddy, and be help'd by backward turning;
One deſperate grief cure with another's Languiſh:
Take thou ſome new infection to the eye,
And the rank poyſon of the old will die.
Rom. Your plantan leaf is excellent for That.
Ben. For what, I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken ſhin.
Ben. Why, *Romeo*, art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is:
Shut up in priſon, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented: and —Good-e'en, good fellow.
[*To the Servant.*
Ser. God gi' good e'en: I pray, Sir, can you read?
Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my miſery.
Ser. Perhaps you have learn'd it without book: but, I pray,
Can you read any thing you ſee?
Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.
Ser. Ye ſay honeſtly, reſt you merry.——
Rom. Stay, fellow, I can read.

[He reads the letter.]

SIgnior Martino, *and his wife and daughters: Count* Anſelm *and his beauteous ſiſters; the lady widow of* Vitruvio; *Signior* Placentio, *and his lovely neices;* Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine; *mine uncle* Capulet, *his*

his wife and daughters; *my fair niece* Roſaline; Livia; *Signior* Valentio, *and his couſin* Tybalt; Lucio, *and the lively* Helena.

[9] A fair aſſembly; whither ſhould they come?

Ser. Up.——

Rom. Whither?

Ser. To ſupper, to our houſe.

Rom. Whoſe houſe?

Ser. My maſter's.

Rom. Indeed, I ſhould have askt you that before.

Ser. Now I'll tell you without asking. My maſter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the Houſe of *Montagues*, I pray, come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merry. [*Exit.*

Ben. At this ſame antient Feaſt of *Capulet*'s
Sups the fair *Roſaline*, whom thou ſo lov'ſt;
With all th' admired beauties of *Verona*.
Go thither, and, with unattained eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee think thy Swan a Crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains ſuch falſehoods, then turn tears to fires!
And theſe, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Tranſparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! th' all-ſeeing Sun
Ne'er ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.

Ben. Tut! tut! you ſaw her fair, none elſe being by;
Her ſelf pois'd with herſelf, in either eye:
But in thoſe cryſtal ſcales, let there be weigh'd
Your Lady's love againſt ſome other maid,

9 *A fair aſſembly: whither ſhould they come?*
Ser. *Up.* ——
Rom. *Whither?* to ſupper?
Ser. *To our Houſe.*] *Romeo* had read over the liſt of invited gueſts; but how ſhould he know they were invited to ſupper? This comes much more aptly from the *Servant*'s anſwer, than *Romeo*'s queſtion; and muſt undoubtedly be placed to him.

That

That I will ſhew you, ſhining at this feaſt;
And ſhe will ſhew ſcant well, that now ſhews beſt.
Rom. I'll go along, no ſuch ſight to be ſhewn;
But to rejoice in ſplendor of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Capulet, *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. NURSE, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurſe. Now (by my maiden-head, at twelve Years old) I bade her come; what, lamb,—what, lady-bird, God forbid! — where's this girl? what, *Juliet?*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurſe. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter —— Nurſe, give leave a while, we muſt talk in ſecret; Nurſe, come back again, I have remember'd me, thou ſhalt hear our counſel: thou know'ſt, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurſe. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurſe. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, (and yet to my teen be it ſpoken, I have but four;) ſhe's not fourteen; how long is it now to *Lammas*-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

Nurſe. 'Even or odd, of all days in the year, come 'Lammas eve at night, ſhall ſhe be fourteen. *Suſan* 'and ſhe (God reſt all chriſtian ſouls!) were of an 'age. Well, *Suſan* is with God, ſhe was too good 'for me. But as I ſaid on *Lammas*-eve at night ſhall 'ſhe be fourteen, that ſhall ſhe, marry, I remember

'it well. 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years,
'and she was wean'd; I never shall forget it, of all
'the days in the year, upon that day; for I had then
'laid worm-wood to my dug, sitting in the Sun un-
'der the Dove-house wall, my lord and you were then
'at *Mantua*——nay, I do bear a brain. But, as I
'said, when it did taste the worm-wood on the nip-
'ple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to see
'it teachy, and fall out with the dug. Shake, quoth
'the Dove-house——'twas no need, I trow, to bid
'me trudge; and since that time it is eleven years, for
'then she could stand alone; nay, by th' rood, she
'could have run, and waddled all about; for even the
'day before she broke her brow, and then my hus-
'band, (God be with his soul, a' was a merry man;)
'took up the child; yea, quoth he, dost thou fall
'upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou
'hast more wit, wilt thou not, *Julé?* and by my holy
'dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and said,
'ay; To see now, how a jest shall come about.——I
'warrant, an' I should live a thousand years, I should
'not forget it: Wilt thou not, *Julé*, quoth he? and,
'pretty fool, it stinted, and said, ay.'

La. Cap. Enough of this, I pray thee, hold thy peace.

[1] *Nurse.* Yes, Madam; yet I cannot chuse but laugh, to think it should leave crying, and say, ay; and yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow a bump as big as a young cockrel's stone: a perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea, quoth my husband, fall'st upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comest to age, wilt thou not, *Julé?* it stinted, and said, ay.

Jul. And stint thee too, I pray thee, nurse, say I.

1 Nurse. *Yes, Madam; yet I cannot chuse* &c.] This speech and tautology is not in the first edition. Mr. *Pope.*

Nurse.

Nurſe. Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his grace!
Thou waſt the prettieſt Babe, that e'er I nurſt.
An' I might live to ſee thee married once,
I have my wiſh.
La. Cap. And that ſame marriage is the very theam
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter *Juliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſition to be married?
Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.
Nurſe. An honour? were not I thine only nurſe,
I'd ſay, thou had'ſt ſuck'd wiſdom from thy teat.
La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you
Here in *Verona*, ladies of eſteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon theſe years
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief;
The valiant *Paris* ſeeks you for his love.
Nurſe. A man, young lady, lady, ſuch a man
As all the world——Why, he's a man of wax.
La. Cap. *Verona*'s ſummer hath not ſuch a flower.
Nurſe. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.
[2] *La. Cap.* What ſay you, can you like the Gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our Feaſt;
Read o'er the Volume of young *Paris*' Face,
And find Delight writ there with Beauty's pen;
Examine ev'ry ſev'ral Lineament,
And ſee, how one another lends Content:
And what obſcur'd in this fair Volume lies,
Find written in the Margent of his Eyes.
This precious book of Love, this unbound Lover,
To beautify him only lacks a Cover.
The fiſh lives in the Sea, and 'tis much pride,

2 La. Cap. *What ſay you*, &c.] This ridiculous ſpeech is entirely added ſince the firſt edition. Mr. *Pope.*

For Fair without the Fair within to hide.
That Book in many Eyes doth ſhare the Glory,
That in gold claſps locks in the golden Story.
So, ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſs,
By having him, making yourſelf no leſs.

Nurſe. No leſs? Nay, bigger; Women grow by Men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris'* love?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deep will I indart mine eye,
Than your conſent gives ſtrength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the gueſts are come, ſupper ſerv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurſe curſt in the pantry, and every thing iu extremity. I muſt hence to wait; I beſeech you, follow ſtrait.

La. Cap. We follow thee. *Juliet*, the County ſtays.

Nurſe. Go, girl, ſeek happy nights to happy days.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Street before Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or ſix other maskers, torch-bearers, and drums.*

Rom. WHAT, ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without apology?

Ben. [3] The date is out of ſuch prolixity.
We'll

3 *The date is out of ſuch prolixity.*] i. e. *Masks* are now out of faſhion. That *Shakeſpear* was an enemy to theſe fooleries, appears from his writing none: and that his plays diſcredited ſuch entertainments is more than probable. But in *James*'s time, that reign

We'll have no *Cupid*, hood-wink'd with a ſcarf,
Bearing a *Tartar*'s painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper:
[4] Nor a without-book prologue faintly ſpoke
After the prompter, for our entrance.
But let them meaſure us by what they will,
We'll meaſure them a meaſure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being but heavy, I will bear the Light.

Mer. Nay, gentle *Romeo*, we muſt have you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing ſhoes
With nimble ſoles; I have a ſoul of lead,
So ſtakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

[5] *Mer.* You are a Lover; borrow *Cupid*'s Wings,
And ſoar with them above a common Bound.

Rom. I am too ſore enpearced with his Shaft,
To ſoar with his light Feathers: and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull Woe:
Under Love's heavy burthen do I ſink.

Mer. And to ſink in it, ſhould you burthen Love:
Too great Oppreſſion for a tender Thing!

Rom. Is Love a tender Thing? It is too rough,
Too rude, too boiſt'rous; and it pricks like Thorn.

Mer. If Love be rough with you, be rough with Love;
Prick Love for pricking, and you beat Love down.
Give me a Caſe to put my viſage in?
[*Pulling off his Mask.*
A Viſor for a Viſor? —— what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle-brows ſhall bluſh for me.

reign of falſe taſte as well as falſe politics, they came again in faſhion: and a deluge of this affected nonſenſe overflowed the court and country.

4 *Nor a without-book prologue* &c.] The two following lines are inſerted from the firſt Edition. Mr. *Pope.*

5 Mer. *You are a Lover*; &c.] The twelve following lines are not to be found in the firſt edition. Mr. *Pope.*

Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no ſooner in,
But ev'ry man betake him to his legs.
Rom. A torch for me. Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the ſenſeleſs ruſhes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandſire-phraſe;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
The game was ne'er ſo fair, and I am done.
Mer. [6] Tut! *dun's the mouſe*, the conſtable's own word;
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire;
Or, ſave your reverence, Love, wherein thou ſtickeſt
Up to thine ears: come, we burn day-light, ho.
Rom. Nay, that's not ſo.

6 *Tut! dun's the mouſe, the conſtable's own word*;] This poor obſcure ſtuff ſhould have an explanation in mere charity. It is an anſwer to theſe two lines of *Romeo*,

For I am proverb'd with a grandſire's phraſe,
and
The game was ne'er ſo fair, and I am done.

Mercutio, in his reply, anſwers the laſt line firſt. The thought of which, and of the preceding, is taken from gaming, *I'll be a candle holder* (ſays *Romeo*) *and look on.* It is true, if I could play myſelf, I could never expect a fairer chance than in the company we are going to: but, alas! *I am done.* I have nothing to play with; I have loſt my heart already. *Mercutio* catches at the word *done*, and quibbles with it, as if *Romeo* had ſaid, The ladies indeed are *fair*, but I am *dun*, i. e. of a dark complexion. And ſo replies, *Tut! dun's the mouſe*; a proverbial expreſſion of the ſame import with the *French*, *La nuit tous les chats ſont gris.* As much as to ſay, You need not fear, night will make all your complexions alike. And becauſe *Romeo* had introduced his obſervation with,

I am *proverb'd with a grandſire's phraſe*,

Mercutio adds to his reply, *the conſtable's own* word. As much, as to ſay, if you are for old proverbs, I'll fit you with one; *'tis the conſtable's own word:* whoſe cuſtom was, when he ſummoned his watch, and aſſigned them their ſeveral ſtations, to give them what the ſoldiers call, *the word.* But this night guard being diſtinguiſhed for their pacific character, the conſtable, as an emblem of their harmleſs diſpoſition, choſe that domeſtic animal for his *word:* which, in time, might become proverbial.

Mer.

Mer. I mean, Sir, in delay
We burn our lights by light, and lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment fits
Five times in That, ere once in our fine wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well; what was yours?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom.——In bed asleep; while they do dream things true.

Mer. ' [7]O then I see, Queen *Mab* hath been with you.
' She is the Fancy's mid-wife, [8] and she comes
' In shape no bigger than an agat-stone

' On

7 *O, then I see, Queen* Mab *hath been with you.*
She is the FAIRIES' *midwife.*] Thus begins that admirable speech upon the effects of the imagination in dreams. But, Queen *Mab* the fairies' midwife? What is she then Queen of? Why, the fairies. What! and their *midwife* too? But this is not the greatest of the absurdities. Let us see upon what occasion she is introduced, and under what quality. It is as a Being that has great power over human imaginations. But then the title given her, must have reference to the employment she is put upon: First then, she is called Queen: which is very pertinent; for that designs her power: Then she is called the *fairies' midwife*; but what has that to do with the point in hand? If we would think that *Shakespear* wrote sense, we must say, he wrote —— *the* FANCY'*s midwife:* and this is a proper title, as it introduces all that is said afterwards of her *vagaries*. Besides, it exactly quadrates with these lines:

——————*I talk of* dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasie.

These dreams are begot upon *fantasie*, and *Mab* is the midwife to bring them forth. And *fancy*'s *midwife* is a phrase altogether in the manner of our author.

8 ——————*and she comes*
In SHAPE *no bigger than an agat stone*] *Shape* not signifying *quantity* but *quality*, *in shape no bigger*, must needs be a great

‘ On the fore-finger of an alderman;
‘ Drawn with a team of little atomies,
‘ Athwart mens' noſes as they lie aſleep:
‘ Her waggon-ſpokes made of long ſpinners' legs;
‘ The cover, of the wings of graſhoppers;
‘ The traces, of the ſmalleſt ſpider's web;
‘ The collars, of the moonſhine's watry beams;
‘ Her whip, of cricket's bone; the laſh, of film;
‘ Her waggoner a ſmall grey-coated gnat,
‘ Not half ſo big as a round little worm,
‘ Prickt from the lazy finger of a maid.
‘ Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
‘ Made by the joyner ſquirrel, or old grub,
‘ Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers:
‘ And in this ſtate ſhe gallops, night by night,
‘ Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
‘ On courtiers' knees, that dream on curtſies ſtrait:
‘ O'er lawyers' fingers, who ſtrait dream on fees:
‘ O'er ladies' lips, who ſtrait on kiſſes dream,
‘ Which oft the angry *Mab* with bliſters plagues,
‘ Becauſe their breaths with ſweet-meats tainted are.
‘ 9 Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a courtier's noſe,
‘ And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit:

‘ And

great inaccuracy of expreſſion. I am therefore inclined to think that *Shakeſpear* read and pointed the paſſage thus,

——————*and ſhe comes*
In SHADE; *no bigger than an agat-ſtone.*

i. e. ſhe comes in the night, and is no bigger *&c.*

9 *Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a* LAWYER'S *noſe,*
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit:] The old editions have it, COURTIER'S *noſe*; and this undoubtedly is the true reading: and for theſe reaſons. Firſt, In the preſent reading there is a vicious repetition in this fine ſpeech; the ſame thought having been given in the foregoing line,

O'er lawyer's *fingers who ſtrait dream on fees:*

Nor can it be objected that there will be the ſame fault if we read *courtier's*, it having been ſaid before,

On courtiers' *knees that dream on courtſies ſtrait:*

becauſe

' And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tithe-pig's tail,
' Tickling the parſon as he lies aſleep;
' Then dreams he of another Benefice.
' Sometimes ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck,
' And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
' Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, *Spaniſh* blades,

becauſe they are ſhewn in two places under different views: in the firſt, their *foppery*; in the ſecond, their *rapacity* is ridiculed. Secondly, In our author's time, a court-ſolicitation was called, ſimply, a *ſuit*: and a proceſs, a *ſuit at law*, to diſtinguiſh it from the other. *The King* (ſays an anonymous contemporary writer of the life of Sir *William Cecil*) *called him* [Sir William Cecil] *and after long talk with him, being much delighted with his anſwers, willed his Father to* FIND [*i. e.* to ſmell out] A SUIT *for him. Whereupon he became* SUITER *for the reverſion of the* Cuſtos brevium *office in the Common Pleas. Which the King willingly graunted, it being the firſt* SUIT *he had in his life.* Indeed our Poet has very rarely turned his ſatire againſt *lawyers* and *law proceedings*; the common topic of later writers. For, to obſerve it to the honour of the *Engliſh* judicatures, they preſerved the purity and ſimplicity of their firſt inſtitution, long after Chicane had overrun all the other laws of *Europe*. *Philip de Commines* gives us a very frank deſcription of the horid abuſes that had infected the courts of juſtice in *France* ſo early as the time of *Lewis* XIth. *Auſſi deſiroit fort qu' en ce Royaume on uſaſt d'une couſtume, d'un poix, d'une meſure: et que toutes ces couſtumes fuſſent* miſes en françoys, *en un beau Livre*, pour eviter la cautelle & la pillerie des advocats: qui eſt ſi grande en ce Royaume, que nulle autre n'eſt ſemblable, *& les nobles d'iceluy la doivent bien cougnoiſtre*. At this time the adminiſtration of the law in *England* was conducted with great purity and integrity. The reaſon of this difference I take to be, that, 'till of late, there were few gloſſers or commentators on our laws, and thoſe very able, honeſt, and conciſe. While it was the fortune of the other municipal laws of *Europe*, where the *Roman* civil law had a ſupplemental authority, to be, in imitation of that law, overloaded with gloſſes and commentators. And what corruption this practice occaſioned in the adminiſtration of the *Roman* law itſelf, and to what a miſerable condition it reduced public juſtice, we may ſee in a long and fine digreſſion of the hiſtorian *Ammianus Marcellinus*; who has painted, in very lively colours, the different kinds of vermine, which infected their tribunals and courts of law: whereby the ſtate of public juſtice became in a ſhort time ſo deſperately corrupt, that *Juſtinian* was obliged to new-model and *digeſt* the enormous body of their laws.

' Of

‘ Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
‘ Drums in his ears, at which he ſtarts and wakes;
‘ And being thus frighted, ſwears a prayer or two,
‘ And ſleeps again. This is that very *Mab*,
‘ That plats the manes of horſes in the night,
‘ [1] And cakes the elf-locks in foul ſluttiſh hairs,
‘ Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
‘ This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
‘ That preſſes them, and learns them firſt to bear;
‘ Making them women of good carriage:
‘ This is ſhe ———

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace;
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing, but vain phantaſie;
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the air,
And more unconſtant than the wind; who wooes
Ev'n now the frozen boſom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping ſouth.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from our ſelves;
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind miſgives,
Some conſequence, yet hanging in the Stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a deſpiſed life clos'd in my breaſt,
By ſome vile forfeit of untimely death.
But he, that hath the ſteerage of my courſe,
[2] Direct my ſuit! On, luſty Gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum.

[*They march about the Stage, and Exeunt.*

1 *And cakes the elf-locks* &c.] This was a common ſuperſtition; and ſeems to have had its riſe from the horrid diſeaſe called the *Plica Polonica*.

2 *Direct my* ſuit!——] *Suit*, for courſe, way, not love ſuit.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Changes to a Hall in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Servants, with Napkins.

1 *Ser.* " WHERE's *Potpan*, that he helps not " to take away; he ſhift a trencher! " he ſcrape a trencher!

2 *Ser.* " When good manners ſhall lie all in one " or two mens' hands, and they unwaſh'd too, 'tis " a foul thing.

1 *Ser.* " Away with the joint-ſtools, remove the " court-cup-board, look to the plate: good thou, ſave " me a piece of march-pane; and, as thou loveſt me, " let the porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone*, and *Nell. An-* " *tony*, and *Potpan* ——

2 *Ser.* " Ay, boy, ready.

1 *Ser.* " You are look'd for, call'd for, ask'd for, " and ſought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Ser.* " We cannot be here and there too; cheer- " ly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver " take all." [*Exeunt.*

Enter all the Gueſts and Ladies, with the maskers.

1 *Cap.* Welcome, Gentlemen. Ladies, that have your feet
Unplagu'd with corns, we'll have a bout with you.
Ah me, my miſtreſſes, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? ſhe that makes dainty,
I'll ſwear, hath corns; am I come near you now?
Welcome, all, Gentlemen; I've ſeen the day
That I have worn a viſor, and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would pleaſe: 'tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone!
[*Muſick plays, and they dance.*
More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up;

And

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, Sirrah, this unlook'd-for ſport comes well.
Nay, ſit; nay, ſit, good couſin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dancing days:
How long is't now ſince laſt your ſelf and I
Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much;
'Tis ſince the nuptial of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentecoſt as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years, and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more; his ſon is elder, Sir:
His ſon is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His ſon was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's That, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Ser. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O, ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright;
" Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
" Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop*'s ear:
Beauty too rich for uſe, for earth too dear!
So ſhews a ſnowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows ſhows.
The meaſure done, I'll watch her place of Stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love 'till now? forſwear it, ſight;
I never ſaw true beauty 'till this night.

Tyb. This by his voice ſhould be a *Montague*.
Fetch me my rapier, boy: what! dares the ſlave
Come hither cover'd with an antick face,
To fleer and ſcorn at our ſolemnity?
Now by the ſtock and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.

Cap.

Cap. Why, how now, kinſman, wherefore ſtorm you ſo?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a *Montague*, our foe:
A villain, that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorn at our ſolemnity this night.

Cap. Young *Romeo*, is't?

Tyb. That villain *Romeo.*

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly Gentleman:
And, to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my houſe, do him diſparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a fair preſence, and put off theſe frowns,
An ill-beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.

Tyb. It fits, when ſuch a villain is a gueſt.
I'll not endure him.

Cap. " He ſhall be endur'd.
" What, goodman boy—I ſay, he ſhall. Go to—
" Am I the maſter here, or you? go to———
" You'll not endure him! God ſhall mend my ſoul,
" You'll make a mutiny among my gueſts!
" You will ſet cock-a-hoop? you'll be the man?"

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a ſhame.

Cap. " Go to, go to,
" You are a ſaucy boy—is't ſo, indeed?—
" This trick may chance to ſcathe you; I know what.
" You muſt contrary me! Marry, 'tis time.
" Well ſaid, my hearts:——You are a Princox, go:——
" Be quiet, or (more light, more light, for ſhame)
" I'll make you quiet—What? cheerly, my hearts."

Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different Greeting.

I will withdraw; but this intruſion ſhall,
Now ſeeming ſweet, convert to bitter gall.
Rom. [3] If I profane with my unworthy hand
[*To* Juliet.
This holy ſhrine, the gentle Fine is this;
My lips, two bluſhing pilgrims, ready ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough Touch with a tender kiſs.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion ſhews in this;
For Saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiſs.
Rom. Have not ſaints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they muſt uſe in prayer.
Rom. O then, dear ſaint, let lips do what hands do:
They pray, (grant thou) leſt faith turn to deſpair.
Jul. Saints do not move, yet grant for prayers' ſake.
Rom. Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine, my ſin is purg'd.
[*Kiſſing her.*
Jul. Then have my lips, the ſin that late they took.
Rom. Sin from my lips! O treſpaſs, ſweetly urg'd!
Give me my ſin again.
Jul. You kiſs by th' book.
Nurſe. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother? [*To her Nurſe.*

3 *If I profane with my unworthy hand*
This holy ſhrine, the gentle Sin *is this,*
My lips, two bluſhing pilgrims, &c.] All profanations are ſuppos'd to be expiated either by ſome meritorious action or by ſome penance undergone and puniſhment ſubmitted to. So, *Romeo* would here ſay, if I have been profane in the rude touch of my hand, my lips ſtand ready, as two bluſhing pilgrims, to take off that offence, to atone for it by a ſweet penance. Our poet therefore muſt have wrote,

——— *the gentle* Fine *is this.*

Nurſe.

Nurſe. Marry, batchelor,
Her mother is the lady of the houſe,
And a good lady, and a wiſe and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talkt withal:
I tell you, he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chink.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet?*
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. Ay, ſo I fear, the more is my unreſt.
Cap. Nay, Gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling fooliſh banquet towards.
Is it e'en ſo? why, then, I thank you all.
I thank you, honeſt Gentlemen, good night:
More torches here—come on, then let's to bed,
Ah, ſirrah, by my fay, it waxes late.
I'll to my Reſt. [*Exeunt.*
Jul. Come hither, nurſe. What is yon gentleman?
Nurſe. The ſon and heir of old *Tiberio.*
Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?
Nurſe. That, as I think, is young *Petruchio.*
Jul. What's he, that follows here, that would not dance?
Nurſe. I know not.
Jul. Go, ask his name.—If he be married,
My Grave is like to be my wedding-bed.
Nurſe. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Montague*,
The only ſon of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love ſprung from my only hate!
Too early ſeen, unknown; and known too late;
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I muſt love a loathed enemy.
Nurſe. What's this? what's this?
Jul. A rhime I learn'd e'en now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within,* Juliet.
Nurſe. Anon, anon———
Come, let's away, the ſtrangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter [4] CHORUS.

Now old Deſire doth on his death-bed lie,
And young Affection gapes to be his heir:
That Fair, for which love groan'd ſore, and would die,
With tender *Juliet* match'd, is now not fair.
Now *Romeo* is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitch'd by the charm of looks:
But to his foe ſuppos'd he muſt complain,
And ſhe ſteal love's ſweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have acceſs
To breathe ſuch vows as lovers uſe to ſwear;
And ſhe, as much in love, her means much leſs,
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But paſſion lends them power, Time means, to meet;
Temp'ring extremities with extream ſweet.
[*Exit* Chorus.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Romeo *alone.*

ROMEO.

CAN I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
[*Exit.*

Enter Benvolio, *with* Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo, my couſin *Romeo.*
Mer. He is wiſe,
And, on my life, hath ſtoln him home to bed.

4 CHORUS.] This chorus added ſince the firſt edition. Mr. *Pope.*

Ben.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard-wall.
Call, good *Mercutio.*
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Why, *Romeo!* humours! madman! paſſion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeneſs of a Sigh,
Speak but one Rhime, and I am ſatisfied.
Cry but *Ah me!* couple but *love* and *dove*,
Speak to my goſſip *Venus* one fair word,
One nick-name to her pur-blind ſon and heir:
(Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that ſhot ſo true,
[1] When King *Cophetua* lov'd the beggar-maid——)
He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moveth not,
The ape is dead, and I muſt conjure him.
I conjure thee by *Roſaline*'s bright eyes,
By her high fore-head, and her ſcarlet lip,
By her fine foot, ſtraight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demeaſns that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.
Ben. An' if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.
Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him,
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſs' circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
'Till ſhe had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were ſome ſpight. My invocation is
Honeſt and fair, and, in his miſtreſs' name,
I conjure only but to raiſe up him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelf among theſe trees,
To be conſorted with the hum'rous night:
Blind is his love, and beſt befits the dark.
Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he ſit under a medlar tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſs were that kind of fruit,
Which maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Romeo, good-night; I'll to my truckle-bed,

[1] *When King* Cophetua *&c.*] Alluding to an old ballad Mr. *Pope.*

This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleep:
Come, ſhall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain
To ſeek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. HE jeſts at ſcars, that never felt a wound—
But, ſoft! what light thro' yonder window breaks?
It is the Eaſt, and *Juliet* is the Sun!
[Juliet *appears above, at a window.*
Ariſe, fair Sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already ſick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than ſhe.
Be not her maid, ſince ſhe is envious:
Her veſtal livery is but ſick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; caſt it off—
She ſpeaks, yet ſhe ſays nothing; what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes; I will anſwer it——
I am too bold, 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeaks:
Two of the faireſt ſtars of all the heav'n,
Having ſome buſineſs, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their ſpheres 'till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightneſs of her cheek would ſhame thoſe ſtars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eyes in heav'n
Would through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and think it were not night:
See, how ſhe leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom.

Rom. She ſpeaks.
Oh, ſpeak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this (*a*) Sight being o'er my head,
As is a winged meſſenger from heav'n,
Unto the white-upturned, wondring, eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him;
When he beſtrides [2] the lazy-pacing clouds,
And ſails upon the boſom of the air.
Jul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo* —— wherefore art thou *Romeo?*
Deny thy father, and refuſe thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a *Capulet.*
Rom. Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this? [*Aſide.*
Jul, 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
[3] Thou art thy ſelf, though not a *Montague.*
What's *Montague?* it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face —— nor any other part.
What's in a name? that which we call a roſe,
By any other name would ſmell as ſweet.
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title; *Romeo*, quit thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelf.
Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be *Romeo.*
Jul. What man art thou, that thus, beſcreen'd in night,

2 —— *the* lazy-pacing *clouds,*] Thus corrected from the firſt edition, in the other *lazy puffing.* Mr. *Pope.*

3 *Thou art thyſelf, though not a* Montague.] *i. e.* you would be juſt what you are, altho' you were not of the houſe of *Montague.*

[(*a*) *Sight.* Mr. *Theobald.* —— Vulg. *night.*]

So ſtumbleſt on my counſel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear Saint, is hateful to my ſelf,
Becauſe it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Montague?*

Rom. Neither, fair Saint, if either thee diſlike.

Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch theſe walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.

Jul. If they do ſee thee, they will murther thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their ſwords; look thou but ſweet,
And I am proof againſt their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world, they ſaw thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place?

Rom. By love, that firſt did prompt me to enquire;
He lent me counſel, and I lent him eyes:
I am no Pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vaſt ſhore, waſh'd with the fartheſt ſea,
I would adventure for ſuch merchandiſe.

Jul.

Jul. Thou know'ſt, the mask of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden-bluſh bepaint my cheek
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain, deny
What I have ſpoke—but farewel compliment!
Doſt thou love me? I know, thou wilt ſay, *ay*;
And I will take thy word—yet if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou may'ſt prove falſe; at lovers' perjuries,
They ſay, *Jove* laughs. Oh, gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if you think, I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverſe, and ſay thee *nay*,
So thou wilt woe: but, elſe, not for the world.
In truth, fair *Montague*, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'ſt think my 'haviour light;
But truſt me, Gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than thoſe that have more cunning to be ſtrange.
I ſhould have been more ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
But that thou over-heard'ſt, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's Paſſion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath ſo diſcovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moon I vow,
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit-tree tops——

Jul. O ſwear not by the moon, th' inconſtant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.

Rom. What ſhall I ſwear by?

Jul. Do not ſwear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Which is the God of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love——

Jul. Well, do not ſwear—although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to night;
It is too raſh, too unadvis'd, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth ceaſe to be,

Ere one can ſay, it lightens—Sweet, good night.
This bud of love by ſummer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet:
Good night, good night—as ſweet Repoſe and Reſt
Come to thy heart, as that within my breaſt!

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfied?

Jul. What ſatisfaction canſt thou have to night?

Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine, before thou did'ſt requeſt it:
And yet I would, it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldſt thou withdraw it? for what purpoſe, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundleſs as the ſea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear ſome noiſe within; dear love, adieu!
[*Nurſe calls within.*
Anon, good nurſe: —— Sweet *Montague*, be true:
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

Rom. O bleſſed, bleſſed night! I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream;
Too flattering-ſweet to be ſubſtantial.

Re-enter Juliet *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear *Romeo*, and good night, indeed:
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.
[*Within:* Madam.
I come, anon—— but if thou mean'ſt not well,

I do beſeech thee—[*Within:* Madam.] By and by,
I come——
To ceaſe thy ſuit, and leave me to my grief.
To morrow will I ſend.
Rom. So thrive my ſoul, ——
Jul. A thouſand times, good night. [*Exit.*
Rom. A thouſand times the worſe, to want thy light.
Love goes tow'rd love, as ſchool-boys from their books;
But love from love, tow'rds ſchool with heavy looks.

Enter Juliet *again.*

Jul. Hiſt! *Romeo*, hiſt! O for a falkner's voice,
To lure this Taſſel gentle back again——
Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeak aloud;
Elſe would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarſe than mine,
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name,
How ſilver-ſweet ſound lovers' tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſick to attending ears!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My Sweet!
Jul. At what o' clock to morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?
Rom. By the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years 'till then,——
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me ſtand here 'till thou remember it.
Jul. I ſhall forget, to have thee ſtill ſtand there;
Remembring how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll ſtill ſtay to have thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almoſt morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a Wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor priſoner in his twiſted gyves,
And with a ſilk thread plucks it back again,

So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would, I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, ſo would I;
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing.
Good night, good night. Parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay good night, 'till it be morrow. [*Exit.*
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breaſt!
Would I were ſleep and peace, ſo ſweet to reſt!
Hence will I to my ghoſtly Friar's cloſe Cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Changes to a Monaſtery.

Enter Friar Lawrence, *with a basket.*

Fri.[4] THE grey-ey'd morn ſmiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eaſtern clouds with ſtreaks of light:
And darkneſs flecker'd, like a drunkard, reels
From forth day's path, and *Titan*'s burning wheels.
Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye,
The day to chear, and night's dank dew to dry,
I muſt fill up this oſier-cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's Nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying Grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We ſucking on her natural boſom find:
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In plants, herbs, ſtones, and their true qualities.
Nor nought ſo vile, that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth ſome ſpecial good doth give:

4 *The grey-ey'd morn* &c.] Theſe four firſt lines are here replac'd, conformable to the firſt Edition, where ſuch a deſcription is much more proper than in the mouth of *Romeo* juſt before, when he was full of nothing but the thoughts of his miſtreſs. Mr. *Pope.*

Nor

Nor aught ſo good, but, ſtrain'd from that fair uſe,
Revolts from true Birth, ſtumbling on abuſe.
Virtue itſelf turns vice, being miſapplied;
And vice ſometime by action's dignified.
Within the infant rind of this ſmall flower
[5] Poiſon hath reſidence, and medicine power:
For this being ſmelt, with that ſenſe chears each part:
Being taſted, ſlays all ſenſes with the heart.
[6] Two ſuch oppoſed Kin encamp them ſtill
In man, as well as herbs, Grace and rude Will:
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full-ſoon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father.
Fri. Benedicite!
What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me?
Young ſon, it argues a diſtemper'd head
So ſoon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And, where care lodgeth, ſleep will never lye:
But where unbruiſed youth with unſtuft brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden ſleep doth reign.
Therefore thy earlineſs doth me aſſure,
Thou art uprouz'd by ſome diſtemp'rature;
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to night.

5 *Poiſon hath reſidence, and medicine power:*] I believe *Shakeſpear* wrote, more accurately, thus,

Poiſon hath reſidence, and medic'nal power:

i. e. both the poiſon and the antidote are lodged within the rind of this flower.

6 *Two ſuch oppoſed* FOES ——] This is a modern Sophiſtication. The old books have it *oppoſed* — KINGS. So that it appears, *Shakeſpear* wrote, *Two ſuch oppoſed* KIN. Why he calls them *Kin* was, becauſe they were qualities reſiding in one and the ſame ſubſtance. And as the enmity of oppoſed *Kin* generally riſes higher than that between ſtrangers, this circumſtance adds a beauty to the expreſſion.

Rom.

Rom. That laſt is true, the ſweeter Reſt was mine.
Fri. God pardon ſin! waſt thou with *Roſaline?*
Rom. With *Roſaline*, my ghoſtly father? no.
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.
Fri. That's my good ſon: but where haſt thou been then?
Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again;
I have been feaſting with mine enemy;
Where, on a ſudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy phyſick lies;
I bear no hatred, bleſſed man, for, lo,
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.
Fri. Be plain, good ſon, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confeſſion finds but riddling ſhrift.
Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is ſet
On the fair daughter of rich *Capulet*;
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine;
And all combin'd; ſave what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we paſs; but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marry us this day.
Fri. Holy ſaint *Francis*, what a change is here!
Is *Roſaline*, whom thou didſt love ſo dear,
So ſoon forſaken? young mens' love then lyes
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jeſu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath waſht thy ſallow cheeks for *Roſaline?*
How much ſalt-water thrown away in waſte,
To ſeaſon love, that of it doth not taſte?
The Sun not yet thy ſighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my antient ears:
Lo, here upon thy cheek the ſtain doth ſit
Of an old tear, that is not waſh'd off yet.
If e'er thou waſt thy ſelf, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for *Roſaline.*

And

And art thou chang'd? pronounce this ſentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.
Rom. Thou chid'ſt me oft for loving *Roſaline.*
Fri. For doating, not for loving, Pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'ſt me bury love.
Fri. Not in a Grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
Rom. I pray thee, chide not: ſhe, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not ſo.
Fri. Oh, ſhe knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not ſpell.
But come, young waverer, come and go with me,
In one reſpect I'll thy aſſiſtant be!
For this alliance may ſo happy prove,
To turn your houſhold-rancour to pure love.
Rom. O let us hence, I ſtand on ſudden haſte.
Fri. Wiſely and ſlow; they ſtumble that run faſt.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the STREET.

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. WHERE the devil ſhould this *Romeo* be? came he not home to night?
Ben. Not to his father's, I ſpoke with his man.
Mer. Why, that ſame pale, hard-hearted, wench, that *Roſaline*, torments him ſo, that he will, ſure, run mad.
Ben. Tybalt, the kinſman to old *Capulet*,
Hath ſent a letter to his father's houſe.
Mer. A challenge, on my life.
Ben. Romeo will anſwer it.
Mer. Any man, that can write, may anſwer a letter.

Ben.

Ben. Nay, he will anſwer the letter's maſter, how he dares, being dar'd,

Mer. Alas, poor *Romeo*, he is already dead! ſtabb'd with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear with a love-ſong; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-ſhaft; and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt?*

Ben. Why, what is *Tybalt?*

Mer. [7] More than prince of cats? — Oh, he's the couragious captain of compliments; he fights as you ſing prick-ſongs, keeps time, diſtance, and proportion; reſts his minum, one, two, and the third in your boſom; the very butcher of a ſilk button, a duelliſt, a duelliſt; [8] a gentleman of the very firſt houſe, of the firſt and ſecond cauſe; ah, the immortal paſſado, the punto reverſo, the, hay!———

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of ſuch antick, liſping, affected phantaſies, theſe new tuners of accents: — "Jeſu! a very "good blade!—— a very tall man!— a very good "whore!—— [9] Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandſire! that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies, theſe faſhion-mongers, theſe *pardonnez-moy's*, who ſtand ſo much on the new form that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench? O, their *bon's*, their *bon's!*

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo.*

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? Now is he for the num-

7 *More than prince of cats?* ——] *Tybalt*, the name given to the *Cat*, in the ſtory-book of *Reynold the Fox.*

8 *A gentleman of the very firſt houſe, of the firſt and ſecond cauſe;*] *i. e.* one who pretends to be at the head of his family, and quarrels by the book. See Note on *As you like it.* Act V. Scene 6

9 *Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandſire!*] Humourouſly apoſtrophiſing his anceſtors, whoſe ſober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of.

bers

bers that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his lady was but a kitchin-wench; marry, ſhe had a better love to berime her: *Dido* a dowdy, *Cleopatra* a gipſie, *Helen* and *Hero* hildings and harlots: [1] *Thisbe* a grey eye or ſo: But now to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo*, *bonjour*; there's a *French* ſalutation to your *French* Slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly laſt night.

Rom. Good morrow to you Both: What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The ſlip, Sir, the ſlip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good *Mercutio*, my buſineſs was great; and, in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtrain courteſy.

Mer. That's as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to curt'ſie.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt courteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courteſie.

Rom. Pink for flower. ———

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Sure wit—follow me this jeſt, now, till thou haſt worn out thy pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worn, the jeſt may remain, after the wearing, ſolely ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle-ſol'd jeſt,
Solely ſingular, for the ſingleneſs!

Mer. Come between us, good *Benvolio*, my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and ſpurs.
Switch and ſpurs, or I'll cry a match.

1 Thisbé *a grey eye or ſo, but* NOT *to the purpoſe.*] We ſhould read and point it thus,

Thisbé *a grey eye or ſo: But* NOW *to the purpoſe.*

He here turns from his diſcourſe on the effects of love, to enquire after *Romeo.*

Mer.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose chase, I am done: for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the goose?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting,
It is a most sharp sawce.

Rom. And is it not well serv'd in to a sweet goose?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word broad, which added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

Mer. Why, is not this better, than groaning for love? Now thou art sociable; now art thou *Romeo*; now art thou what thou art, by art, as well as by nature; for this driveling love is like a great Natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale, against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Enter Nurse, *and* Peter *her Man.*

Rom. Here's goodly Geer: a Sayle! a Sayle!

Mer. Two, two, a Shirt and a Smock.

Nurse. Peter,——

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. My Fan, *Peter.*

Mer. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurse.

Nurſe. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair genlewoman.

Nurſe. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no leſs, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurſe. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, himſelf to mar.

Nurſe. By my troth, it is well ſaid: for himſelf to mar, quotha? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo*.

Rom. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nurſe. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea, is the worſt well?
Very well took, i'faith, wiſely, wiſely.

Nurſe. If you be he, Sir,
I deſire ſome confidence with you.

Ben. She will indite him to ſome ſupper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho!—

Rom. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No hare, Sir, unleſs a hare, Sir, in a lenten pye, that is ſomething ſtale and hoar ere it be ſpent.
An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar, is very good meat in *Lent*.
But a hare, that is hoar, is too much for a ſcore, when it hoars ere it be ſpent.
Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, antient lady;
Farewel, lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt* Mercutio, Benvolio.

Nurſe. I pray you, Sir, what ſaucy merchant was this, that was ſo full of his ropery?

Rom.

Rom. A gentleman, nurſe, that loves to hear himſelf talk, and will ſpeak more in a minute, than he will ſtand to in a month.

Nurſe. An a ſpeak any thing againſt me, I'll take him down an' he were luſtier than he is, and twenty ſuch *Jacks:* and if I cannot, I'll find thoſe that ſhall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou muſt ſtand by too, and ſuffer every knave to uſe me at his pleaſure?

[*To her man.*

Pet. I ſaw no man uſe you at his pleaſure: if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as ſoon as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrel, and the law on my ſide.

Nurſe. Now, afore God, I am ſo vext, that every part about me quivers—— Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out; what ſhe bid me ſay, I will keep to my ſelf: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould lead her into a fool's paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſs kind of behaviour, as they ſay, for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore if you ſhould deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and miſtreſs, I proteſt unto thee——

Nurſe. Good heart, and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, ſhe will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurſe? thou doſt not mark me.

Nurſe. I will tell her, Sir, that you do proteſt; which as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her deviſe ſome means to come to ſhrift this afternoon;
And there ſhe ſhall at friar *Laurence*' Cell
Be ſhriv'd and married: here is for thy pains.

Nurſe. No, truly, Sir, not a penny.

Rom.

Rom. Go to, I ſay, you ſhall.

Nurſe. This afternoon, Sir? well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay, good nurſe, behind the abby-wall:
Within this hour my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee cords, made like a tackled ſtair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Muſt be my convoy in the ſecret night.
Farewel, be truſty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurſe. Now, God in heav'n bleſs thee! hark you, Sir.

Rom. What ſayeſt thou, my dear nurſe?

Nurſe. Is your man ſecret? did you ne'er hear ſay,
Two may keep counſel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as ſteel.

Nurſe. Well, Sir, my miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt lady; lord, lord! when 'twas a little prating thing— O,— there is a noble man in town, one *Paris*, that would fain lay knife aboard; but ſhe, good ſoul, had as lieve ſee a toad, a very toad, as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes, and tell her, that *Paris* is the properer man; but I'll warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe looks as pale as any clout in the verſal world. Doth not Roſemary and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

[2] *Rom.* Ay, nurſe, what of that? both with an R.

Nurſe. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R. is for Thee? No; I know, it begins with another letter; and

2 Rom. *Ay, nurſe, what of that? both with an* R.
Nurſe. *Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R. is for* the no, *I know it begins with* no *other letter*;] I believe, I have rectified this odd ſtuff; but it is a little mortifying, that the ſenſe, when found, ſhould not be worth the pains of retrieving it.

——— *ſpiſſis indigna Theatris*
Scripta pudet recitare, & nugis addere pondus.

The *Nurſe* is repreſented as a prating filly creature; ſhe ſays, ſhe will tell *Romeo* a good joke about his miſtreſs, and asks him, whether *Roſemary* and *Romeo* do not begin both with a letter: He ſays, yes, an R. She, who, we muſt ſuppoſe, could not read, thought he had mock'd her, and ſays, No, ſure, I know better:

and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and roſemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady —— [*Exit* Rom.

Nurſe. Ay, a thouſand times. *Peter.*——

Pet. Anon?

Nurſe. [3] Take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. THE clock ſtruck nine, when I did ſend the nurſe:
In half an hour ſhe promis'd to return.
Perchance, ſhe cannot meet him——That's not ſo——
Oh, ſhe is lame: love's heralds ſhould be thoughts,
Which ten times faſter glide than the ſun-beams,
Driving back ſhadows over lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift *Cupid* wings.
Now is the Sun upon the highmoſt hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine 'till twelve
Is three long hours——and yet ſhe is not come;
Had ſhe affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as ſwift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my ſweet love,
And his to me;

our dog's name is *R.* yours begins with another letter. This is natural enough, and in character. *R.* put her in mind of that ſound which is made by dogs when they ſnarl: and therefore, I preſume, ſhe ſays, that is the dog's name. R. in the ſchools, being called *the Dog's letter. Ben Johnſon* in his *Engliſh grammar* ſays, *R. is the Dog's letter, and hirreth in the ſound.*

Irritata canis quod R. R. quam plurima dicat. Lucil.

3 *Take my fan, and go before.*] From the firſt Edition. Mr. *Pope.*

Enter

Enter Nurſe, *with* Peter.

O God, ſhe comes. O honey Nurſe, what news?
Haſt thou met with him? ſend thy man away.
Nurſe. Peter, ſtay at the gate. [*Exit* Peter.
Jul. Now, good ſweet Nurſe, ——
O lord, why look'ſt thou ſad?
[4] Tho' news be ſad, yet tell them merrily:
If good, thou ſham'ſt the muſick of ſweet news,
By playing't to me with ſo ſowre a face.
Nurſe. I am a weary, let me reſt a while;
Fy, how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?
Jul. I would, thou hadſt my bones, and I thy news!
Nay, come, I pray thee, ſpeak — Good, good nurſe, ſpeak.
Nurſe. [5] Jeſu! what haſte? Can you not ſtay a while?
Do you not ſee, that I am out of breath?
Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath,
To ſay to me, that thou art out of breath?
Th' Excuſe, that thou doſt make in this delay,
Is longer than the Tale thou doſt excuſe.
Is thy news good or bad? anſwer to that;
Say either, and I'll ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, is't good or bad?
Nurſe. Well, you have made a ſimple choice; you know not how to chuſe a man: *Romeo*, no, not he; [6] though his face be no better than another man's, yet his legs excel all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body, tho' they be not to be talk'd on, yet they

4 *Tho' news be ſad*, &c.] Theſe three lines not in the old edition. Mr. *Pope*.

5 *Jeſu! what haſte?* &c.] Theſe ſeven lines not in the firſt edition. Mr. *Pope*.

6 *though his face be* better than any *man's*,] We ſhould read, *be* no better than another *man's*.

are paſt compare. [7] He is not the flower of courteſie, but I warrant him, as gentle as a lamb —— Go thy ways, wench, ſerve God —— What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no —— but all this did I know before: What ſays he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurſe. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o'th' other ſide —— O my back, my back:
Beſhrew your heart, for ſending me about
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.

Jul. I'faith, I am ſorry that thou art ſo ill.
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet nurſe, tell me what ſays my love?

Nurſe. Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous — where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother? —— why ſhe is within;
Where ſhould ſhe be? how odly thou reply'ſt!
Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman: ——
Where is your mother? ——

Nurſe. O, God's lady dear,
Are you ſo hot? marry, come up, I trow,
Is this the poultis for my aking bones?
Hence-forward do your meſſages yourſelf.

Jul. Here's ſuch a coil; come, what ſays *Romeo?*

Nurſe. Have you got leave to go to ſhrift to day?

Jul. I have.

Nurſe. Then hie you hence to friar *Laurence*' cell,
There ſtays a husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any news.
Hie you to church, I muſt another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Muſt climb a bird's-neſt ſoon, when it is dark.

7 *He is not* the flower of courteſie,] *i. e.* No *Fop*; this being one of their titles at that time.

I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you ſhall bear the burthen ſoon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.
Jul. Hie to high fortune; ----honeſt nurſe, farewel.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Monaſtery.

Enter Friar Lawrence, *and* Romeo.

Fri. SO ſmile the heav'ns upon this holy Act,
That after-hours with ſorrow chide us not!
Rom. Amen, amen! but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,
That one ſhort minute gives me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough, I may but call her mine.
Fri. " Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
" And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
" Which, as they meet, conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in its own deliciouſneſs,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite;
Therefore love mod'rately, long love doth ſo:
Too ſwift arrives as tardy as too ſlow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. O, ſo light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint;
' A lover may beſtride the goſſamour,
' That idles in the wanton ſummer air,
' And yet not fall, ſo light is vanity.
Jul. Good even to my ghoſtly Confeſſor.
Fri. Romeo ſhall thank thee, daughter, for us both.
Jul. As much to him, elſe are his thanks too much.
Rom. Ah! *Juliet*, if the meaſure of thy joy

Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air; and let rich muſick's tongue
Unfold th' imagin'd happineſs, that both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars, that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to ſuch Exceſs,
I cannot ſum up one half of my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort work;
For, by your leaves, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
'Till Holy Church incorp'rate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, *and Servants.*

BENVOLIO.

I Pray thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire;
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad;
And, if we meet, we ſhall not 'ſcape a brawl;
For now theſe hot days is the mad blood ſtirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of thoſe fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his ſword upon the table, and ſays, God ſend me no need of thee! and by the operation of the ſecond cup, draws it on the Drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy mood as any in *Italy*; and as ſoon mov'd to be moody, and as ſoon moody to be mov'd.

Ben.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. 'Nay, an' there were two ſuch, we ſhould 'have none ſhortly, for one would kill the other. 'Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath 'a hair more, or a hair leſs, in his beard, than thou 'haſt: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, 'having no other reaſon but becauſe thou haſt haſel 'eyes; what eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpy out 'ſuch a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels, as 'an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been 'beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling: thou haſt 'quarrel'd with a man for coughing in the ſtreet, be-'cauſe he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain aſleep 'in the Sun. Didſt thou not fall out with a tailor for 'wearing his new doublet before *Eaſter?* with ano-'ther, for tying his new ſhoes with old ribband? 'and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. If I were ſo apt to quarrel as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee ſimple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mar. The fee-ſimple; O ſimple!

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head, here come the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeak to them. Gentlemen, good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with ſomething, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You ſhall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occaſion.

Mer. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou conſort'ſt with *Romeo* ——

Mer. Conſort! what doſt thou make us minſtrels! if thou make minſtrels of us, look to hear nothing but

diſcords: here's my fiddleſtick; here's That, ſhall make you dance. Zounds! conſort!

[*Laying his hand on his ſword.*

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto ſome private place,
Or reaſon coldly of your grievances,
Or elſe depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze.
I will not budge for no man's pleaſure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir! here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go firſt to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worſhip in that ſenſe may call him man.

Tyb. *Romeo*, the love, I bear thee, can afford
No better term than this, thou art a villain.——

Rom. *Tybalt*, the reaſon that I have to love thee
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a Greeting: villain I am none.
Therefore, farewel; I ſee, thou know'ſt me not.

Tyb. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the Injuries
That thou haſt done me, therefore turn and draw.

Rom. I do proteſt, I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canſt deviſe;
'Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my love.
And ſo, good *Capulet*, (whoſe name I tender
As dearly as my own,) be ſatisfied.

Mer. O calm, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion!
Ah! la Stoccata carries it away.
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

Tyb. What wouldſt thou have with me?

Mer. Good King of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal; and as you

you ſhall uſe me hereafter, dry-beat the reſt of the eight. [1] Will you pluck your ſword out of his pilche by the ears? Make haſte, leſt mine be about your ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your paſſado.

[Mercutio *and* Tybalt *fight.*

Rom. Draw, *Benvolio*—beat down their weapons—
Gentlemen——for ſhame, forbear this outrage——
Tybalt—*Mercutio*——the Prince expreſly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* ſtreets.
Hold, *Tybalt*,—good *Mercutio.* [*Exit* Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt——
A plague of both the houſes! I am ſped:
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a ſcratch, a ſcratch; marry, 'tis enough.
Where is my page? go, villain, fetch a ſurgeon.

Rom. Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not ſo deep as a well, nor ſo wide as a church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill ſerve: ask for me to morrow, and you ſhall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world: a plague of both your houſes! What? a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat, to ſcratch a man to death? a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick? why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Help me into ſome houſe, *Benvolio*,
Or I ſhall faint; a plague o' both your houſes!
They have made worms-meat of me,

1 *Will you pluck your ſword out of his* PILCHER *by the ears?*] We ſhould read PILCHE, which ſignifies a cloke or coat of skins, meaning the ſcabbard.

I have it, and ſoundly too. Plague o' your houſes!
[*Exeunt* Mercutio *and* Benvolio.

SCENE II.

Rom. This Gentleman, the Prince's near allie,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation ſtain'd
With *Tybalt*'s ſlander; *Tybalt*, that an hour
Hath been my couſin: O ſweet *Juliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned valour's ſteel.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio*'s dead;
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did ſcorn the earth.
Rom. This day's black fate on more days does depend;
This but begins the woe, others muſt end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.
Rom. Alive? in Triumph? and *Mercutio* ſlain?
Away to heav'n, reſpective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
Now, *Tybalt*, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'ſt me; for *Mercutio*'s ſoul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Or thou or I, or both, muſt go with him.
Tyb. Thou wretched boy, that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This ſhall determine that.
[*They fight*, Tybalt *falls*.

Ben.

Ben. Romeo, away, begone:
The citizens are up, and *Tybalt* ſlain ——
Stand not amaz'd; the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.
Rom. O! I am fortune's fool.
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay? [*Exit* Romeo.

SCENE III.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he that kill'd *Mercutio?*
Tybalt, that murtherer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lyes that *Tybalt*.
Cit. Up, Sir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, Montague, Capulet, *their Wives*, &c.

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble Prince, I can diſcover all
Th' unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, ſlain by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman, brave *Mercutio*.
La. Cap. Tybalt my couſin! O my brother's child!—
Unhappy ſight! alas, the blood is ſpill'd
Of my dear kinſman —— Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, ſhed blood of *Montague*.
Prince. Benvolio, who began this fray?
Ben. Tybalt here ſlain, whom *Romeo*'s hand did ſlay:
Romeo, that ſpoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high diſpleaſure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly ſpleen
Of *Tybalt*, deaf to peace; but that he tilts
With piercing ſteel at bold *Mercutio*'s breaſt;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,

And

And with a martial ſcorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to *Tybalt*, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, ſwifter than his tongue,
His agil arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them ruſhes; underneath whoſe arm
An envious thruſt from *Tybalt* hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled;
But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning: for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tybalt* ſlain;
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn to fly:
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.

La. Cap. He is a kinſman to the *Montague*.
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for juſtice, which thou, Prince, muſt give;
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* muſt not live.

Prin. Romeo ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

La. Mont. Not *Romeo*, Prince, he was *Mercutio*'s friend;
His fault concludes but what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an intereſt in your (*a*) heats' proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lye a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſs of mine.

[(*a*) *beats' proceeding.* Oxford Editor ——Vulg. *hearts' proceeding.*]

I will be deaf to pleading and excuſes,
Nor tears nor prayers ſhall purchaſe out abuſes;
Therefore uſe none; let *Romeo* hence in haſte,
Elſe, when he's found, that hour is his laſt.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murthers, pardoning thoſe that kill.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to an Apartment in Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Juliet *alone.*

Jul. GALLOP apace, you fiery-footed ſteeds,
Tow'rds *Phœbus'* manſion; ſuch a waggoner,
As *Phaeton*, would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
[2] Spread thy cloſe curtain, love performing Night,
That th' Run-away's eyes may wink; and *Romeo*
Leap to theſe arms, untalkt of and unſeen.
Lovers can ſee to do their am'rous rites
By their own beauties: or, if love be blind,
It beſt agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou ſober-ſuited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to loſe a winning match,

2 *Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing Night,*
That runaways *eyes may wink*;] What runaways are theſe, whoſe eyes *Juliet* is wiſhing to have ſtopt? *Macbeth*, we may remember, makes an invocation to Night much in the ſame ſtrain:

——— ——— *Come, feeling Night,*
Scarf *up the tender* eye *of pitiful* day, &c.

So *Juliet* here would have Night's darkneſs obſcure the great eye of the day, the *Sun*; whom conſidering in a poetical light as *Phœbus*, drawn in his carr with *fiery-footed* ſteeds, and *poſting* thro' the heavens, ſhe very properly calls him, with regard to the ſwiftneſs of his courſe, the *Runaway*. In the like manner our Poet ſpeaks of the *Night* in the *Merchant of Venice*;

For the cloſe Night doth play the Runaway.

Plaid

Plaid for a pair of ſtainleſs maidenheads.
Hood my unmann'd blood baiting in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; 'till ſtrange love, grown bold,
Thinks true love acted, ſimple modeſty.
Come, night, come, *Romeo!* come, thou day in night,
For thou wilt lye upon the wings of night,
Whiter than ſnow upon a raven's back:
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night!
Give me my *Romeo*, and, when he ſhall die,
Take him and cut him out in little ſtars,
And he will make the face of heav'n ſo fine,
That all the world ſhall be in love with night,
And pay no worſhip to the gariſh ſun.
O, I have bought the manſion of a love,
But not poſſeſs'd it; and though I am ſold,
Not yet enjoy'd; ſo tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtival,
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurſe!

Enter Nurſe with cords.

And ſhe brings news; and every tongue, that ſpeaks
But *Romeo*'s name, ſpeaks heav'nly eloquence;
Now, nurſe, what news? what haſt thou there?
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
Nurſe. Ay, ay, the cords.
Jul. Ay me, what news?
Why doſt thou wring thy hands?
Nurſe. Ah welladay, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone.——
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.
Jul. Can heaven be ſo envious?
Nurſe. Romeo can,
Though heav'n cannot. O *Romeo! Romeo!*
Who ever would have thought it, *Romeo?*

Jul.

Jul. What devil art thou, that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmal hell.
Hath *Romeo* ſlain himſelf? ſay thou but, I;
And that bare vowel, ay, ſhall poiſon more
Than the [3] death-darting eye of cockatrice.
Nurſe. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,
(God ſave the mark,) here on his manly breaſt.
A piteous coarſe, a bloody piteous coarſe;
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood; I ſwooned at the ſight.
Jul. O break, my heart —— poor bankrupt, break at once!
To priſon, eyes! ne'er look on liberty;
Vile earth to earth reſign, and motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſs one heavy bier!
Nurſe. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beſt friend I had:
O courteous *Tybalt*, honeſt gentleman,
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee dead!
Jul. What ſtorm is this, that blows ſo contrary!
Is *Romeo* ſlaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dear-lov'd couſin, and my dearer lord?
Then let the trumpet ſound the general Doom,
For who is living, if thoſe two are gone?
Nurſe. *Tybalt* is dead, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is baniſhed.
Jul. O God! did *Romeo*'s hand ſhed *Tybalt*'s blood?
Nurſe. It did, it did, alas, the day! it did.
Jul. O ſerpent-heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep ſo fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!

3 —— *death-darting eye of cockatrice.*] The ſtrange lines that follow here in the common books are not in the old edition. Mr. *Pope.*

Ravenous

[4Ravenous Dove, feather'd Raven! Wolviſh ravening Lamb!
Deſpiſed ſubſtance, of divineſt ſhow!
Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damned Saint, an honourable villain!]
O nature! what hadſt thou to do in hell,
When thou did'ſt bower the Spirit of a fiend
In mortal Paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was ever book, containing ſuch vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous palace!

Nurſe. There's no truſt,
No faith, no honeſty, in men; all perjur'd;
All, all forſworn; all naught; and all diſſemblers.
Ah, where's my man? give me ſome *Aqua vitæ*—
Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old!
Shame come to *Romeo!*

Jul. Bliſter'd be thy tongue,
For ſuch a wiſh! he was not born to ſhame;
Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the univerſal earth.
O, what a beaſt was I to chide him ſo?

Nurſe. Will you ſpeak well of him, that kill'd your couſin?

Jul. Shall I ſpeak ill of him, that is my husband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours-wife, have mangled it!
But wherefore, villain, didſt thou kill my couſin?
That villain couſin would have kill'd my husband.

4 *Ravenous Dove, feather'd Raven,* &c.] The four following lines not in the firſt Edition, as well as ſome others which I have omitted. Mr. *Pope.*

He might as well have omitted theſe, they being evidently the Players traſh, and as ſuch I have marked them with a note of reprobation.

Back,

Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that *Tybalt* would have slain;
And *Tybalt*'s dead, that would have kill'd my husband;
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worser than *Tybalt*'s death,
That murther'd me; I would forget it, fain;
But, oh! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds;
Tybalt *is dead, and* Romeo *banished!*
That *banished*, that one word *banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand *Tybalts*: *Tybalt*'s death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or if sow'r woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said *Tybalt*'s *dead*,
Thy *Father* or thy *Mother*, nay, or *both?*
But with a rear-ward following *Tybalt*'s death,
Romeo *is banished* —— to speak that word,
Is, father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
All slain, all dead! ——Romeo *is banished!*
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.
Where is my father, and my mother, nurse?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalt*'s coarse.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears? mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for *Romeo*'s banishment.
Take up those Cords; —poor Ropes, you are beguil'd;
Both You and I; for *Romeo* is exil'd.
He made You for a high-way to my Bed:
But I, a maid, dye Maiden widowed.
Come, Cord; come, Nurse; I'll to my wedding-Bed;
And Death, not *Romeo*, take my Maidenhead!

Nurſe. Hie to your chamber, I'll find *Romeo*
To comfort you. I wot well, where he is.
Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night;
I'll to him, he is hid at *Lawrence*' cell.
Jul. Oh find him, give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come, to take his laſt farewel.]*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Monaſtery.

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Romeo.

Fri. ROMEO, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
Rom. Father, what news? what is the Prince's doom?
What ſorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear ſon with ſuch ſow'r company.
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.
Rom. What leſs than doom's-day is the Prince's doom?
Fri. [5] A gentler judgment even'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's baniſhment.
Rom. Ha, baniſhment! be merciful, ſay, death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not ſay, baniſhment.
Fri Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:

5 *A gentler judgment* VANISH'D *from his lips,*] Were the judgment pronounced, ineffectual, or made void, it might with ſome propriety be ſaid to have *vaniſh'd from his lips.* I ſuſpect *Shakeſpear* wrote,

A gentler judgment EVEN'D *from his lips,*

i. e. came equitably from his lips. The Poet frequently uſes the words *even*, and *to even*, in this ſenſe.

Be

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona*'s walls,
[6] But purgatory, Tartar, Hell it ſelf.
Hence baniſhed, is baniſh'd from the world;
And world-exil'd, is death. That baniſhed
Is death miſ-term'd: calling death baniſhment,
Thou cut'ſt my head off with a golden ax,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroak that murthers me.
Fri. O deadly ſin! O rude unthankfulneſs!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,
Taking thy part, hath ruſht aſide the law,
And turn'd that black word death to baniſhment.
This is dear mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heav'n is here
Where *Juliet* lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouſe, every unworthy thing,
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her;
But *Romeo* may not. More validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip lives
In carrion flies, than *Romeo*; they may ſeize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliet*'s hand,
And ſteal immortal bleſſings from her lips;
(Which even in pure and veſtal modeſty
Still bluſh, as thinking their own kiſſes ſin.)
This may flies do, when I from this muſt fly;
(And ſay'ſt thou yet, that exile is not death?)
But *Romeo* may not; —— he is baniſhed.
Hadſt thou no Poiſon mixt, no ſharp-ground knife,
No ſudden mean of death, tho' ne'er ſo mean,
But baniſhed to kill me? baniſhed?

6 *But purgatory*, TORTURE, *hell it ſelf.*] *Place* is the ſubject here ſpoken of, as appears from the preceding words, *There is no world* &c. To which *purgatory* and *hell* anſwer rightly; but *torture* is not *place*, but *puniſhment*. I think therefore that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

But purgatory, TARTAR, *Hell it ſelf.*

So in *Twelfth-Night*: —*To the gates of* Tartar. And in *The Comedy of Errors*: —*No, he's in Tartar, limbo.*

O Friar, the Damned uſe that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how haſt thou the heart,
Being a Divine, a ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A ſin-abſolver, and my friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word, baniſhment?
Fri. Fond mad-man, hear me ſpeak.———
Rom. O, thou wilt ſpeak again of baniſhment.
Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,
Adverſity's ſweet milk, philoſophy,
To comfort thee, tho' thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet, baniſhed? hang up philoſophy:
Unleſs philoſophy can make a *Juliet*,
Diſplant a town, reverſe a Prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more———
Fri. O, then I ſee that madmen have no ears.
Rom. How ſhould they, when that wiſe men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,
An hour but married, *Tybalt* murthered,
Doating like me, and like me baniſhed;
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak, then might'ſt thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.
[*Throwing himſelf on the ground.*
Fri. Ariſe, one knocks; good *Romeo*, hide thy ſelf.
[*Knock within.*
Rom. Not I, unleſs the breath of heart-ſick Groans,
Miſt-like, infold me from the Search of Eyes. [*Knock.*
Fri. Hark, how they knock!—(who's there?)—
Romeo, ariſe.
Thou wilt be taken—(ſtay a while)—ſtand up;
[*Knocks.*
Run to my Study—(By and by)—God's will!
What

What willfulneſs is this? — I come, I come. [*Knock.*
Who knocks ſo hard? whence come you? what's your will?

Nurſe. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errand:
I come from lady *Juliet.*

Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. O holy Friar, oh tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's *Romeo?*

Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurſe. O he is even in my miſtreſs' caſe,
Juſt in her caſe, O woful ſympathy!
Piteous predicament! even ſo lies ſhe,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, ſtand up; — Stand, an' you be a Man:
For *Juliet*'s Sake, for her Sake, riſe and ſtand.
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an oh! —

Rom. Nurſe! —

Nurſe. Ah Sir! ah Sir! — Death is the end of all.

Rom. Speak'ſt thou of *Juliet?* how is it with her?
Doth not ſhe think me an old murtherer,
Now I have ſtain'd the child-hood of our joy
With blood, remov'd but little from her own?
Where is ſhe? and how does ſhe? and [7] what ſays
My conſeal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurſe.

7 ——————— *what ſays*
My CONCEAL'D *lady to our cancell'd love?*] An antitheſis or oppoſition was here intended: but what oppoſition is there between *conceal'd* and *cancell'd?* Beſides, *ſhe* was not *conceal'd*, tho' he was. We ſhould read,

My CONSEAL'D *lady to our cancell'd love?*

And then the oppoſition is evident, and the ſenſe exact. For *con-*

Nurſe. O, ſhe ſays nothing, Sir; but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed, and then ſtarts up;
And *Tybalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calls,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murther her, as that name's curſed hand
Murther'd her kinſman.—Tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may ſack
The hateful manſion. [*Drawing his Sword.*

Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Thy tears are womaniſh, thy wild acts denote
Th' unreaſonable fury of a beaſt.
[8] Unſeemly Woman in a ſeeming Man!
An ill-beſeeming Beaſt in ſeeming Groth!
Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy Order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlain *Tybalt?* wilt thou ſlay thyſelf?

ſeal'd is a very proper deſignment of one juſt affianced to her Lover. In the ſame manner ſhe herſelf ſpeaks afterwards,

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo SEAL'D,
Shall be the label *to another* deed———

So in *Midſummer Night's Dream,* the marriage day is called the *ſealing day.*

The SEALING-DAY *between my love and me.*

8 *Unſeemly Woman in a ſeeming Man!*
AND *ill beſeeming Beaſt in ſeeming* BOTH!] This ſtrange nonſenſe Mr. *Pope* threw out of his edition for deſperate. But it is eaſily reſtored as *Shakeſpear* wrote it into good pertinent ſenſe.

Unſeemly Woman in a ſeeming Man!
AN *ill beſeeming Beaſt in ſeeming* GROTH!

i. e. you have the *ill beſeeming* paſſions of a brute beaſt in the well-ſeeming ſhape of a rational creature. For having in the *firſt* line ſaid, he was a woman in the ſhape of a man, he aggravates the thought in the *ſecond,* and ſays, he was even a brute in the ſhape of a rational creature. *Seeming* is uſed in both places, for *ſeemly.*

And

And ſlay thy lady, that in thy life lives,
By doing damned Hate upon thyſelf?
9 Why rail'ſt thou on thy Birth, the Heav'n, and Earth,
Since Birth, and Heav'n, and Earth, all three ſo meet,
In thee atone; which Thou at once would'ſt loſe?
Fie! fie! thou ſham'ſt thy Shape, thy Love, thy Wit,
Which, like an Uſurer, abound'ſt in all,
And uſeſt none in that true uſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedeck thy Shape, thy Love, thy Wit.
Thy noble Shape is but a Form of Wax,
Digreſſing from the Valour of a Man;
Thy dear Love ſworn, but hollow Perjury,
Killing that Love, which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh.
Thy Wit, that Ornament to Shape and Love,
Miſ-ſhapen in the Conduct of them Both,
Like Powder in a skill-leſs Soldier's Flask,
Is ſet on Fire by thine own Ignorance,
And thou diſmember'd with thine own Defenſe.
What, rouſe thee, man, thy *Juliet* is alive,

9 *Why rail'ſt thou on thy Birth, the Heav'n and Earth,*
Since Birth, and Heav'n, and Earth, all three DO *meet,*
In thee AT ONCE, *which thou at once would'ſt loſe?*] Theſe were again thrown out by Mr. *Pope*, and for the ſame reaſon: But they are eaſily ſet right. We ſhould read,

Since Birth, and Heav'n, and Earth, all three SO *meet,*
In thee ATONE; *which then at once would loſe.*

i. e. Why rail you at your *Birth*, and at *Heaven*, and *Earth*, which are all *ſo meet*, or auſpicious to you: And all three your friends, [*all three in thee atone*] and yet you would loſe them all by one raſh ſtroke. Why he ſaid,—*Birth, Heaven, and Earth, all three atone*—was becauſe *Romeo* was of noble birth, of virtuous diſpoſitions, and heir to a large patrimony. But by ſuicide he would diſgrace the firſt, offend the ſecond, and forego the enjoyment of the third. *Atone* is frequently uſed by *Shakeſpear* in the ſenſe of, *to agree*, be *friendly together*, &c. So in, *As you like it*,

Then is there mirth in Heav'n
When earthly things made even
ATONE *together.*

For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou slew'st *Tybalt*; there thou'rt happy too.
The law, that threatned death, became thy friend,
And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy;
A pack of blessings light upon thy back,
Happiness courts thee in her best array,
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But, look, thou stay not 'till the Watch be set;
For then thou canst not pass to *Mantua:*
Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurse; commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O lord, I could have staid here all night long,
To hear good counsel: oh, what Learning is!
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my Sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you, Sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Sojourn in *Mantua*; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewel, good night.

Rom. But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

[1] *Changes to* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *and* Paris.

Cap. THings have fallen out, Sir, ſo unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, ſhe lov'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearly,
And ſo did I.——Well, we were born to die.——
'Tis very late, ſhe'll not come down to night.
I promiſe you, but for your Company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. Theſe times of woe afford no time to wooe:
Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her Mind early to morrow:
To night ſhe's mew'd up to her heavineſs.

Cap. [2] Sir *Paris*, I will make a ſeparate tender
Of my child's love: I think, ſhe will be rul'd
In all reſpects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;

1 SCENE VI.] Some few neceſſary verſes are omitted in this ſcene according to the eldeſt editions. Mr. *Pope.*

2 *Sir* Paris, *I will make a* DESPERATE *tender*
Of my child's love: ——] This was but an indifferent compliment both to Sir *Paris* and his Daughter: As if there were ſmall hopes of her ever proving good for any thing. For he could not call the *tender, deſperate* on the little proſpect there was of his performing his engagement, becauſe he is ſure, he ſays, that his daughter will be ruled in all reſpects by him. We ſhould read,

Sir Paris, *I will make a* SEPARATE *tender.*

i. e. I will venture *ſeparately* on my own head, to make you a tender of my daughter's love without conſulting her. For Sir *Paris* was impatient, and the mother had ſaid,

Things have fall'n out, Sir, ſo unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter.

Acquaint

Acquaint her here with my ſon *Paris'* love,
And bid her, mark you me, on *Wedneſday* next,——
But, ſoft; what day is this?

Par. *Monday*, my lord.

Cap. *Monday?* Ha! ha! well, *Wedneſday* is too ſoon,
On *Thurſday* let it be: o' *Thurſday*, tell her,
She ſhall be married to this noble Earl.
Will you be ready? Do you like this Haſte?
We'll keep no great a-do——a friend or two——
For, hark you, *Tybalt* being ſlain ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly,
Being our kinſman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have ſome half a dozen friends,
And there's an end. But what ſay you to *Thurſday?*

Par. My lord, I would that *Thurſday* were to morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone —— on *Thurſday* be it then:
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed, [*To lady* Cap.
Prepare her, wife, againſt this wedding-day.
Farewel, my lord——light to my chamber, hoa!
'Fore me, it is ſo very late, that we
May call it early by and by. Good night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Juliet's Chamber looking to the Garden.

Enter Romeo *and* Juliet, *above at a window*; *a ladder of ropes ſet.*

Jul. 'WIlt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
'It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
'That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
'Nightly ſhe ſings on yon pomgranate tree:
'Believe

' Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. ' It was the Lark, the herald of the morn,
' No Nightingale. Look, love, what envious ſtreaks
' Do lace the ſevering clouds in yonder eaſt:
' Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
' Stands tiptoe on the miſty mountains' tops.
' I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and die.
Jul. ' Yon light is not day-light, I know it well:
' It is ſome meteor that the Sun exhales,
' To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
' And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*;
' Then ſtay a while, thou ſhalt not go ſo ſoon.
Rom. ' Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death,
' I am content, if thou wilt have it ſo.
' I'll ſay, yon gray is not the morning's eye,
' 'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia*'s brow;
' Nor that is not the lark, whoſe notes do beat
' The vaulty heav'ns ſo high above our heads.
' I have more care to ſtay, than will to go.
' Come death, and welcome: *Juliet* wills it ſo.
' How is't, my Soul? let's talk, it is not day.'
Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away:
It is the lark that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh diſcords, and unpleaſing ſharps.
Some ſay, the lark makes ſweet diviſion;
This doth not ſo: for ſhe divideth us.
Some ſay, the lark and loaded toad change eyes;
[3] O, now I wot they had chang'd voices too!
O now be gone, more light and light it grows.

Rom.

3 *O now I* WOULD *they had chang'd voices too!*] The *toad* having very fine eyes, and the *lark* very ugly ones, was the occaſion of a common ſaying amongſt the people, that *the toad and lark had changed eyes*. To this the ſpeaker alludes. But ſure ſhe need not have *wiſhed* that *they had changed voices too*. The lark appear'd to her untunable enough in all conſcience: As appears by what ſhe ſaid juſt before,

It is the lark that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh diſcords *and* unpleaſing ſharps.

This

Rom. More light and light?—More dark and dark our Woes.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. Madam,——

Jul. Nurſe?

Nurſe. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke, be wary, look about. [*Exit* Nurſe.

Jul. Then, Window, let Day in, and let Life out.

Rom. Farewel, farewel; one Kiſs, and I'll deſcend. [*Romeo* deſcends.

Jul. Art thou 'gone ſo? love! lord! ah husband! friend!
I muſt hear from thee ev'ry day in th' hour,
For in a minute there are many days.
O, by this count I ſhall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my *Romeo.*

Rom. Farewel: I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul O think'ſt thou, we ſhall ever meet again?

Rom. I doubt it not; and all theſe woes ſhall ſerve
For ſweet diſcourſes, in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining ſoul.——
Methinks, I ſee thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eye-ſight fails, or thou look'ſt pale.

Rom. And truſt me, love, in mine eye ſo do you:
Dry Sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu. [*Exit* Romeo.

This directs us to the right reading. For how natural was it for her after this to add,

Some ſay the lark and loathed toad change eyes.
O, now I WOT *they have chang'd voices too.*

i. e. the lark ſings ſo harſhly that I now perceive the toad and ſhe have changed *voices* as well as *eyes.*

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Jul. O fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle, fortune:
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But ſend him back.

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho, daughter, are you up?
Jul. Who is't, that calls? is it my lady mother?
What unaccuſtom'd cauſe [2] procures her hither?
La. Cap. Why, how now, *Juliet?*
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your couſin's death?
What, wilt thou waſh him from his Grave with tears?
An' if thou could'ſt, thou could'ſt not make him live;
Therefore, have done. Some Grief ſhews much of Love;
But much of Grief ſhews ſtill ſome want of Wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for ſuch a feeling loſs.
La. Cap. So ſhall you feel the Loſs, but not the Friend
Which you do weep for.
Jul. Feeling ſo the Loſs,
I cannot chuſe but ever weep the Friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the villain lives which ſlaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, Madam?
La. Ca. That ſame villain, *Romeo.*
Jul. Villain and he are many miles aſunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my Heart:
And, yet, No Man like He doth grieve my Heart.
La. Cap. That is, becauſe the Traytor lives.

2 ——————procures *her hither?*] *Procures*, for brings.

Jul.

Jul. I, Madam, from the Reach of theſe my hands: ——
'Would, None but I might venge my Couſin's Death!
La. Cap. We will have Vengeance for it, fear Thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll ſend to one in *Mantua*,
Where That ſame baniſh'd Runagate doth live,
Shall give him ſuch an unaccuſtom'd Dram,
That he ſhall ſoon keep *Tybalt* Company.
And then, I hope, thou wilt be ſatisfied.
Jul. Indeed, I never ſhall be ſatisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him—dead——
Is my poor heart ſo for a Kinſman vext.
Madam, if You could find out but a Man
To bear a poyſon, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* ſhould upon receipt thereof
Soon ſleep in Quiet.——O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd.——and cannot come to him——
To wreak the Love I bore my ſlaughter'd Couſin,
Upon his body that hath ſlaughter'd him.
La. Cap. Find Thou the Means, and I'll find ſuch a Man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful Tidings, Girl.
Jul. And joy comes well in ſuch a needful time.
What are they, I beſeech your ladyſhip?
La. Cap. Well, well, thou haſt a careful father, child:
One, who, to put thee from thy heavineſs,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of joy,
That thou expect'ſt not, nor I look'd not for.
Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?
La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next *Thurſday* morn,
The gallant, young and noble Gentleman,
The County *Paris*, at St. *Peter*'s church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.
Jul. Now, by St. *Peter*'s church, and *Peter* too,

He

He ſhall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haſte, that I muſt wed
Ere he that muſt be husband, comes to wooe.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, Madam,
I will not marry yet: and when I do,
It ſhall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
Rather than *Paris*.—Theſe are news, indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him ſo your ſelf,
And ſee, how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet, *and Nurſe.*

Cap. When the Sun ſets, the Air doth drizzle Dew;
But for the Sunſet of my Brother's Son
It rains downright.———
How now? a conduit, girl? what, ſtill in tears?
Evermore ſhow'ring? in one little body
Thou counterfeit'ſt a bark, a ſea, a wind;
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this ſalt flood: the winds thy ſighs,
Which, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a ſudden calm, will overſet
Thy tempeſt-toſſed body———How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but ſhe will none, ſhe gives you thanks:
I would, the fool were married to her Grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How, will ſhe none? doth ſhe not give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud, doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
Unworthy as ſhe is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have.

Proud

Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.
Cap. How now! how now! Chop Logick? What is This?
Proud! and I thank you! and I thank you not!
And yet not proud! — Why, Miſtreſs Minion, You,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But ſettle your fine joints 'gainſt *Thurſday* next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peter*'s church:
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-ſickneſs-carrion! Out, you baggage!
You Tallow-face!
La. Cap. Fie, fie, what, are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Hear me with Patience, but to ſpeak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! diſobedient wretch!
I tell thee what, get thee to church o' *Thurſday*,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not anſwer me;
My fingers itch. Wife, we ſcarce thought us bleſt,
That God had ſent us but this only child;
But now I ſee this One is one too much,
And that we have a Curſe in having her:
Out on her, hilding! ———
Nurſe. God in heaven bleſs her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her ſo.
Cap. And why, my lady Wiſdom? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, ſmatter with your goſſips, go.
Nurſe. I ſpeak no treaſon—O, god-ye-good-den—
May not one ſpeak?
Cap. Peace, peace, you mumbling fool;
Utter your gravity o'er a goſſip's bowl,
For here we need it not.
La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or ſleeping, ſtill my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demeaſns, youthful, and nobly-allied,
Stuff'd, as they ſay, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wiſh a man:
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's Tender,
To anſwer, I'll not wed,——I cannot love,——
I am too young,— I pray you pardon me——
But, if you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not uſe to jeſt.
Thurſday is near; lay hand on heart, adviſe;
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend:
If you be not, hang, beg, ſtarve, die i' th' ſtreets;
For, by my ſoul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall ever do thee good:
Truſt to't, bethink you, I'll not be forſworn. [*Exit.*

Jul. Is there no pity ſitting in the clouds,
That ſees into the bottom of my grief?
O, ſweet my mother, caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where *Tybalt* lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not ſpeak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

Jul. O God! O Nurſe, how ſhall this be prevented?
My Husband is on Earth; my Faith in Heav'n;
How ſhall that Faith return again to Earth,
Unleſs that Husband ſend it me from Heav'n,
By leaving Earth? —— Comfort me, counſel me.

Alack, alack, that heav'n ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Upon ſo ſoft a ſubject as my ſelf!
What ſay'ſt thou? haſt thou not a word of Joy?
Some Comfort, Nurſe——
Nurſe. Faith, here it is:
Romeo is baniſh'd; all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands, as now it doth,
I think it beſt, you married with the Count.
Oh, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a diſh-clout to him; an eagle, Madam,
Hath not (*a*) ſo keen, ſo quick, ſo fair an eye
As *Paris* hath. Beſhrew my very heart,
I think you happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt; or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
(*b*) As living hence, and you no uſe of him.
Jul. Speak'ſt thou from thy heart?
Nurſe. And from my Soul too,
Or elſe beſhrew them both.
Jul. Amen.
Nurſe. What?
Jul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marvellous much;
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having diſpleas'd my father, to *Lawrence*' cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolved.
Nurſe. Marry, I will; and this is wiſely done.
[*Exit.*
Jul. Ancient Damnation! O moſt wicked Fiend!
Is it more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworn,
Or to diſpraiſe my lord with that ſame tongue

[(*a*) ——*ſo keen, ſo quick.* Oxford Editor.——Vulg. *ſo green, ſo quick.*]
[(*b*) *As living hence.* Oxford Editor.——Vulg. *As living here*]

Which

Which she hath prais'd him with above compare,
So many thousand times? go, Counsellor,——
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain:
I'll to the Friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The MONASTERY.

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Paris.

FRIAR.

ON *Thursday*, Sir! the time is very short.
Par. My father *Capulet* will have it so,
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.
Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven in this course, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately she weeps for *Tybalt*'s death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
For *Venus* smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she should give her sorrow so much sway;
And, in his wisdom, hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste?
Fri. I would, I knew not why it should be slow'd.
[*Aside.*
Look, Sir, here comes the lady tow'rds my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Welcome, my love, my lady and my wife!
Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.

Par. That may be, muſt be, Love, on *Thurdſay* next.

Jul. What muſt be, ſhall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this father?

Jul. To anſwer That, were to confeſs to you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.

Jul. I will confeſs to you, that I love him.

Par. So will ye, I am ſure that you love me.

Jul. If I do ſo, it will be of more price
Being ſpoke behind your back, than to your face.

Par. Poor ſoul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.

Jul. The tears have got ſmall victory by that:
For it was bad enough before their ſpight.

Par. Thou wrong'ſt it, more than tears, with that report.

Jul. That is no ſlander, Sir, which is but truth,
And what I ſpeak, I ſpeak it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlander'd it.

Jul. It may be ſo, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leiſure, holy father, now,
Or ſhall I come to you at evening maſs?

Fri. My leiſure ſerves me, penſive daughter, now.
My lord, I muſt intreat the time alone.

Par. God ſhield, I ſhould diſturb devotion:
Juliet, on *Thurſday* early will I rouſe you:
'Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiſs.

[*Exit* Paris.

Jul. Go, ſhut the door, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weep with me, paſt hope, paſt cure, paſt help.

Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy grief,
It ſtrains me paſt the Compaſs of my Wits.
I hear, you muſt, and nothing, may prorogue it,
On *Thurſday* next be married to this Count.

Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'ſt of this,
Unleſs thou tell me how I may prevent it.

If

If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God join'd my heart and *Romeo*'s; thou, our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extreams and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that,
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring:
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter, I do 'spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution,
As That is desp'rate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County *Paris*,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thy self,
Then it is likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself, to 'scape from it:
And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
[5] Or chain me to some steepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and savage lions roam;
Or shut me nightly in a charnel house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead mens' ratling bones,
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made Grave,

5 *Or chain me*, &c.]
Or walk in thievish ways, or bid me lurk
Where serpents are, chain me with roaring bears,
Or hide me nightly, &c.
It is thus the editions vary. Mr. *Pope*.

And hide me with a dead man in his ſhroud;
(Things, that to hear them nam'd, have made me tremble;)
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unſtain'd wife to my ſweet love.
Fri. Hold, then, go home, be merry, give conſent
To marry *Paris*; *Wedneſday* is to morrow;
To morrow Night, look, that thou lye alone.
(Let not thy Nurſe lye with thee in thy chamber:)
Take thou this vial, being then in Bed,
And this diſtilled liquor drink thou off;
When preſently through all thy veins ſhall run
A cold and drowſie humour, which ſhall ſeize
Each vital ſpirit; for no Pulſe ſhall keep
His nat'ral progreſs, but ſurceaſe to beat.
No warmth, no breath, ſhall teſtify thou liveſt;
The roſes in thy lips and cheeks ſhall fade
To paly aſhes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he ſhuts up the day of life;
Each Part, depriv'd of ſupple Government,
Shall ſtiff, and ſtark, and cold appear like Death:
And in this borrowed likeneſs of ſhrunk death
Thou ſhalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake, as from a pleaſant ſleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our Country is,
In thy beſt robes uncover'd on the bier,
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's Grave:
Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame antient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lye.
In the mean time, againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,
And hither ſhall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy Waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*;
And This ſhall free thee from this preſent Shame,

If

If no unconſtant toy, nor womaniſh fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.
Jul. Give me, oh give me, tell me not of fear.
[*Taking the vial.*
Fri. Hold, get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this Reſolve; I'll ſend a Friar with ſpeed
To *Mantua*, with my letters to thy lord.
Jul. Love, give me ſtrength, and ſtrength ſhall help afford.
Farewel, dear father!— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *Nurſe, and two or three Servants.*

Cap. SO many Gueſts invite, as here are writ;
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.
Ser. You ſhall have none ill, Sir, for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.
Cap. How canſt thou try them ſo?
Ser. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.
Cap. Go, be gone.
We ſhall be much unfurniſh'd for this time:
What, is my daughter gone to Friar *Lawrence?*
Nurſe. Ay, forſooth.
Cap. Well, he may chance to do ſome good on her:
A peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurſe. See, where ſhe comes from Shrift with merry Look.

Cap. How now, my head-ſtrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition
To You and your Beheſts; and am enjoin'd
By holy *Lawrence* to fall proſtrate here,
And beg your pardon: Pardon, I beſeech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County, go tell him of this,
I'll have this knot knit up to morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at *Lawrence*' cell,
And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not ſtepping o'er the bounds of Modeſty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't, this is well, ſtand up;
This is as't ſhould be; let me ſee the County:
Ay, marry, go, I ſay, and fetch him hither.
Now, afore God, this reverend holy Friar,
[6] All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurſe, will you go with me into my cloſet,
To help me ſort ſuch needful ornaments
As you think fit to furniſh me to morrow?

La. Cap. No, not 'till *Thurſday*, there is time enough.

Cap. Go, nurſe, go with her; we'll to Church to morrow. [*Exeunt* Juliet *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. We ſhall be ſhort in our proviſion;
'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tuſh, I will ſtir about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her,
I'll not to bed to night, let me alone:
I'll play the houſewife for this once.—What, ho!
They are all forth; well I will walk my ſelf
To County *Paris*, to prepare him up

6 *All our whole city is much bound to* HIM.] For the ſake of the grammar, I would ſuſpect *Shakeſpear* wrote,

——— *much bound to* HYMN.

i. e. praiſe, celebrate.

Againſt

Againſt to morrow. My heart's wondrous light,
Since this ſame way-ward girl is ſo reclaim'd.
[*Exeunt* Capulet *and lady* Capulet.

SCENE III.

Changes to Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter Juliet *and Nurſe.*

Jul. AY, thoſe attires are beſt; but, gentle nurſe,
I pray thee, leave me to myſelf to night:
For I have need of many Oriſons
To move the heav'ns to ſmile upon my State,
Which, well thou know'ſt, is croſs, and full of Sin.

Enter lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you buſie, do you need my help?
Jul. No, Madam, we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoveful for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurſe this night ſit up with you:
For, I am ſure, you have your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſs.
La. Cap. Good night,
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need. [*Exeunt.*
Jul. 'Farewel—God knows, when we ſhall meet again!
'I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
'That almoſt freezes up the heat of life.
'I'll call them back again to comfort me.
'Nurſe—what ſhould ſhe do here?
'My diſmal ſcene I needs muſt act alone:
'Come, vial—What if this mixture do not work at all?
'Shall I of force be marry'd to the Count?
'No, no, this ſhall forbid it; lye thou there—
[*Pointing to a dagger.*
'What

' What if it be a poiſon, which the Friar
' Subtly hath miniſtred, to have me dead,
' Leſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
' Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo?*
' I fear, it is; and yet, methinks, it ſhould not,
' For he hath ſtill been tried a holy man.—
' How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,
' I wake before the time that *Romeo*
' Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
' Shall I not then be ſtifled in the vault,
' To whoſe foul mouth no healthſome air breathes in,
' And there be ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes?
' Or, if I live, is it not very like,
' The horrible conceit of death and night,
' Together with the terror of the place,
' (As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
' Where, for theſe many hundred years, the bones
' Of all my buried Anceſtors are packt;
' Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in earth,
' Lies feſtring in his ſhroud; where, as they ſay,
' At ſome hours in the night ſpirits reſort —)
' Alas, alas! is it not like, that I
' So early waking, what with loathſome ſmells,
' And ſhrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
' That living mortals, hearing them, run mad.—
' Or, if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught,
' (Invironed with all theſe hideous fears,)
' And madly play with my fore-fathers' joints,
' And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his ſhroud?
' And in this rage, with ſome great kinſman's bone,
' As with a club, daſh out my deſp'rate brains?
' O look! methinks, I ſee my couſin's ghoſt
' Seeking out *Romeo*, that did ſpit his Body
' Upon a Rapier's Point.—Stay, *Tybalt*, ſtay!
' *Romeo*, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herſelf on the bed.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Changes to Capulet's *Hall.*

Enter Lady Capulet *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. HOLD, take theſe keys and fetch more ſpices, nurſe.

Nurſe. They call for dates and quinces in the paſtry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir, the ſecond cock hath crow'd,
The curphew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o' clock:
Look to the bak'd Meats, good *Angelica.*
Spare not for coſt.

Nurſe. Go, go, you cot-quean, go;
Get you to bed; faith, you'll be ſick to morrow,
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit: what, I have watch'd ere now
All night for a leſs cauſe, and ne'er been ſick.

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouſe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you, from ſuch watching, now.
[*Exeunt Lady* Capulet *and Nurſe.*

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood ——
Now, fellow, what's there?

Enter three or four with ſpits, and logs, and baskets.

Ser. Things for the cook, Sir, but I know not what.

Cap. Make haſte, make haſte; Sirrah, fetch drier logs,
Call *Peter*, he will ſhew thee where they are.

Ser. I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.

Cap. 'Maſs, and well ſaid, a merry horſon, ha!

Thou

Thou ſhalt be logger-head.— good faith, 'tis day.
[*Play muſick.*
The County will be here with muſick ſtraight,
For ſo, he ſaid, he would. I hear him near.
Nurſe,—wife,—what, ho! what, nurſe, I ſay?

Enter Nurſe.

Go, waken *Juliet*, go and trim her up,
I'll go and chat with *Paris:* hie, make haſte,
Make haſte, the Bride-groom he is come already;
Make haſte, I ſay.
[*Exeunt* Capulet *and Nurſe, ſeverally.*

SCENE V.

Changes to Juliet's *Chamber*, Juliet *on a bed.*

Re-enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. MIſtreſs,—what, miſtreſs! *Juliet*—Faſt, I warrant her,
Why, lamb—why, lady—Fie, you ſlug-a-bed——
Why, love, I ſay—— Madam, ſweet-heart—— why, bride——
What, not a word! you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County *Paris* hath ſet up his Reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little—God forgive me—
Marry, and amen!——— How ſound is ſhe aſleep?
I muſt needs wake her: Madam, madam, madam,
Ay, let the County take you in your bed———
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?
What dreſt, and in your cloaths—and down again?
I muſt needs wake you: Lady, lady, lady———
Alas! alas! help! help! my lady's dead.
O well-a-day, that ever I was born!
Some *Aqua vitæ*, ho! my lord, my lady!

Enter

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noiſe is here?
Nurſe. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What's the matter?
Nurſe. Look, ——— oh heavy day!
La. Cap. Oh me, oh me, my child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee;
Help, help! call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For ſhame, bring *Juliet* forth; her lord is come.
Nurſe. She's dead, deceas'd, ſhe's dead: alack the day!
Cap. Ha! let me ſee her----Out, alas! ſhe's cold;
Her blood is ſettled, and her joints are ſtiff:
Life and theſe lips have long been ſeparated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flow'r of all the field.
Accurſed time! unfortunate old man!
Nurſe. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woful Time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Tyes up my Tongue, and will not let me ſpeak.

Enter Friar Lawrence, *and* Paris *with Muſicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O ſon, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife: ſee, there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was, deflower'd now by him:
Death is my ſon-in-law.———
Par. Have I thought long to ſee this morning's face,
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this!

La. Cap.

La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Moſt miſerable hour, that Time e'er ſaw
In laſting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and ſolace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my ſight.
Nurſe. [7] O woe! oh woful, woful, woful day!
Moſt lamentable day! moſt woful day!
That ever, ever, I did yet behold.
Oh day! oh day! oh day! oh hateful day!
Never was ſeen ſo black a day as this:
Oh woful day, oh woful day!
Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlain,
Moſt deteſtable Death, by Thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel Thee quite over-thrown: ——
O Love, O Life, not Life, but Love in Death! ——
Cap. Deſpis'd, diſtreſſed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd,
Uncomfortable Time! why cam'ſt thou now
To murther, murther our Solemnity?
O Child! O Child! My Soul, and not my Child!
Dead art Thou! dead; alack! my Child is dead;
And, with my Child, my Joys are buried.
Fri. Peace, ho, for Shame! Confuſion's Cure lives not
In theſe Confuſions: Heaven and Yourſelf
Had Part in this fair Maid; now Heav'n hath All;
And All the better is it for the Maid.
Your Part in her you could not keep from Death;
But Heav'n keeps his Part in eternal Life.
The moſt, you ſought, was her Promotion;
For 'twas your Heav'n, ſhe ſhould be advanc'd:
And weep you now, ſeeing ſhe is advanc'd,
Above the Clouds, as high as Heav'n himſelf?

7 *O woe! oh woful,* &c.] This ſpeech of exclamations is not in the edition above cited. Several other parts, unneceſſary or tautology, are not to be found in the ſaid edition; which occaſions the variation in this from the common books. Mr. *Pope.*

Oh,

Oh, in this Love you love your Child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing, that ſhe is well.
She's not well married, that lives married long;
But ſhe's beſt married, that dyes married young.
Dry up your Tears, and ſtick your Roſemary
On this fair Coarſe; and, as the Cuſtom is,
And in her beſt Array, bear her to Church.
For tho' ſome Nature bids us all lament,
Yet Nature's Tears are Reaſon's Merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained feſtival,
Turn from their Office to black Funeral;
Our Inſtruments to melancholy Bells,
Our wedding Chear to a ſad Funeral Feaſt;
Our ſolemn Hymns to ſullen Dirges change,
Our bridal Flow'rs ſerve for a buried Coarſe;
And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in, and, Madam, go with him;
And go, Sir *Paris*; every one prepare
To follow this fair Coarſe unto her Grave.
The Heav'ns do lowr upon you, for ſome Ill;
Move them no more, by croſſing their high Will.

[*Exeunt* Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, Paris, *and* Friar.

SCENE VI.

Manent Muſicians, and Nurſe.

Muſ. Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurſe. Honeſt good fellows: ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful caſe.

[*Exit Nurſe.*

Muſ. Ay, by my troth, the caſe may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Muſicians, oh muſicians, *heart's eaſe*, *heart's eaſe:*
Oh, an you will have me live, play *heart's eaſe.*

Muſ.

Muſ. Why, *heart's eaſe?*

Pet. O muſicians, becauſe my heart itſelf plays, *my heart itſelf is full of woe.* O, play me ſome merry dump, to comfort me!

Muſ. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Muſ. No.

Pet. I will then give it you ſoundly.

Muſ. What will you give us?

Pet. No mony, on my faith, but the gleek: I will give you the Minſtrell.

Muſ. Then will I give you the Serving Creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the Serving Creature's Dagger on your Pate. I will carry no Crotchets. I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you, do you note me?

Muſ. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Muſ.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit: I will dry-beat you with an iron Wit, and put up my iron dagger: — anſwer me like men:

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
Then muſick with her ſilver ſound ———

Why, *ſilver ſound?* why, *muſick with her ſilver ſound?* What ſay you, *Simon Catling?*

Muſ. Marry, Sir, becauſe ſilver hath a ſweet ſound.

Pet. Pretty! what ſay you, *Hugh Rebeck?*

2 *Muſ.* I ſay, ſilver ſound, becauſe muſicians ſound for ſilver.

Pet. Pretty too! what ſay you, *Samuel Sound-board?*

3 *Muſ.* Faith, I know not what to ſay.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy, you are the *ſinger*, I will *ſay* for you. It is muſick with her ſilver ſound, becauſe ſuch fellows, as you, have no gold for ſounding.

The Muſick with her ſilver ſound
Doth lend redreſs. [*Exit ſinging.*

Muſ.

Muſ. What a peſtilent knave is this ſame?

2 *Muſ.* Hang him, *Jack*; come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and ſtay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

MANTUA.

Enter ROMEO.

[1] IF I may truſt the flattering ruth of ſleep,
My dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:
My boſom's Lord ſits lightly on his Throne,
And, all this day, an unaccuſtom'd ſpirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)

1 *If I may truſt the flattering* TRUTH *of ſleep.*] This man was of an odd compoſition to be able to make it a queſtion, whether he ſhould believe what he confeſſed to be *true*. Tho' if he thought *Truth* capable of *Flattery*, he might indeed ſuppoſe her to be turn'd apoſtate. But none of this nonſenſe came from *Shakeſpear*. He wrote,

If I may truſt the flattering RUTH *of ſleep,*

i. e. Pity. The compaſſionate advertiſement of ſleep. This was a reaſonable queſtion; and the epithet given to *Ruth* ſuits its nature. But, above all, the character which the poet always gives us of *Sleep* is here well deſcribed in this reading; that it is pitiful, compaſſionate, the

Balm of hurt minds, great Nature's ſecond courſe,
Chief nouriſher of life's feaſt. ———

But becauſe I had corrected it,

——— — *the flattering Ruth of ſleep,*

the *Oxford Editor* would be even with me, and reads it,

——— *the flattery of ſleep,*

And he has done it. For tho' a reaſonable man might make it a queſtion whether he ſhould believe a compaſſionate advertiſement, yet who would heſitate whether he ſhould believe a flatterer.

And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.
Ah me! how ſweet is love itſelf poſſeſt,
When but love's ſhadows are ſo rich in joy?

Enter Balthaſar.

News from *Verona* —— How now, *Balthaſar?*
Doſt thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my lady? is my father well?
How doth my *Juliet?* That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.

Balth. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body ſleeps in *Capulets'* monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives:
I ſaw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And preſently took poſt to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing theſe ill news,
Since you did leave it for my Office, Sir.

Rom. Is it even ſo? then I defy you, Stars!
Thou know'ſt my lodging, get me ink and paper,
And hire poſt-horſes. I will hence to night.

Balth. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some miſadventure.

Rom. Tuſh, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Haſt thou no letters to me from the Friar?

Balth. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter: get thee gone,
And hire thoſe horſes; I'll be with thee ſtraight.
[*Exit* Balthazar.
Well, *Juliet*, I will lye with thee to night;
Let's ſee for means — O miſchief! thou art ſwift
To enter in the thought of deſperate men!
'I do remember an Apothecary,
'And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
'In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
'Culling

' Culling of ſimples; meager were his looks;
' Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones:
' And in his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung,
' An alligator ſtuft, and other skins
' Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes; and about his ſhelves
' [2] A beggarly account of empty boxes;
' Green earthen pots, bladders, and muſty ſeeds,
' Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roſes
' Were thinly ſcatter'd to make up a ſhow.
Noting this penury, to myſelf, I ſaid,
An if a man did need a poiſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in *Mantua*,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would ſell it him.
Oh, this ſame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this ſame needy man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe.
Being holy-day, the beggar's ſhop is ſhut:
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls ſo loud?
Rom. Come hither, man; I ſee, that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poiſon, ſuch ſoon-ſpeeding geer,
As will diſperſe itſelf thro' all the veins,
That the life-weary Taker may fall dead;
And that the Trunk may be diſcharg'd of breath,

2 *A* BEGGARLY *account of empty boxes*;] Tho' the boxes were empty, yet their titles, or the accounts of their contents, if like thoſe in the ſhops of other apothecaries, we may be ſure, were magnificent enough. I ſuſpect therefore that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

A BRAGGARTLY *account of empty boxes*;

Which is ſomewhat confirmed by the reading of the old *Quarto* of 1597;

——— *whoſe needy ſhop is* ſtufft
With beggarly accounts *of emptie boxes*;

Not but *account* may ſignify *number* as well as *contents*; if the firſt, the common reading is right.

As violently as haſty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but *Mantua*'s law
Is death to any he that utters them.
Rom. 'Art thou ſo bare and full of wretchedneſs,
'And fear'ſt to die? famine is in thy cheeks;
'Need and oppreſſion ſtare within thine eyes,
'Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back:
'The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
'The world affords no law to make thee rich,
'Then be not poor, but break it and take this.
Ap. My poverty, but not my will, conſents.
Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.
Rom. There is thy gold; worſe poiſon to men's ſouls,
Doing more murthers in this loathſom world,
Than theſe poor compounds that thou may'ſt not ſell:
I ſell thee poiſon, thou haſt ſold me none.——
Farewel, buy food, and get thee into fleſh.
Come, cordial, and not poiſon; go with me
To *Juliet*'s grave, for there muſt I uſe thee.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Monaſtery at Verona.

Enter Friar John.

John. HOLY *Franciſcan* Friar! brother! ho!

Enter Friar Lawrence *to him.*

Law. This ſame ſhould be the voice of Friar *John.*—
Welcome from *Mantua*; what ſays *Romeo?*

Or,

Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our Order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick;
And finding him, the Searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to *Mantua* there was staid.
Law. Who bore my letter then to *Romeo?*
John. I could not send it; here it is again;
Nor get a Messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.
Law. Unhappy fortune! by my Brotherhood,
[3] The letter was not nice, but full of charge
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar *John*, go hence,
Get me an iron Crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.
John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*
Law. Now must I to the Monument alone;
Within these three hours will fair *Juliet* wake;
She will beshrew me much, that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of these accidents:
But I will write again to *Mantua*,
And keep her at my cell 'till *Romeo* come.
Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!
[*Exit.*

3 *The letter was not* nice,—] *Nice*, for of trifling import.

SCENE III.

Changes to a Church-yard: In it, a Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Enter Paris, *and his Page, with a light.*

Par. GIVE me thy torch, boy; hence and ſtand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeen:
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Laying thy ear cloſe to the hollow ground;
So ſhall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being looſe, unfirm, with digging up of Graves)
But thou ſhalt hear it: whiſtle then to me,
As ſignal that thou hear'ſt ſomething approach.
Give me thoſe flow'rs. Do as I bid thee; go.
Page. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. [*Exit.*
Par. Sweet flow'r! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I ſtrew: [*Strewing flowers.*
[4] Fair *Juliet*, that with angels doſt remain,
Accept this lateſt favour at my hand;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With fun'ral obſequies adorn thy tomb.
[*The boy whiſtles.*
——The boy gives warning, ſomething doth approach; ——
What curſed foot wanders this way to night,
To croſs my Obſequies, and true love's rite?
What! with a torch? muffle me, night, a while.

4 *Fair* Juliet, *that with angels* &c.] Theſe four lines from the old edition. Mr. *Pope.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Romeo *and* Balthaſar *with a light.*

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter, early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light; upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I muſt uſe
In dear employment; therefore, hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, doſt return to pry
In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And ſtrew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs;
The time and my intents are ſavage, wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tygers, or the roaring ſea.
Balth. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.
Rom. So ſhalt thou ſhew me Friendſhip.——Take thou that;
Live and be proſp'rous, and farewel, good fellow.
Balth. For all this ſame, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Exit* Balth.
Rom. Thou deteſtable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the Monument.*
And in deſpight I'll cram thee with more food.
Par. This is that baniſht haughty *Montague*,
That murther'd my love's couſin; (with which grief,
It is ſuppoſed, the fair Creature dy'd,)

And here is come to do ſome villanous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile *Montague:*
Can vengeance be purſu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;
Obey, and go with me, for thou muſt die.
Rom. I muſt, indeed, and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſp'rate man;
Fly hence and leave me: think upon theſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee, youth,
Pull not another ſin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. Oh be gone!
By heav'n, I love thee better than my ſelf;
For I come hither arm'd againſt my ſelf.
Stay not, begone; live, and hereafter ſay,
A madman's Mercy bade thee run away.
Par. I do defie thy commiſeration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy. [*They fight*, Paris *falls.*
Page. Oh lord, they fight! I will go call the Watch.
Par. Oh, I am ſlain; if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with *Juliet.* [*Dies.*
Rom. In faith, I will: let me peruſe this face—
Mercutio's kinſman! Noble County *Paris!*
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, *Paris* ſhould have married *Juliet.*
Said he not ſo? or did I dream it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of *Juliet,*
To think it was ſo? Oh give me thy hand,
One writ with me in ſour Misfortune's book,
I'll bury thee in a triumphant Grave.
A Grave? O no; a Lanthorn, ſlaughter'd Youth;
For here lyes *Juliet*; and her beauty makes
This vault a feaſting Preſence full of Light.

Death,

Death, lye thou there, by a dead man interr'd: —
[*Laying* Paris *in the Monument.*
How oft, when Men are at the point of Death,
Have they been merry? which their Keepers call
A Lightning before Death.——O, how may I
Call this a Lightning! — O my love, my wife!
Death, that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's enſign yet
Is crimſon in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, ly'ſt thou there in thy bloody ſheet?
Oh, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand, that cut thy youth in twain,
To ſunder his, that was thy enemy?
Forgive me, couſin.———Ah dear *Juliet*,
Why art thou yet ſo fair? ſhall I believe
That unſubſtantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monſter keeps
Thee here in dark, to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I ſtill will ſtay with thee;
And never from this Palace of dim night
Depart again: Here, here will I remain,
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; oh here
Will I ſet up my everlaſting Reſt;
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtars
From this world-weary'd fleſh. Eyes, look your laſt!
Arms, take your laſt embrace! and lips, oh you
The doors of breath, ſeal with a righteous kiſs
A dateleſs bargain to engroſſing death!
Come, bitter conduct! come, unſav'ry guide!
Thou deſp'rate pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rocks my ſea-ſick, weary, bark:
Here's to my love! oh, true apothecary!
[*Drinks the poiſon.*
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiſs I die. [*Dies.*

Enter

Enter Friar Lawrence *with lanthorn, crow, and ſpade.*

Fri. St. *Francis* be my ſpeed! how oft to night
Have my old feet ſtumbled at graves? who's there?

Enter Balthaſar.

Balth. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Bliſs be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſs ſculls? as I diſcern,
It burneth in the *Capulets* Monument.

Balth. It doth ſo, holy Sir,
And there's my maſter, one you dearly love.

Fri. Who is it?

Balth. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Balth. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Balth. I dare not, Sir.
My maſter knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone; fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear ſome ill unlucky thing.

Balth. As I did ſleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt my maſter and another fought,
And that my maſter ſlew him.

Fri. Romeo!
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which ſtains
The ſtony entrance of this ſepulchre?
What mean theſe maſterleſs and goary ſwords,
To lye diſcolour'd by this place of peace? —
Romeo! oh pale! who elſe? what *Paris* too?
And ſteep'd in blood? ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?
The lady ſtirs.

Juli.

Jul. [*awaking.*] Oh comfortable Friar, where is my lord?
I do remember well, where I ſhould be;
And there I am; but where is *Romeo?*
Fri. I hear ſome noiſe! Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and unnatural ſleep;
A greater Power, than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away;
Thy husband in thy boſom there lyes dead,
And *Paris* too—Come, I'll diſpoſe of thee
Amongſt a ſiſterhood of holy Nuns:
Stay not to queſtion, for the Watch is coming.
Come, go, good *Juliet*; I dare no longer ſtay. [*Exit.*
Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poiſon, I ſee, hath been his timeleſs end.
Oh churl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiſs thy lips;
Haply ſome poiſon yet doth hang on them;
To make me die with a Reſtorative.
Thy lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead, boy, which way?
Jul. Yea, noiſe?
Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!
[*Finding a dagger.*
This is thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me die.
[*Kills herſelf.*
Boy. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.
Watch. The ground is bloody. Search about the church-yard;
Go, ſome of you, whom e'er you find, attach.
Pitiful ſight! here lies the County ſlain,
And *Juliet* bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain theſe two days buried.

Go,

Go, tell the Prince, run to the *Capulets*,
Raiſe up the *Montagues*; Some others, ſearch ——
We ſee the Ground whereon theſe Woes do lye:
But the true ground of all theſe piteous Woes
We cannot without Circumſtance deſcry.

Enter ſome of the Watch, with Balthaſar.

2 *Watch.* Here's *Romeo*'s man, we found him in the church-yard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in ſafety, 'till the Prince comes hither.

Enter another Watchman with Friar Lawrence.

3 *Watch.* Here is a Friar that trembles, ſighs and weeps:
We took this mattock and this ſpade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard ſide.

1 *Watch.* A great ſuſpicion: ſtay the Friar too.

SCENE V.

Enter the Prince, and attendants.

Prince. What miſadventure is ſo early up,
That calls our perſon from our morning's Reſt?

Enter Capulet *and lady* Capulet.

Cap. What ſhould it be, that they ſo ſhriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the ſtreet cry, *Romeo*;
Some, *Juliet*; and ſome, *Paris*; and all run
With open out-cry tow'rd our Monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which ſtartles in your ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lyes the County *Paris* ſlain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* (dead before)
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince.

Prince. Search, ſeek, and know, how this foul murther comes.

Watch. Here is a Friar, and ſlaughter'd *Romeo*'s man,
With inſtruments upon them, fit to open
Theſe dead men's tombs.

Cap. Oh, heav'n! oh, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath miſta'en; for, loe! the ſheath
Lies empty on the back of *Montague*,
The point miſ-ſheathed in my daughter's boſom:

La. Cap. Oh me, this ſight of death is as a bell,
That warms my old age to a ſepulchre.

Enter Montague.

Prince. Come, *Montague*, for thou art early up,
To ſee thy ſon and heir now early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to night;
Grief of my ſon's exile hath ſtopt her breath:
What further woe conſpires againſt my age?

Prince. Look, and thou ſhalt ſee.

Mon. Oh, thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To preſs before thy father to a Grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
'Till we can clear theſe ambiguities,
And know their ſpring, their head, their true deſcent;
And then will I be General of your woes,
And lead you ev'n to Death. Mean time forbear,
And let miſchance be ſlave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of ſuſpicioin.

Fri. I am the greateſt, able to do leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected; as the time and place
Doth make againſt me, of this direful murther;
And here I ſtand both to impeach and purge
My ſelf condemned, and my ſelf excus'd.

Prince. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this.

Fri.

Fri. I will be brief, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that *Juliet*;
And ſhe, there dead, that *Romeo*'s faithful wife:
I married them; and their ſtoln marriage-day
Was *Tybalt*'s dooms-day, whoſe untimely death
Baniſh'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for *Tybalt*, *Juliet* pined.
You, to remove that ſiege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
To County *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me deviſe ſome means
To rid her from this ſecond marriage;
Or, in my Cell, there would ſhe kill herſelf.
Then gave I her (ſo tutor'd by my art)
A ſleeping potion, which ſo took effect
As I intended; for it wrought on her
The form of death. Mean time I writ to *Romeo*,
That he ſhould hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrowed Grave;
Being the time the potion's force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my letter, Friar *John*,
Was ſtaid by accident; and yeſternight
Return'd my letter back; then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her awaking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's Vault:
Meaning to keep her cloſely at my Cell,
'Till I conveniently could ſend to *Romeo*.
But when I came, (ſome minute ere the time
Of her awaking) here untimely lay
The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I intreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heav'n with patience:
But then a noiſe did ſcare me from the tomb,
And ſhe, too deſp'rate, would not go with me:
But, as it ſeems, did violence on herſelf.
All this I know, and to the marriage

Her

Her nurſe is privy; but if aught in this
Miſcarried by my fault, let my old life
Be ſacrific'd, ſome hour before the time,
Unto the rigour of ſevereſt law.

Prince. We ſtill have known thee for an holy man.
Where's *Romeo*'s man? what can he ſay to this?

Balth. I brought my maſter news of *Juliet*'s death,
And then in poſt he came from *Mantua*
To this ſame place, to this ſame Monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threatned me with death going to the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the County's page, that rais'd the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your maſter in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to ſtrew his lady's Grave,
And bid me ſtand aloof, and ſo I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,
And, by and by, my maſter drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Their courſe of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poiſon
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lye with *Juliet*.
Where be theſe enemies? *Capulet! Montague!*
See, what a ſcourge is laid upon your hate,
That heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Have loſt a brace of kinſmen: all are puniſh'd!

Cap. O brother *Montague*, give me thy hand,
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more,
For I will raiſe her Statue in pure gold;

That,

That, while *Verona* by that name is known,
There ſhall no figure at that rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet*.
Cap. As rich ſhall *Romeo*'s by his lady lye;
Poor ſacrifices of our enmity!
Prince. A gloomy Peace this morning with it brings,
The Sun for Sorrow will not ſhew his head;
Go hence to have more talk of theſe ſad things;
Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed.
For never was a ſtory of more woe,
Than this of *Juliet*, and her *Romeo*. [*Exeunt omnes.*

HAMLET,

PRINCE *of* DENMARK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, *King of* Denmark.
Fortinbras, *Prince of* Norway.
Hamlet, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the present, King.*
Polonius, *Lord Chamberlain.*
Horatio, *Friend to* Hamlet.
Laertes, *Son to* Polonius.
Voltimand, Cornelius, Roſencrantz, Guildenſtern, } *Courtiers.*
Oſrick, *a Fop.*
Marcellus, *an Officer.*
Bernardo, Franciſco, } *two Soldiers.*
Reynoldo, *Servant to* Polonius.
Ghoſt of Hamlet's *Father.*

Gertrude, *Queen of* Denmark, *and Mother to* Hamlet.
Ophelia, *Daughter to* Polonius, *belov'd by* Hamlet.
Ladies attending on the Queen.

Players, Grave-makers, Sailors, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *ELSINOOR.*

The Story taken from Saxo Grammaticus's Daniſh *Hiſtory.*

HAMLET,

HAMLET,

PRINCE *of* DENMARK.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Platform before the Palace.

Enter Bernardo *and* Franciſco, *two Centinels.*

BERNARRDO.

WHO's there?

Fran. Nay, anſwer me: ſtand, and unfold your ſelf.

Ber. Long live the King!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come moſt carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now ſtruck twelve; get thee to bed, *Franciſco.*

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am ſick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet Guard?

Franc. Not a mouſe ſtirring.

Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
[1] The rivals of my Watch, bid them make haſte.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Franc. I think, I hear them. Stand, ho! who is there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liege-men to the *Dane*.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. Oh, farewel, honeſt ſoldier; who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. Bernardo has my place: give you good night. [*Exit* Franciſco.
Mar. Holla! *Bernardo*,———
Ber. Say, what, is *Horatio* there?
[2] *Hor.* A piece of him. [*Giving his hand.*
Ber. Welcome, *Horatio*; welcome, good *Marcellus*,
Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to night?
Ber. I have ſeen nothing.
Mar. Horatio ſays, 'tis but our phantaſie;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
[3] Touching this dreaded ſight, twice ſeen of us;
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and ſpeak to it.
Hor. Tuſh! tuſh! 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down a while,
And let us once again aſſail your ears,

1 *The* rivals *of my Watch*,——] *Rivals*, for partners.
2 Hor. A piece *of him*.] But why a *piece?* He ſays this as he gives his hand. Which direction ſhould be marked.
3 *Touching this dreaded* SIGHT,—] Perhaps *Shakeſpear* wrote SPRIGHT.

That

That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What we have two nights ſeen.
Hor. Well, ſit we down,
And let us hear *Bernardo* ſpeak of this.
Ber. Laſt night of all,
When yon ſame Star, that's weſtward from the Pole,
Had made his courſe t'illume that part of heav'n
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my ſelf,
The bell then beating one,———
Mar. Peace, break thee off;

Enter the Ghoſt.

Look where it comes again.
Ber. In the ſame figure, like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a ſcholar, ſpeak to it, *Horatio.*
Ber. Looks it not like the King? mark it, *Horatio.*
Hor. Moſt like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.
Ber. It would be ſpoke to.
Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio.*
Hor. What art thou, that uſurp'ſt this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the Majeſty of buried *Denmark*
Did ſometime march? by Heav'n, I charge thee, ſpeak.
Mar. It is offended.
Ber. See! it ſtalks away.
Hor. Stay; ſpeak; I charge thee, ſpeak.
[*Exit Ghoſt.*
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not anſwer.
Ber. How now, *Horatio?* you tremble and look pale.
Is not this ſomething more than phantaſie?
What think you of it?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,

[4] Without the ſenſible and try'd avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy ſelf.
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated:
So frown'd he once, when in an angry parle,
[5] He ſmote the ſleaded *Polack* on the ice.
'Tis ſtrange———
Mar. Thus twice before, [6] and juſt at this dead hour,
With martial ſtalk, he hath gone by our Watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not;
But, in the groſs and ſcope of my opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our State.
Mar. Good now ſit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſervant Watch
So nightly toils the Subjects of the Land?
And why ſuch daily caſt of brazen Canon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?
Why ſuch impreſs of ſhipwrights, whoſe ſore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſte
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day:
Who is't, that can inform me?

4 *Without the ſenſible and* TRUE *avouch*] I am inclinable to think that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

——————TRY'D *avouch.*

For no one could believe a report but on a ſuppoſition of a *true avouch:* but many might believe it without a *try'd avouch,* i. e. on the credit of another.

5 *He ſmote the ſleaded* Polack *on the ice.*] *Pole-axe* in the common editions. He ſpeaks of a Prince of *Poland* whom he ſlew in battle. He uſes the word *Polack* again, *Act* 2. *Scene* 4.
Mr. *Pope.*

6 ———*and* JUST *at this dead hour,*] The old quarto reads JUMPE: but the following editions diſcarded it for a more faſhionable word.

Hor.

Hor. That can I;
At leaſt, the whiſper goes ſo. Our laſt King,
Whoſe image but even now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
(Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulate pride)
Dar'd to the fight: In which, our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our known world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbras:* [7] who by ſeal'd compact,
Well ratified by law of heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his life) all thoſe his Lands,
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd of, to the Conqueror:
Againſt the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King; which had Return
To the inheritance of *Fortinbras*,

7 ——————*who by ſeal'd compact,*
Well ratified by law AND *heraldry.*] The ſubject ſpoken of is a duel between two monarchs, who fought for a wager, and entered into articles for the juſt performance of the terms agreed upon. Two ſorts of law then were neceſſary to regulate the deciſion of the affair: the *Civil Law*, and the *Law of Arms*; as, had there been a wager without a duel, it had been the *civil law only*; or a duel without a wager, the *law of arms only*. Let us ſee now how our author is made to expreſs this ſenſe.

——————*a ſeal'd compact*
Well ratified by law AND *heraldry.*

Now *law*, as diſtinguiſhed from *heraldry*, ſignifying the *civil law*; and this ſeal'd compact being a *civil-law* act, it is as much as to ſay, *An act of law well ratified by law*, which is abſurd. For the nature of *ratification* requires that which ratifies, and that which is ratified, ſhould not be one and the ſame, but different. For theſe reaſons I conclude *Shakeſpear* wrote,

——————*who by* ſeal'd compact
Well ratified *by law* OF *heraldry.*

i. e. the execution of the civil compact was ratified by the law of arms; which, in our author's time, was called the *law of heraldry*. So the beſt and exacteſt ſpeaker of that age: *In the third kind,* [*i. e.* of the *Jus gentium*] *the* LAW OF HERALDRY *in war is poſitive* &c. *Hooker's Eccleſiaſtical Polity.*

Had he been vanquiſher; [8] as by the ſame comart,
And carriage of the articles deſign'd,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now young *Fortinbras*,
[9] Of unimproved mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of *Norway*, here and there,
Shark'd up a liſt of landleſs reſolutes,
For food and diet, to ſome enterprize
That hath a ſtomach in't: which is no other,
As it doth well appear unto our State,
But to recover of us by ſtrong hand,
[1] And terms compulſatory thoſe foreſaid Lands
So by his father loſt: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The ſource of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this poſt-haſte and romage in the Land.

Ber. I think, it be no other, but even ſo:
Well may it ſort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch ſo like the King,
That was, and is the queſtion of theſe wars.

Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
" In the moſt high and [2] palmy State of *Rome*,
" A little ere the mightieſt *Julius* fell
" The Graves ſtood tenantleſs; the ſheeted Dead
" Did ſqueak and gibber in the *Roman* ſtreets;
" Stars ſhone with trains of fire, Dews of blood fel;
" [3] Diſaſters veil'd the Sun; and the moiſt Star,

8 ——————*as by* THAT COV'NANT,
And carriage of the articles deſign'd,] The old quarto reads
——————*as by the ſame* COMART;
And this is right. *Comart* ſignifies a bargain, and *Carriage of the articles*, the *covenants* entered into to confirm that bargain. Hence we ſee the common reading makes a tautology.

9 *Of* unimproved *mettle*——] *Unimproved*, for unrefined.

1 *And terms* compulſative——] The old quarto, better, *compulſatory*.

2 —palmy *State of* Rome] *Palmy*, for victorious; in the other editions, *flouriſhing*. Mr. *Pope*.

3 Diſaſters *veil'd the Sun*;] *Diſaſters* is here finely uſed in its original ſignification of evil conjunction of ſtars.

" Upon

" Upon whoſe influence *Neptune*'s Empire ſtands,
" Was ſick almoſt to dooms-day with eclipſe.
And even the like [4] precurſe of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding ſtill the fates,
[5] And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heav'n and earth together demonſtrated
Unto our climatures and country-men.

Enter Ghoſt again.

But ſoft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll croſs it, though it blaſt me. Stay illuſion!
[*Spreading his Arms.*
If thou haſt any ſound, or uſe of voice,
Speak to me.
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me;
Speak to me.
If thou art privy to thy Country's fate,
Which, happily, Foreknowing may avoid,
Oh ſpeak! ———
Or, if thou haſt uphoorded, in thy life
[6] Extorted treaſure, in the womb of earth, [*Cock crows.*
For which, they ſay, you Spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it. Stay, and ſpeak—Stop it, *Marcellus*.—
Mar. Shall I ſtrike at it with my partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.
Ber. 'Tis here———
Hor. 'Tis here———
Mar. 'Tis gone. [*Exit Ghoſt.*
We do it wrong, being ſo majeſtical,
To offer it the ſhew of violence;
For it is as the air, invulnerable;
And our vain blows, malicious mockery.

4 ——————*precurſe of* fierce *events*,] *Fierce*, for terrible.
5 *And prologue to the* omen *coming on.*] *Omen*, for fate.
6 *Extorted treaſure*,———] *i. e.* unjuſtly extorted from thy ſubjects.

Ber.

Ber. It was about to ſpeak, when the cock crew.
Hor. " And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing
" Upon a fearful Summons. I have heard,
" The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
" Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding throat
" Awake the God of day; and, at his warning,
" Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or air,
" [7] Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hies
" To his Confine: And of the truth herein
This preſent object made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
" Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
" Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
" The bird of Dawning ſingeth all night long:
" And then, they ſay, no Spirit walks abroad;
" The nights are wholeſome, then no planets ſtrike,
" No Fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;
" So hallow'd and ſo gracious is the time.
Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
" But look, the morn, in ruſſet mantle clad,
" Walks o'er the dew of yon [8] high eaſtward hill;
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have ſeen to night
Unto young *Hamlet*. For, upon my life,
This Spirit, dumb to us, will ſpeak to him:
Do you conſent, we ſhall aquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?
Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we ſhall find him moſt conveniently. [*Exeunt.*

7 *Th' extravagant*——] *i. e.* got out of its bounds.
8 ——*high* eaſtern *till*——] The old quarto has it better *eaſtward.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Claudius *King of* Denmark, Gertrude *the Queen*, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, *Lords and Attendants.*

King. THough yet of *Hamlet* our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it fitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole Kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet ſo far hath Diſcretion fought with Nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of our ſelves.
Therefore our ſometime ſiſter, now our Queen,
Th' imperial Jointreſs of this warlike State,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one auſpicious, and one dropping eye,
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal ſcale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife.——Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wiſdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: (for all, our thanks.)
Now follows, that you know, young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weak ſuppoſal of our worth;
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our State to be disjoint and out of frame;
[9] Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,
He hath not fail'd to peſter us with meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe Lands

9 Colleagued *with this dream of his advantage,*] The meaning is, He goes to war ſo indiſcreetly, and unprepared, that he has no allies to ſupport him but a *Dream*, with which he is *colleagued* or confederated.

Loſt

Loſt by his father, by all bands of law,
To our moſt valiant brother.—So much for him.—
Now for our ſelf, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the buſineſs is. We have here writ
To *Norway*, uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
(Who, impotent and bed-rid, ſcarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpoſe,) to ſuppreſs
His further gate herein; in that the Levies,
The Liſts, and full Proportions are all made
Out of his Subjects: and we here diſpatch
You, good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltimand*,
For bearers of this Greeting to old *Norway*;
Giving to you no further perſonal power
To buſineſs with the King, more than the ſcope
Which theſe dilated articles allow.
Farewel, and let your haſte commend your duty.

Vol. In that, and all things, will we ſhew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewel.
[*Exeunt* Voltimand *and* Cornelius.
And now, *Laertes*, what's the news with you?
You told us of ſome ſuit. What is't, *Laertes?*
You cannot ſpeak of Reaſon to the *Dane*,
And loſe your voice. What wouldſt thou beg, *Laertes*,
That ſhall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The blood is not more native to the heart,

The

1 *The* HEAD *is not more native to the heart,*
The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,
Than is the Throne of Denmark *to thy father.*] This is a flagrant inſtance of the firſt Editor's ſtupidity, in preferring ſound to ſenſe. But *head*, *heart* and *hand*, he thought muſt needs go together where an honeſt man was the ſubject of the encomium; tho' what he could mean by the *head's being* NATIVE *to the heart*, I cannot conceive. The mouth indeed of an honeſt man might, perhaps, in ſome ſenſe, be ſaid to be *native*, that is, allied to the heart. But the ſpeaker is here talking not of a *moral*, but a *phyſical* alliance. And the force of what is ſaid is ſupported only by that diſtinction. I ſuppoſe, then, that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

The BLOOD *is not more* native *to the heart,*———
Than to *the Throne of* Denmark is *thy father.*

This

The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,
Than to the Throne of *Denmark* is thy father.
What would'ſt thou have, *Laertes?*

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to *France*;
From whence, though willingly I came to *Denmark*
To ſhew my duty in your Coronation;
Yet now I muſt confeſs, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend again tow'rd *France:*
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? what ſays *Polonius?*

Pol. He hath, my lord, by labourſome petition,
Wrung from me my ſlow leave; and, at the laſt,
Upon his will I ſeal'd my hard conſent.
I do beſeech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, *Laertes*, time be thine;
And thy beſt Graces ſpend it at thy will.
[2] But now, my couſin *Hamlet.*—Kind my ſon —— *Ham.*

This makes the ſentiment juſt and pertinent. As the blood is formed and ſuſtained by the labour of the heart, the mouth ſupplied by the office of the hand, ſo is the throne of *Denmark* by your father, *&c.* The expreſſion too of the *blood*'s being *native to the heart,* is extremely fine. For the heart is the laboratory where that vital liquor is digeſted, diſtributed, and (when weakned and debilitated) again reſtored to the vigour neceſſary for the diſcharge of its functions.

2 *But now, my couſin* Hamlet, AND *my ſon* ——

Ham. *A little more than kin, and leſs than kind.*] The *King* had called him, *couſin Hamlet,* therefore *Hamlet* replies,

A little more than kin, ——

i. e. A little more than couſin; becauſe, by marrying his mother, he was become the King's ſon-in-law: So far is eaſy. But what means the latter part of the ſentence,

—— —— *and leſs than kind?*

The King, in the preſent reading, gives no occaſion for this reflection, which is ſufficient to ſhew it to be faulty, and that we ſhould read and point the firſt line thus,

But now, my couſin Hamlet. — KIND *my ſon* ——

i. e. But

Ham. A little more than kin, and leſs than kind. [*Aſide.*

King. How is it, that the clouds ſtill hang on you?

Ham. Not ſo, my lord, I am too much i'th' Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet*, caſt thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmark*.
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the duſt;
Thou know'ſt, 'tis common; all that live, muſt die;
Paſſing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why ſeems it ſo particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, Madam? nay, it is; I know not *ſeems*:
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn Black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the viſage,
Together with all forms, moods, ſhews of grief,
That can denote me truly. Theſe indeed *ſeem*,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have That within, which paſſeth ſhew:
Theſe, but the trappings, and the ſuits of woe.

King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature, *Hamlet*,
To give theſe mourning duties to your father:
" But you muſt know, [3] your father loſt a father;
" That

i. e. But now let us turn to you, couſin *Hamlet*. *Kind my ſon*, (or, as we now ſay, Good my ſon) lay aſide this clouded look. For thus he was going to expoſtulate gently with him for his melancholy, when *Hamlet* cut him ſhort by reflecting on the titles he gave him.

A little more than kin, *and leſs than* kind.

which we now ſee is a pertinent reply.

3 ——— —— *your father loſt a father*;
That father, his; and the ſurviver bound] Thus Mr. *Pope* judiciouſly corrected the faulty copies. On which the Editor Mr.

" That father, his; and the ſurviver bound
" In filial obligation, for ſome term,
" To do obſequious ſorrow. But to perſevere
" [4] In obſtinate condolement, is a courſe
" Of impious ſtubbornneſs, unmanly grief.
" It ſhews [5] a will moſt incorrect to heav'n,
" A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
" An underſtanding ſimple, and unſchool'd:
" For, what we know muſt be, and is as common
" As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
" Why ſhould we, in our peeviſh oppoſition,
" Take it to heart? fie! 'tis a fault to heav'n,
" A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
" [6] To Reaſon moſt abſurd; whoſe common theam
" Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cry'd,
" From the firſt coarſe, 'till he that died to day,
" This muſt be ſo. We pray you [7] throw to earth
[8] This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the moſt immediate to our Throne;
[9] And with no leſs nobility of love,
Than that which deareſt father bears his ſon,

Mr. *Theobald* thus diſcants; *This ſuppoſed refinement is from Mr.* Pope, *but all the editions elſe, that I have met with, old and modern, read,*

That father loſt, loſt *his*; ——

The reduplication of which word here gives an energy and an elegance WHICH IS MUCH EASIER TO BE CONCEIVED THAN EXPLAINED IN TERMS. I believe ſo: For when *explained in terms* it comes to this; That father after he had loſt himſelf, loſt his father. But the reading is *ex fide Codicis,* and that is enough.

4 *In obſtinate* condolement,——] *Condolement,* for ſorrow; becauſe *ſorrow* is uſed to be *condoled.*

5 —— *a will moſt* incorrect—] *Incorrect,* for untutor'd.

6 *To* Reaſon *moſt abſurd*;—] *Reaſon,* for experience.

7 —— *throw to earth*] *i. e.* Into the grave with your father.

8 *This* unprevailing *woe*,—] *Unprevailing,* for unavailing.

9 *And with no leſs* nobility *of love,*] *Nobility,* for magnitude.

Do

[1] Do I impart tow'rd you. For your intent
In going back to ſchool to *Wittenberg*,
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire:
And we beſeech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeſt courtier, couſin, and our ſon.

Queen. Let not thy mother loſe her prayers, *Hamlet:*
I pr'ythee, ſtay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obey you, Madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving, and a fair reply;
Be as our ſelf in *Denmark*. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart, in grace whereof
No jocund health, that *Denmark* drinks to day,
But the great Cannon to the clouds ſhall tell;
And the King's rowſe the heav'n ſhall bruit again,
Re-ſpeaking earthly thunder. Come, away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. " Oh, that this too-too-ſolid fleſh would
melt,
" Thaw, and reſolve itſelf into a dew!
" Or that the Everlaſting had not fixt
" His canon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter! Oh God! oh God!
" How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable
" Seem to me all the uſes of this world!
" Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
" That grows to ſeed; things rank, and groſs in
nature,
" Poſſeſs it meerly. That it ſhould come to this!
" But two months dead! nay, not ſo much; not
two; ——

[1] *Do I* impart *tow'rd you.*—] *Impart*, for profeſs.

" So

" [2] So excellent a King, that was, to this,
" *Hyperion* to a Satyr: ſo loving to my mother,
" That he permitted not the winds of heav'n
" Viſit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
" Muſt I remember—why, ſhe would hang on him,
" As if Increaſe of Appetite had grown
" By what it fed on; yet, within a month,——
" Let me not think—Frailty, thy name is Woman!
" A little month! or ere thoſe ſhoes were old,
" With which ſhe follow'd my poor father's body,
" Like *Niobe*, all tears—Why ſhe, ev'n ſhe,—
" (O heav'n! [3] a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
" Would have mourn'd longer—) married with mine uncle,
" My father's brother; but no more like my father,
" Than I to *Hercules*. Within a month!———
" Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
" Had left the fluſhing in her gauled eyes,
" She married.——Oh, moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
[4] With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to Good.
But break, my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

2 *So excellent a King, that was, to this,*
Hyperion *to a Satyr:*—] This ſimilitude at firſt ſight ſeems to be a little far-fetch'd; but it has an exquiſite beauty. By the *Satyr* is meant *Pan*, as by *Hyperion*, *Apollo*. *Pan* and *Apollo* were brothers, and the alluſion is to the contention between thoſe two Gods for the preference in muſick.

3 —— *a beaſt that wants* diſcourſe of reaſon,] This is finely expreſſed, and with a philoſophical exactneſs. Beaſts want not *reaſon*, but the *diſcourſe of reaſon:* i. e. the regular inferring one thing from another by the aſſiſtance of univerſals.

4 With ſuch *dexterity*——] *Dexterity*, for quickneſs ſimply.

SCENE IV.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, *and* Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordſhip!
Ham. I am glad to ſee you well;
Horatio,—or I do forget myſelf?
Hor. The ſame, my lord, and your poor ſervant ever.
Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:
And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio?*
Marcellus!
Mar. My good lord——
Ham. I am very glad to ſee you; good morning, Sir.
But what, in faith, make you from *Wittenberg?*
Hor. A truant diſpoſition, good my lord.
Ham. I would not hear your enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it Truſter of your own report
Againſt yourſelf. I know, you are no truant;
But what is your affair in *Elſinoor?*
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.
Hor. My lord, I came to ſee your father's funeral.
Ham. I pr'ythee, do not mock me, fellow-ſtudent;
I think, it was to ſee my mother's wedding.
Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.
Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*; the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables.
'Would, I had met my deareſt foe in heav'n,
Or ever I had ſeen that day, *Horatio!*
My father—methinks I ſee my father.
Hor. Oh where, my lord?
Ham. In my mind's eye, *Horatio.*
Hor. I ſaw him once, he was a goodly King.
Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not look upon his like again.

Hor.

Hor. My lord, I think, I ſaw him yeſternight.
Ham. Saw! who? ———
Hor. My lord, the King your father.
Ham. The King my father!
Hor. [5] Seaſon your admiration but a while,
With an attentive ear; 'till I deliver
Upon the witneſs of theſe gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had theſe gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead waſte and middle of the night,
Been thus encountred: A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap-à-pe*,
Appears before them, and with ſolemn march
Goes ſlow and ſtately by them; thrice he walk'd,
By their oppreſt and fear-ſurprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilſt they (diſtill'd
Almoſt to jelly [6] with th' effect of fear)
Stand dumb, and ſpeak not to him. This to me
In dreadful ſecrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your father:
Theſe hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Hor. My lord, upon the Platform where we watcht.
Ham. Did you not ſpeak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did;
But anſwer made it none; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did addreſs

5 Seaſon *your admiration*—] *Seaſon*, for moderate.

6 ——— *with the* ACT *of fear*] *Shakeſpear* could never write ſo improperly as to call the *paſſion of fear*, the *act of fear*. Without doubt the true reading is,

—— —— *with* TH' EFFECT *of fear*.

Itſelf to motion, like as it would ſpeak:
But even then the morning-cock crew loud;
And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſte away,
And vaniſht from our ſight.

Ham. 'Tis very ſtrange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to night?

Both. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, ſay you?

Both. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Both. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then ſaw you not his face?

Hor. Oh, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A count'nance more in ſorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?

Hor. Moſt conſtantly.

Ham. I would I had been there!

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like; ſtaid it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haſte might tell a hundred.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I ſaw't.

Ham. [7] His beard was griſl'd? no.

Hor. It was, as I have ſeen it in his life,
A ſable ſilver'd.

7 *His beard was griſly?*] The old *Quarto* reads,
His beard was griſſ'd? no.
And this is right. A natural mode of interrogation in *Hamlet's* circumſtances.

Ham.

Ham. I'll watch to night; perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant you, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, tho' hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
[8] Let it be ten'ble in your silence still:
And whatsoever shall befall to night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: so, fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your Honour. [*Exeunt.*

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewel.
My father's Spirit in arms! all is not well:
I doubt some foul play: 'would, the night were come!
'Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise
(Tho' all the Earth o'erwhelm them) to men's eyes.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to an Apartment in Polonius's *House.*

Enter Laertes *and* Ophelia.

Laer. MY necessaries are imbark'd, farewel;
And, sister, as the winds give benefit,
And Convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

8 *Let it be* treble *in your silence still:*] If treble be right, in propriety it should be read,

Let it be treble in your silence now.

But the old quarto reads,

Let it be TENABLE *in your silence still.*

And this is right.

Oph. Do you doubt That?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favour,
" Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood;
" A violet in the youth of primy nature,
" Forward, not permanent, tho' sweet, not lasting;
" The perfume, and suppliance of a minute;
No more———

Oph. No more but so?

Laer. Think it no more:
For Nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this Temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;
9 And now no soil of cautel doth besmerch
The virtue of his will: but you must fear,
His Greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own:
For he himself is subject to his Birth;
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
1 The safety and the health of the whole State:
And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd
Unto the 2 voice and yielding of that body,

9 *And now no soil,* NOR cautel,—] From *cautela*, which signifies only a *prudent foresight* or caution; but, passing thro' *French* hands, it lost its innocence, and now signifies *fraud, deceit.* And so he uses the adjective in *Julius Cæsar*,

Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous.

But I believe *Shakespear* wrote,

And now no soil OF *cautel*———

which the following words confirm,

———————*doth* besmerch
The virtue *of his will:* ———

For by *virtue* is meant the *simplicity* of his will, not *virtuous will:* and both this and *besmerch* refer only to *soil*, and to the soil *of* craft and insincerity.

1 *The* SANCTITY *and health of the whole State:*] What has the *sanctity* of the state to do with the prince's disproportioned marriage? We should read with the old quarto SAFETY.

2 ——*voice and* yielding——] *Yielding*, for consent simply.

Whereof

Whereof he's head. Then, if he ſays, he loves you,
It fits your wiſdom [3] ſo far to believe it,
As he in his peculiar act and place
May give his Saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
Then weigh, what loſs your Honour may ſuſtain,
If with too credent ear you liſt his ſongs;
Or loſe your heart, or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſter'd importunity.
Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear ſiſter;
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
" The chaſteſt maid is prodigal enough,
" If ſhe unmask her beauty to the moon:
" Virtue itſelf 'ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes;
" The canker galls the Infants of the Spring,
" Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd;
" And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
" Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in fear;
Youth to itſelf rebels, though none elſe near.

Oph. [4] I ſhall th' effects of this good leſſon keep,
As watchman to my heart. " But, good my brother,
" Do not, as ſome ungracious paſtors do,
" Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heav'n;
" [5] Whilſt, he a puft and reckleſs libertine,
" Himſelf

3 ——*ſo far to* believe *it*,] *To believe*, for to act conformably to.

4 *I ſhall th' effects*——] *Effects*, for ſubſtance.

5 *Whilſt*, LIKE *a puft and careleſs libertine*,] This reading gives us a ſenſe to this effect, Do not you be *like* an ungracious preacher, who is *like* a careleſs libertine. And there we find, that he who is ſo *like* a careleſs libertine, is the careleſs libertine himſelf. This could not come from *Shakeſpear*. The old quarto reads,

Whiles a *puft and* reckleſs *libertine*,

which directs us to the right reading,

Whileſt HE *a puft and* reckleſs *libertine*.

" Himſelf the primroſe path of dalliance treads,
" And [6] recks not his own reed.
Laer. Oh, fear me not.

SCENE VI.

Enter Polonius.

I ſtay too long; —— but here my father comes:
A double Bleſſing is a double grace;
Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.
Pol. Yet here, *Laertes!* aboard, aboard for ſhame;
The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſail,
And you are ſtaid for. There, my bleſſing with you;
[*Laying his hand on* Laertes's *head.*
And theſe few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. ' Give thy thoughts no tongue,
' Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
' Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
' The friends thou haſt, and their Adoption try'd,
' Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel:
' But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
' Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
' Of Entrance to a quarrel: but being in,
' Bear't that the oppoſed may beware of thee.
' Give ev'ry Man thine ear; but few thy voice.

The firſt impreſſion of theſe plays being taken from the playhouſe copies, and thoſe, for the better direction of the actors, being written as they were pronounced, theſe circumſtances have occaſioned innumerable errors. So *a* for *he* every where.

——'a *was a goodly King.*
'A *was a man take him for all in all.*
——*I* warn't *it will*

for *I warrant.* This ſhould be well attended to in correcting *Shakeſpear.*

6 ——*recks not his own reed.*] That is, heeds not his own leſſons. Mr. *Pope.*

' Take

' Take each man's cenſure; but reſerve thy judgment,
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſt in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in *France* of the beſt rank and ſtation
[7] Are moſt ſelect and generous, chief in That.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For Loan oft loſes both itſelf and friend:
And Borrowing dulls the edge of Husbandry.
This above all; to thine own ſelf be true;
[8] And it muſt follow, as the light the Day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewel; [9] my Bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee!
Laer. Moſt humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

7 *Are moſt* ſelect *and generous,*——] *Select*, for elegant.

8 *And it muſt follow, as the* NIGHT *the Day,*] The ſenſe here requires, that the ſimilitude ſhould give an image not of *two effects of different natures*, that follow one another alternately, but of a *cauſe and effect*, where the effect follows the cauſe by a *phyſical neceſſity*. For the aſſertion is, Be true to thyſelf, and then thou muſt *neceſſarily* be true to others. Truth to himſelf then was the *cauſe*, truth to others, the *effect*. To illuſtrate this neceſſity, the ſpeaker employs a ſimilitude: But no ſimilitude can illuſtrate it but what preſents an image of a *cauſe* and *effect*; and ſuch a cauſe as that, where the effect follows by a *phyſical*, not a *moral* neceſſity: for if only, by a *moral* neceſſity, the thing *illuſtrating* would not be more certain than the thing *illuſtrated*; which would be a great abſurdity. This being premiſed, let us ſee what the text ſays,

And it muſt follow as the night *the Day.*

In this we are ſo far from being preſented with an *effect* following a *cauſe* by a phyſical neceſſity, that there is no cauſe at all: but only two different effects, proceeding from two different cauſes, and ſucceeding one another alternately. *Shakeſpear*, therefore, without queſtion wrote,

And it muſt follow as the LIGHT *the Day.*

As much as to ſay, Truth to thy ſelf, and truth to others, are inſeparable, the latter depending neceſſarily on the former, as *light depends upon the day!* where it is to be obſerved, that *day* is uſed figuratively for the *Sun*. The ignorance of which, I ſuppoſe, contributed to miſlead the editors.

9 ——*my Bleſſing* ſeaſon *this in thee!*] *Seaſon*, for infuſe.

Pol.

Pol. The time inveſts you; go, your ſervants tend.
Laer. Farewel, *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have ſaid.
Oph. 'Tis in my mem'ry lockt,
And you your ſelf ſhall keep the key of it.
Laer. Farewel. [*Exit* Laer.
Pol. What is't, *Ophelia*, he hath ſaid to you?
Oph. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the lord *Hamlet*.
Pol. Marry, well bethought!
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you your ſelf
Have of your audience been moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, (as ſo 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I muſt tell you,
You do not underſtand your ſelf ſo clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.
Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.
Pol. Affection! puh! you ſpeak like a green girl,
[1] Unſifted in ſuch perilous circumſtance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I ſhould think.
Pol. Marry, I'll teach you; think yourſelf a baby;
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling. [2] Tender yourſelf more dearly;

Or

1 Unſifted *in ſuch perilous circumſtance.*] *Unſifted*, for untried. *Untried* ſignifies either not *tempted*, or not *refined*; *unſifted*, ſignifies the *latter* only, tho' the ſenſe requires the *former*.

2 *Tender your ſelf more dearly*;
Or (*not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe*)
Wronging *it thus, you'll tender me a fool.*] The *parentheſis* is clos'd at the wrong place; and we muſt make likewiſe a ſlight correction

Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe,
Wringing it thus) you'll tender me a fool.
Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable faſhion.
Pol. Ay, faſhion you may call't: go to, go to.
Oph. And hath giv'n count'nance to his ſpeech, my lord,
With almoſt all the holy vows of heaven.
Pol. Ay, ſpringes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the ſoul
Lends the tongue vows. Theſe blazes, oh my daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Ev'n in the promiſe as it is a making,
You muſt not take for fire. From this time,
Be ſomewhat ſcanter of your maiden-preſence,
[3] Set your intraitments at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord *Hamlet*,
Believe ſo much in him, that he is young;
And with a [4] larger tether he may walk,
Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,
Not of that Die which their inveſtments ſhew,

correction in the laſt verſe. *Polonius* is racking and playing on the word *tender*, 'till he thinks proper to correct himſelf for the licence; and then he would ſay——not farther to crack the wind of the phraſe by *twiſting* and *contorting* it, as I have done; *&c.*

3 *Set your* INTREATMENTS *at a higher rate,*] I know not what to make of this reading. Theſe *intreatments* were not hers but *Hamlet*'s. Or if, in ſome ſenſe, they might be called hers, as paid to her, yet they could not be called ſo here, for ſhe is bid to ſet a *high rate upon them*, ſo certainly, not thoſe which *Hamlet* made to her. I ſuſpect *Shakeſpear* wrote,

Set your INTRAITMENTS *at a higher rate,*

i. e. coyneſs. A word in uſe among the old *Engliſh* writers. The ſenſe is this, Sell your coyneſs, before you put it off, at a *higher rate* than a *bare command* to lay it aſide, and become familiar.

4 ——*larger* tether——] A ſtring to tye horſes. Mr. *Pope.*

But

But meer implorers of unholy ſuits,
[5] Breathing like ſanctified and pious Bonds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
[6] I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you ſo ſlander any moment's leiſure,
As to give words or talk with the lord *Hamlet*.
Look to't, I charge you, come your way.
Oph. I ſhall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Platform before the Palace.

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, *and* Marcellus.

Ham. THE Air bites ſhrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is ſtruck.
Hor. I heard it not: it then draws near the ſeaſon,
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walk.
[*Noiſe of warlike muſick within.*

5 *Breathing like ſanctified and pious Bonds,*] On which the editor Mr. *Theobald* remarks, *Tho' all the editions have ſwallowed this reading implicitly, it is certainly corrupt; and I have been ſurpriſed how men of genius and learning could let it paſs without ſome ſuſpicion. What ideas can we frame to ourſelves of a breathing bond, or of its being ſanctified and pious,* &c. But he was too haſty in *framing ideas* before he underſtood thoſe already framed by the poet, and expreſſed in very plain words. Do not believe (ſays *Polonius* to his Daughter) *Hamlet*'s amorous vows made *to you*; which pretend religion in them, *(the better to beguile,)* like thoſe ſanctified and pious vows [*or bonds*] made *to heaven*. And why ſhould not this *paſs without ſuſpicion?*

6 *I would not,* in plain terms, *from this time forth,*
Have you ſo ſlander any moment's leiſure] The humour of this is fine. The ſpeaker's character is all affectation. At laſt he ſays he will *ſpeak plain*, and yet cannot for his life; his plain ſpeech of *ſlandering a moment's leiſure* being of the like fuſtian ſtuff with the reſt.

What

What does this mean, my lord?
Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his rouſe,
Keeps waſſel, and the ſwagg'ring up-ſpring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rheniſh down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a cuſtom?
Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But, to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a cuſtom
More honour'd in the breach, than the obſervance.
[7] This heavy-headed revel eaſt and weſt,
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuſe his origin)
By the [8] o'ergrowth of ſome complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reaſon;
Or by ſome habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plauſive manners; that theſe men
Carrying, I ſay, the ſtamp of one defect,
(Being nature's livery, or fortune's ſcar)
Their virtues elſe, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault. (*a*) The dram of Baſe

7 *This* heavy-headed *revel eaſt and weſt,*] *i. e.* this reveling that obſerves no hours, but continues from morning to night, *&c.*

8 ——*o'ergrowth of ſome* complexion,] *i. e.* humour; as ſanguine, melancholy, phlegmatic, *&c.*

[(*a*) —*The dram of baſe—ſubſtance of Worth out.* Mr. *Theobald.*—Vulg. *The dram of eaſe——ſubſtance of a doubt.*]

Doth

Doth all the noble ſubſtance of Worth out,
To his own ſcandal.

Enter Ghoſt.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

Ham. " Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!
" Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,
" Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blaſts from hell,
" [9] Be thy advent wicked or charitable,
" Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
" That I will ſpeak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
" King, Father, Royal *Dane:* oh! anſwer me;
" Let me not burſt in ignorance; but [1] tell,
" Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in Earth,
" Have burſt their cearments? why the ſepulchre,
" Wherein we ſaw thee quietly in-urn'd,
" Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
" To caſt thee up again? What may this mean?
" That thou, dead coarſe, again, in compleat ſteel,
" Reviſit'ſt

9 *Be thy* INTENTS *wicked or charitable,*] Some of the old editions read *events*; from whence I ſuſpect that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

Be thy ADVENT *wicked or charitable.*

i. e. thy coming.

1 ——————————*tell,*
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in DEATH,
Have burſt ther cearments?] *Hamlet* here ſpeaks with wonder, that he who was dead ſhould riſe again and walk. But this, according to the vulgar ſuperſtition here followed, was no wonder. Their only wonder was, that one, who had the *rites of ſepulture* performed to him, ſhould walk; the want of which was ſuppoſed to be the reaſon of walking ghoſts. *Hamlet*'s wonder then ſhould have been placed here: And ſo *Shakeſpear* placed it, as we ſhall ſee preſently. For *hearſed* is uſed figuratively to ſignify *repoſited*, therefore the place *where* ſhould be deſigned: but *death* being no *place*, but a *privation* only, *hearſed in death* is nonſenſe. We ſhould read,

——————————*tell,*
Why thy canoniz'd bones hearſed in EARTH
Have burſt their cearments.

It

" Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
" Making night hideous, and [2] us fools of nature
" So horribly [3] to ſhake our diſpoſition
" With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we do?
[*Ghoſt beckons* Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [*Holding* Hamlet.

Ham. It will not ſpeak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what ſhould be the fear?
I do not ſet my life at a pin's fee;

It appears, for the two reaſons given above, that *earth* is the true reading. It will further appear for theſe two other reaſons. Firſt, From the words, *canoniz'd bones*; by which is not meant (as one would imagine) a compliment, for, *made holy* or *ſainted*; but for *bones* to which the rites of ſepulture have been performed; or which were buried according to the canon. For we are told he was murder'd with all his ſins freſh upon him, and therefore in no way to be ſainted. But if this licentious uſe of the word *canonized* be allowed, then *earth* muſt be the true reading, for inhuming bodies was one of the eſſential parts of ſepulchral rites. Secondly, From the words, *have burſt their cearments*, which imply the preceding mention of *inhuming*, but no mention is made of it in the common reading. This enabled the *Oxford Editor* to improve upon the emendation; ſo, he reads,

Why thy bones hears'd in canonized earth.

I ſuppoſe for the ſake of harmony, not of ſenſe. For tho' the rites of ſepulture *performed* canonizes the body *buried*; yet it does not canonize the earth in which it is laid, unleſs every funeral ſervice be a new conſecration.

2 —*us* fools of nature] The expreſſion is fine, as intimating we were only kept (as formerly, fools in a great family) to make ſport for nature, who lay hid only to mock and laugh at us, for our vain ſearches into her myſteries.

3 —*to ſhake our* diſpoſition] *Diſpoſition*, for frame.

And,

And, for my ſoul, what can it do to That,
Being a thing immortal as itſelf?
It waves me forth again.——I'll follow it——
Hor. " What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my lord?
" Or to the dreadful ſummit of the cliff,
" That beetles o'er his Baſe into the ſea;
" And there aſſume ſome other horrible form,
" Which might [4] deprave your ſov'reignty of reaſon,
" And draw you into madneſs? think of it.
" [5] The very place [6] puts toys of deſperation,
" Without more motive, into ev'ry brain,
" That looks ſo many fathoms to the ſea;
" And hears it roar beneath.
Ham. It waves me ſtill: go on, I'll follow thee—
Mar. You ſhall not go, my lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Mar. Be rul'd, you ſhall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the *Nemean* lion's nerve:
Still am I call'd: unhand me, gentlemen——
[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven, I'll make a Ghoſt of him that lets me—

4 ——DEPRIVE *your ſov'reignty of reaſon,*] *i. e.* deprive your ſov'reignty of its reaſon. Nonſenſe. *Sov'reignty of reaſon* is the ſame as ſovereign or ſupreme reaſon: Reaſon which governs man. And thus it was uſed by the beſt writers of thoſe times. *Sidney* ſays, *It is time for us both to let reaſon enjoy its due ſoveraigntie.* Arcad. And King *Charles*, *At once to betray the* ſoveraignty of reaſon *in my ſoul.* Εἰκὼν βασιλικὴ. It is evident that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

——DEPRAVE *your ſov'reignty of reaſon.*

i. e. diſorder your underſtanding *and draw you into madneſs.* So afterwards. Now ſee that noble and moſt *ſovereign reaſon* like ſweet bells jangled out of tune.

5 *The very place*] The four following lines added from the firſt edition. Mr. *Pope.*

6 —*puts* toys *of deſperation,*] *Toys*, for whims.

I ſay, away——go on——I'll follow thee——
[*Exeunt Ghoſt and* Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes deſp'rate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after.——To what iſſue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of *Denmark.*

Hor. Heav'n will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to a more remote Part of the Platform.

Re-enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Ham. WHERE wilt thou lead me? ſpeak; I'll go no further.

Ghoſt. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghoſt. My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up my ſelf.

Ham. Alas, poor Ghoſt!

Ghoſt. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.

Ghoſt. So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear.

Ham. What?

Ghoſt. I am thy father's Spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, [7] confin'd too faſt in fires;
'Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid

7 ——*confin'd* TO *faſt in fires*;] We ſhould read,
——TOO *faſt in fires*.
i. e. very cloſely confined. The particle *too* is uſed frequently for the ſuperlative *moſt*, or *very*.

To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like ſtars, ſtart from their ſpheres,
[8] Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood; liſt, liſt, oh liſt!
If thou didſt ever thy dear father love——

Ham. O heav'n!

Ghoſt. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murther.

Ham. Murther?

Ghoſt. Murther moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.

Ham. " Haſte me to know it, that I, with wings as ſwift
" [9] As meditation or the thoughts of love,
" May ſweep to my revenge.

Ghoſt. I find thee apt;
" [1] And duller ſhouldſt thou be, than the fat weed
" That roots itſelf in eaſe on *Lethe*'s wharf,
Wouldſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear:
'Tis

8 *Thy* knotty—] Or as the old quarto read *knotted*, for curled.

9 *As meditation or the thoughts of love,*] This ſimilitude is extremely beautiful. The word, *meditation*, is conſecrated, by the *myſtics*, to ſignify that ſtretch and flight of mind which aſpires to the enjoyment of the ſupreme good. So that *Hamlet*, conſidering with what to compare the ſwiftneſs of his revenge, chooſes two the moſt rapid things in nature, the ardency of divine and human paſſion, in an *enthuſiaſt* and a *lover*.

1 *And duller ſhouldſt thou be, than the fat weed*
That roots itſelf in eaſe on Lethe's *wharf*, &c.] *Shakeſpear*, apparently thro' ignorance, makes *Roman-Catholicks* of theſe pagan *Danes*; and here gives a deſcription of purgatory: But yet mixes it with the pagan fable of *Lethe*'s wharf. Whether de did it to inſinuate, to the zealous *Proteſtants* of his time, that the pagan and popiſh purgatory ſtood both upon the ſame footing of credibility;

'Tis given out, that, ſleeping in my orchard,
A ſerpent ſtung me. So, the whole ear of *Denmark*
Is by a forged proceſs of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble Youth,
The ſerpent, that did ſting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. Oh, my prophetick ſoul! my uncle?

Ghoſt. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to ſeduce!) won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming-virtuous Queen.
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there!
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand ev'n with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whoſe natural gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heav'n;
So luſt, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will ſate itſelf in a celeſtial bed,
And prey on garbage——
But, ſoft! methinks, I ſcent the morning air——
Brief let me be; Sleeping within mine orchard,
My cuſtom always of the afternoon,
Upon my ſecure hour thy uncle ſtole
With juice of curſed hebenon in a viol,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as quick-ſilver it courſes through
The nat'ral gates and allies of the body;
And, with a ſudden vigour, it doth poſſet

lity; or whether it was by the ſame kind of licentious inadvertence that *Michael Angelo* brought *Charon*'s bark into his picture of the laſt judgment, is not eaſy to decide.

And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholeſome blood: ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant tetter bark'd about,
Moſt lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt
All my ſmooth body.——
Thus was I ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of Crown, of Queen, [2] at once diſpatcht;
Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my ſin,
[3] Unhouſel'd, [4] unanointed, [5] unanel'd:
No reck'ning made, but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh, horrible! oh, horrible! moſt horrible!
If thou haſt nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
A couch for luxury and damned inceſt.
But howſoever thou purſu'ſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm ſhews the Matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his [6] uneffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. Oh, all you hoſt of heav'n! oh earth! what elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell? oh fie! hold my heart!
And you, my ſinews, grow not inſtant old;
But bear me ſtifly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor Ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted globe? " remember thee!
" Yea, from the table of my memory
" I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
" All ſaws of books, all forms, all preſſures paſt,

2 ——*at once* diſpatcht;] *Diſpatcht*, for bereft.
3 *Unhouſel'd.*] Without the ſacrament being taken. Mr. *Pope.*
4 *Unanointed,*] Without extreme unction. Mr. *Pope.*
5 *Unanel'd:*] No knell rung. Mr. *Pope.*
6 ——*uneffectual fire.*] *i. e.* ſhining without heat.

" That

" That youth and obſervation copied there;
" And thy commandment all alone ſhall live
" Within the book and volume of my brain,
" Unmix'd with baſer matter. Yes, by heav'n:
Oh moſt pernicious woman!
Oh villain, villain, ſmiling damned villain!
My tables,——meet it is, I ſet it down,
That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villain;
At leaſt, I'm ſure, it may be ſo in *Denmark*.
[*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are; now to my word;
It is; Adieu, adieu, remember me:
I've ſworn it——

SCENE IX.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Hor. My lord, my lord,——
Mar. Lord *Hamlet*,——
Hor. Heav'n ſecure him!
Mar. So be it.
Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; [7] come, bird, come.
Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. Oh, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No, you'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heav'n.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be ſecret——

7 ——*come, bird, come.*] This is the call which Falconers uſe to their hawk in the air when they would have him come down to them. *Oxford Editor.*

Both. Ay, by heav'n, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all *Denmark*,
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no Ghoſt, my lord, come from the Grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right, you are i' th' right;
And ſo without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands, and part;
You, as your buſineſs and deſires ſhall point you;
(For every man has buſineſs and deſire,
Such as it is) and, for my own poor part,
I will go pray.
Hor. Theſe are but wild and whurling words, my lord.
Ham. I'm ſorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.
Ham. Yes, [8] by St. *Patrick*, but there is, my lord,
And much offence too. Touching this Viſion here—
It is an honeſt Ghoſt, that let me tell you:
For your deſire to know what is between us,
O'er-maſter it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, ſcholars, and ſoldiers,
Give me one poor requeſt.
Hor. What is't, my lord?
Ham. Never make known what you have ſeen to night.
Both. My lord, we will not.
Ham. Nay, but ſwear't.

8 *By St.* Patrick,—] How the Poet comes to make *Hamlet* ſwear by St. *Patrick*, I know not. However at this time all the whole northern world had their learning from *Ireland*; to which place it had retired, and there flouriſhed under the auſpices of this Saint. But it was, I ſuppoſe, only ſaid at random; for he makes *Hamlet* a ſtudent of *Wittenberg*.

Hor.

Hor. In faith, my lord, not I.
Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.
Ham. Upon my ſword.
Mar. We have ſworn, my lord, already.
Ham. Indeed, upon my ſword, indeed.
Ghoſt. Swear. [*Ghoſt cries under the Stage.*
Ham. Ah ha, boy, ſay'ſt thou ſo? art thou there, true-penny?
Come on, you hear this fellow in the cellaridge.
Conſent to ſwear.
Hor. Propoſe the oath, my lord.
Ham. Never to ſpeak of this that you have ſeen,
[9] Swear by my ſword.
Ghoſt. Swear.
Ham. *Hic & ubique?* then we'll ſhift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my ſword.
Never to ſpeak of this which you have heard,
Swear by my ſword.
Ghoſt. Swear by his ſword.
Ham. Well ſaid, old mole, can'ſt work i' th' ground ſo faſt?
A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. Oh day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange.
Ham. [1] And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heav'n and earth, *Horatio*,
Than are dreamt of in your philoſophy. But come,
Here, as before, never (ſo help you mercy!)
How ſtrange or odd ſoe'er I bear my ſelf
(As I, perchance, hereafter ſhall think meet

9 *Swear by my ſword.*] Here the poet has preſerved the manners of the ancient *Danes*, with whom it was *Religion* to ſwear upon their ſwords. See *Bartholine, De cauſis contemp. mort. apud Dan.*

1 *And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome.*] *i. e.* receive it to yourſelf; take it under your own roof; as much as to ſay, *Keep it ſecret.* Alluding to the laws of hoſpitality.

To put an antick diſpoſition on)
That you, at ſuch time ſeeing me, never ſhall,
With arms encumbred thus, or this head-ſhake,
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtful phraſe,
As, well —— we know —— or, we could, and if we would ——
Or, if we liſt to ſpeak —— or, there be, and if there might ——
(Or ſuch ambiguous givings out) denote
That you know aught of me; This do ye ſwear,
So grace and mercy at your moſt need help you!
Swear.

Ghoſt. Swear.

Ham. Reſt, reſt, perturbed Spirit. So, Gentlemen,
With all my love do I commend me to you;
And what ſo poor a man as *Hamlet* is
May do t' expreſs his love and friending to you,
God willing, ſhall not lack; let us go in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lips, I pray:
The Time is out of joint; oh, curſed ſpight!
That ever I was born to ſet it right.
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment in Polonius's *Houſe.*

Enter Polonius *and* Reynoldo.

POLONIUS.

GIVE him this mony, and theſe notes, *Reynoldo.*

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You ſhall do marvellous wiſely, good *Reynoldo,*

Before

Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.
Rey. My lord, I did intend it.
Pol. Marry, well said; very well said. Look you, Sir,
Enquire me first what *Danskers* are in *Paris*;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more near;
Then your particular demands will touch it;
Take you, as 'twere some distant knowledge of him,
As thus—I know his father and his friends,
And, in part, him—Do you mark this, *Reynoldo?*
Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.
Pol. And, in part, him—but you may say—not well;
But if't be he, I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted so and so—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank,
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But Sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty.
Rey. As gaming, my lord—
Pol. Ay, or [1] drinking, [fencing,] swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing—You may go so far.
Rey. My lord, that would dishonour him.
Pol. Faith, no, as you may season it in the Charge;
You must not put *(a)* an utter scandal on him,
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults so quaintly,

1 —*drinking*, [*fencing*,] *swearing*,] *Fencing*, an interpolation.

[*(a)* —*an utter scandal.* Mr. *Theobald.*——Vulg. *another scandal.*]

That

That they may ſeem the taints of liberty;
The flaſh and out-break of a fiery mind,
[2] A ſavageneſs in unreclaimed blood
[3] Of general aſſault.
Rey. But, my good lord—
Pol. Wherefore ſhould you do this?
Rey. Ay, my lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift;
And I believe it is a fetch of wit.
You, laying theſe ſlight ſullies on my ſon,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd i' th' working,
Mark you, your party in converſe, he you would found,
Having ever ſeen, in the prenominate crimes,
The youth, you breathe of, guilty, be aſſur'd,
[4] He cloſes with you in this conſequence;
[5] Good ſir, or ſire, or friend, or gentleman,
(According to the phraſe or the addition
Of man and country.)
Rey. Very good, my lord.
Pol. And then, Sir, does he this;
He does—what was I about to ſay?
I was about to ſay ſomething—where did I leave?—
Rey. At, cloſes in the conſequence.
Pol. At, cloſes in the conſequence—Ay marry.
He cloſes thus;—I know the gentleman,
I ſaw him yeſterday, or t' other day,
Or then, with ſuch and ſuch; and, as you ſay,
There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rowſe,
There falling out at tennis; or, perchance,
I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſale,
Videlicet, a Brothel, or ſo forſooth.—See you now;

2 *A* ſavageneſs—] *Savageneſs*, for wildneſs.
3 *Of general aſſault.*] *i. e.* ſuch as youth in general is liable to.
4 *He cloſes with you in this* conſequence;] *Conſequence*, for ſequel.
5 *Good ſir, or* so, *or friend* &c] We ſhould read,
——— *or* SIRE, *i. e.* father.

Your

Your bait of Falſhood takes this carp of Truth;
And thus do we of wiſdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with aſſays of Byas,
By indirections find directions out:
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my ſon; you have me, have you not?
Rey. My lord, I have.
Pol. God b' w' you; fare you well.
Rey. Good my lord——
Pol. Obſerve his inclination (*a*) e'en yourſelf.
Rey. I ſhall, my lord.
Pol. And let him ply his muſick.
Rey. Well, my lord. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewel. How now, *Ophelia*, what's the matter?
Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been ſo affrighted!
Pol. With what, in the name of heav'n?
Oph. My lord, as I was ſewing in my cloſet,
Lord *Hamlet*, with his Doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his ſtockings looſe,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ancle;
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look ſo piteous in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeak of horrors; thus he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know:
But, truly, I do fear it.
Pol. What ſaid he?
Oph. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;

[(*a*) —*e'en yourſelf.* Oxford Editor.——Vulg. *in your ſelfe.*]

And

And with his other hand, thus o'er his brow,
He falls to ſuch peruſal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long time ſtaid he ſo;
At laſt, a little ſhaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a ſigh, ſo piteous and profound,
That it did ſeem to ſhatter all his bulk,
And end his Being. Then he lets me go,
And, with his head over his ſhoulder turn'd,
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the laſt, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go ſeek the King.
This is the very ecſtaſie of love;
Whoſe violent property foregoes itſelf,
And leads the will to deſp'rate undertakings,
As oft as any paſſion under heav'n,
That does afflict our natures. I am ſorry;
What, have you giv'n him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His acceſs to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I'm ſorry, that with better ſpeed and judgment
[6] I had not noted him. I fear'd, he trifl'd,
And meant to wreck thee; but beſhrew my jealouſy;
It ſeems, it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond ourſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion. Come; go we to the King.

6 *I had not* QUOTED *him.*—] The old quarto reads *coted.* It appears *Shakeſpear* wrote NOTED. *Quoted* is nonſenſe.

This

[7] This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter King, Queen, Rosincrantz, Guildenstern, *Lords, and other Attendants.*

King. WELCOME, dear *Rosincrantz*, and *Guildenstern!*
Moreover that we much did long to see you,
The need, we have to use you, did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something you have heard
Of *Hamlet*'s transformation; so I call it,
Since not th' exterior, nor the inward man
Resembles That it was. What it should be
More than his Father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you Both,
That being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbour'd to his youth and 'havour,
That you vouchsafe your Rest here in our Court
Some little time; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasions you may glean,
If aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedy.

7 *This must be known; which, being kept close, might move More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.*] *i. e.* This must be made known to the King, for (being kept secret) the hiding *Hamlet*'s love might occasion more mischief to us from him and the Queen, than the uttering or revealing of it will occasion hate and resentment from *Hamlet*. The poet's ill and obscure expression seems to have been caused by his affectation of concluding the scene with a couplet.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, ſure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleaſe you
[8] To ſhew us ſo much gentry and good will,
As to extend your time with us a while,
[9] For the ſupply and profit of our hope,
Your viſitation ſhall receive ſuch thanks,
As fits a King's remembrance.

Roſ. Both your Majeſties
Might, by the ſov'reign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleaſures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up our ſelves, * in the full bent,
To lay our ſervice freely at your feet.

King. Thanks, *Roſincrantz*, and gentle *Guildenſtern.*

Queen. Thanks, *Guildenſtern*, and gentle *Roſincrantz.*
And, I beſeech you, inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed ſon. Go ſome of ye,
And bring theſe gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heav'ns make our preſence and our practices
Pleaſant and helpful to him! [*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guil.

Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' ambaſſadors from *Norway*, my good Lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou ſtill haſt been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? aſſure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my ſoul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I do think, (or elſe this brain of mine

8 *To ſhew us ſo much* gentry——] *Gentry*, for complaiſance.
9 *For the ſupply and profit of our* hope,] *Hope*, for purpoſe.
* —— *in the full* bent,] *Bent*, for endeavour, application.

Hunts

Hunts not the trail of policy ſo ſure
As I have us'd to do) that I have found
The very cauſe of *Hamlet*'s lunacy.
King. Oh, ſpeak of that, that do I long to hear.
Pol. Give firſt admittance to th' ambaſſadors:
My news ſhall be the fruit to that great feaſt.
King. Thyſelf do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Exit* Pol.
He tells me, my ſweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſon's diſtemper.
Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main,
His father's death, and our o'er-haſty marriage.

SCENE IV.

Re-enter Polonius, *with* Voltimand, *and* Cornelius.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him. — Welcome, my good friends!
Say, *Voltimand*, what from our brother *Norway?*
Volt. Moſt fair return of Greetings, and Deſires.
Upon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſs
His Nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the *Polack:*
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was againſt your Highneſs: Whereat griev'd,
That ſo his ſickneſs, age, and impotence
Was falſely borne in hand, ſends out Arreſts
On *Fortinbras*; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from *Norway*; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th' aſſay of arms againſt your Majeſty.
Whereon old *Norway*, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thouſand crowns in annual fee;
And his Commiſſion to employ thoſe ſoldiers,
So levied as before, againſt the *Polack:*
With an entreaty, herein further ſhewn,

That

That it might pleaſe you to give quiet Paſs
Through your Dominions for this enterprize,
On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance,
As therein are ſet down.

King. It likes us well;
And at our more conſider'd time we'll read,
Anſwer, and think upon this buſineſs.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour.
Go to your Reſt; at night we'll feaſt together.
Moſt welcome home! [*Exit Ambaſ.*

Pol. This buſineſs is well ended.
" [1] My Liege, and Madam, [2] to expoſtulate
" What

1 *My Liege, and Madam, to expoſtulate*] The ſtrokes of humour in this ſpeech are admirable. *Polonius*'s character is that of a weak, pedant, miniſter of ſtate. His declamation is a fine ſatire on the impertinent oratory then in vogue, which placed reaſon in the formality of method, and wit in the gingle and play of words. With what art is he made to pride himſelf in his *wit:*

That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true; A fooliſh figure;
But farewel it. ———

And how exquiſitely does the poet ridicule the *reaſoning in faſhion*, where he makes *Polonius* remark on *Hamlet*'s madneſs;

Though this be madneſs, *yet there's* method *in't:*

As if method, which the wits of that age thought the moſt eſſential quality of a good diſcourſe, would make amends for the madneſs. It was *madneſs* indeed, yet *Polonius* could comfort himſelf with this reflexion, that at leaſt it was *method* It is certain *Shakeſpear* excels in nothing more than in the preſervation of his characters; *To this life and variety of character* (ſays our great poet in his admirable preface to *Shakeſpear*) *we muſt add the wonderful preſervation of it.* We have ſaid what is the character of *Polonius*; and it is allowed on all hands to be drawn with wonderful life and ſpirit, yet the *unity* of it has been thought by ſome to be groſly violated in the excellent *Precepts* and *Inſtructions* which *Shakeſpear* makes his ſtateſman give to his ſon and ſervant in the middle of the *firſt*, and beginning of the *ſecond act.* But I will venture to ſay, theſe criticks have not entered into the poet's art and addreſs in this particular. He had a mind to ornament his ſcenes with thoſe fine leſſons of ſocial life; but his *Polonius* was too weak to be the author of them, tho' he was pedant enough to have met with them in his reading,

" What Majeſty ſhould be, what duty is,
" Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
" Were nothing but to waſte night, day, and time.
" Therefore, ſince brevity's the ſoul of wit,
" And tediouſneſs the limbs and outward flouriſhes,
" I will be brief; your noble ſon is mad;
" Mad, call I it; for, to define true madneſs,
" What is't, but to be nothing elſe but mad?
" But let that go. ——

Queen. More matter, with leſs art.

Pol. " Madam, I ſwear, I uſe no art at all: —
" That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
" And pity 'tis, 'tis true; A fooliſh figure;
" But farewel it; for I will uſe no art.
" Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
" That we find out the cauſe of this effect,
" Or rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect,
" For this effect, defective, comes by cauſe;
" Thus it remains, and the remainder thus. — Perpend. ——

reading, and fop enough to get them by heart and retail them for his own. And this the poet has finely ſhewn us was the caſe, where, in the middle of *Polonius*'s inſtructions to his ſervant, he makes him, tho' without having received any interruption, forget his leſſon, and ſay,

And then, Sir, does he this;
He does —— what was I about to ſay?
I was about to ſay ſomething —— where did I leave? ——

The ſervant replies,

At, cloſes in the conſequence.

This ſets *Polonius* right, and he goes on,

At, cloſes in the conſequence —— *Ay marry,*
He cloſes thus; —— I know the gentleman, *&c.*

which ſhews they were words got by heart which he was repeating. Otherwiſe *cloſes in the conſequence,* which conveys no particular idea of the ſubject he was upon, could never have made him recollect where he broke off. This is an extraordinary inſtance of the poet's art, and attention to the preſervation of Character.

2 —— —— —— *to* expoſtulate] To *expoſtulate,* for to enquire or diſcuſs.

" I have a daughter; have, whilſt ſhe is mine;
" Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
" Hath giv'n me this; now gather, and ſurmiſe.

[*He opens a letter, and reads.*]

To the celeſtial, and my ſoul's idol, the moſt beatified Ophelia.—That's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe: (*a*) *beatified* is a vile phraſe; but you ſhall hear——*Theſe to her excellent white boſom, theſe.*——

Queen. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

Pol. Good Madam, ſtay a while, I will be faithful.

Doubt thou, the ſtars are fire, [Reading.
Doubt, that the Sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt, I love.

Oh, dear Ophelia, *I am ill at theſe numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee beſt, oh moſt beſt, believe it.* Adieu.

Thine evermore, moſt dear Lady, whilſt this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in obedience hath my daughter ſhewn me:
And, more above, hath his ſollicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath ſhe receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man, faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove ſo. But what might you think?

When I had ſeen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I muſt tell you that,
Before my daughter told me:) what might you,

[(*a*) *beatified.* Mr. *Theobald*——Vulg. *beautified.*]

Or

Or my dear Majesty your Queen here, think?
[3] If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or giv'n my heart a working mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
" What might you think? no, I went round to work,
" And my young mistress thus I did bespeak;
" Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy sphere,
" This must not be; and then, I precepts gave her,
" That she should lock herself from his resort,
" Admit no messengers, receive no tokens:
" [4] Which done, see too the fruits of my advice;
" For, he repulsed, [5] a short tale to make,
" Fell to a sadness, then into a fast,
" Thence to a watching, thence into a weakness,

3 *If I had play'd the desk or table-book,*
Or given my heart a working mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think?] *i. e.* If either I had conveyed intelligence between them, and been the confident of their amours, [*play'd the desk or table-book,*] or had connived at it, only observed them in secret without acquainting my daughter with my discovery, [*given my heart a mute and dumb working,*] or lastly, had been negligent in observing the intrigue and over-looked it, [*look'd upon this love with idle sight;*] what would you have thought of me?

4 *Which done,* SHE TOOK *the fruits of my advice;*
AND *he repulsed,*—] The *fruits* of advice are the effects of advice. But how could she be said to take them? the reading is corrupt. *Shakespear* wrote,

Which done, SEE TOO *the fruits of my advice;*
FOR, *he repulsed,* ———

5 ——— ——— *a short tale to make,*
Fell to a sadness, then into a fast, &c.] The ridicule of this character is here admirably sustained. He would not only be thought to have discovered this intrigue by his own sagacity, but to have remarked all the stages of *Hamlet*'s disorder, from his sadness to his raving, as regularly as his physician could have done; when all the while the madness was only feigned. The humour of this is exquisite from a man who tells us, with a confidence peculiar to small politicians, that he could find

Where truth was hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

" Thence to a lightneſs, and, by this declenſion,
" Into the madneſs wherein now he raves,
" And all we wail for.
King. Do you think this?
Queen. It may be very likely.
Pol. " Hath there been ſuch a time, I'd fain know that,
" That I have poſitively ſaid, 'tis ſo,
" When it prov'd otherwiſe?
King. Not that I know.
Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwiſe.
[*Pointing to his Head and Shoulder.*
" If circumſtances lead me, I will find
" Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
" Within the center.
King. How may we try it further?
Pol. You know, ſometimes he walks four hours together,
Here in the lobby.
Queen. So he does, indeed.
Pol. At ſuch a time I'll looſe my daughter to him;
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Mark the encounter: If he love her not,
And be not from his reaſon fal'n thereon,
Let me be no aſſiſtant for a State,
But keep a farm and carters.
King. We will try it.

SCENE V.

Enter Hamlet *reading.*

Queen. But, look, where, ſadly the poor wretch comes reading.
Pol. Away, I do beſeech you, both away.
I'll board him preſently. [*Exeunt King and Queen.*
Oh, give me leave. —— How does my good lord *Hamlet?*

Ham.

Ham. Well, God o' mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fiſhmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord?

Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.

Pol. Honeſt, my lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir; to be honeſt, as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thouſand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. [6] For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dog, Being a God, kiſſing carrion ——— Have you a daughter?

Pol.

6 *For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dog,*
Being a GOOD *kiſſing carrion* ———
Have you a daughter?] The Editors ſeeing *Hamlet* counterfeit madneſs, thought they might ſafely put any nonſenſe into his mouth. But this ſtrange paſſage when ſet right, will be ſeen to contain as great and ſublime a reflexion as any the poet puts into his Hero's mouth thoughout the whole play. We ſhall firſt give the true reading, which is this,

For if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dog
Being a God, *kiſſing carrion* ———

As to the ſenſe we may obſerve, that the illative particle [for] ſhews the ſpeaker to be reaſoning from ſomething he had ſaid before: What that was we learn in theſe words, *to be honeſt, as this world goes, is to be one picked out of ten thouſand.* Having ſaid this, the chain of ideas led him to reflect upon the argument which libertines bring againſt Providence from the circumſtance of abounding *Evil.* In the next ſpeech therefore he endeavours to anſwer that objection, and vindicate Providence, even on a ſuppoſition of the fact, that almoſt all men were wicked. His argument in the two lines in queſtion is to this purpoſe, *But why need we wonder at this abounding of evil? for if the Sun breed maggots in a dead dog, which tho' a God, yet ſhedding its heat and influence upon carrion* — Here he ſtops ſhort, leſt talking too conſequentially the hearer ſhould ſuſpect his madneſs to be feigned; and ſo turns him off from the ſubject by enquiring of his daughter. But the inference which he intended to make, was a very noble one, and to this purpoſe, If this (ſays he) be the caſe, that the effect follows the thing operated upon [*carrion*] and not the thing operating [a *God*;] why need we wonder, that the ſupreme cauſe of all things diffuſing its bleſſings on mankind, who is, as it were, a dead carrion, dead in

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' th' Sun; conception is a bleſſing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.

Pol. " How ſay you by that? ſtill harping on my daughter! ——

" Yet he knew me not at firſt; he ſaid, I was a fiſh-monger.

" He is far gone; and, truly, in my youth, [*Aſide.*

" I ſuffer'd much extremity for love;

" Very near this. —— I'll ſpeak to him again.

What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. [7] Slanders, Sir: for the ſatyrical ſlave ſays here, that old men have grey beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plumtree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit; together with moſt weak hams. All which, Sir, tho'

original ſin, man, inſtead of a proper return of duty, ſhould breed only corruption and vices? This is the argument at length; and is as noble a one in behalf of providence as could come from the ſchools of divinity. But this wonderful man had an art not only of acquainting the audience with what his actors *ſay*, but with what they *think*. The ſentiment too is altogether in character, for *Hamlet* is perpetually moralizing, and his circumſtances make this reflexion very natural. The ſame *thought*, ſomething diverſified, as on a different occaſion, he uſes again in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, which will ſerve to confirm theſe obſervations:

The tempter or the tempted, who ſins moſt?
Not ſhe; nor doth ſhe tempt; but it is I
That lying by the violet in the ſun
Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
Corrupt by virtuous ſeaſon. ——

And the ſame kind of *expreſſion* in *Cymbeline*,

Common-kiſſing Titan.

7 *Slanders, Sir: for the ſatyrical ſlave ſays here. that old men,* &c.] By the *ſatyrical ſlave* he means *Juvenal* in his tenth ſatire:

Da

tho' I moſt powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honeſty to have it thus ſet down; for yourſelf, Sir, ſhall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſs, yet there's method in't:
Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my Grave.—

Pol. Indeed, that is out o'th' air:——

" How pregnant (ſometimes) his replies are?
" A happineſs that often madneſs hits on,
" Which ſanity and reaſon could not be
" So proſp'rouſly deliver'd of. I'll leave him,
And ſuddenly contrive the means of meeting
Between him and my daughter.
My honourable lord, I will moſt humbly
Take my leave of you.

Ham You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fools!

Pol. You go to ſeek lord *Hamlet*; there he is.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Roſ. God ſave you, Sir

Guild. Mine honour'd lord!

Roſ. My moſt dear lord!

Da ſpatium vitæ, multos da Jupiter annos:
Hoc recto vultu, ſolum hoc & pallidus optat.
Sed quàm continuis & quantis longa ſenectus
Plena malis! deformem, & tetrum ante omnia vultum,
Diſſimilemque ſui, *&c.*

Nothing could be finer imagined for *Hamlet*, in his circumſtances, than the bringing him in reading a deſcription of the evils of long life.

Ham. My excellent good friends! How doſt thou, *Guildenſtern?*
Oh, *Roſincrantz*, good lads! how do ye both?

Roſ. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; on fortune's cap, we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the ſoals of her ſhoe?

Roſ. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waſte, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. Faith, in her privates we.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of fortune? oh, moſt true; ſhe is a ſtrumpet. What news?

Roſ. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honeſt.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not true. Let me queſtion more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deſerved at the hands of fortune, that ſhe ſends you to priſon hither?

Guil. Priſon, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a priſon.

Roſ. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; *Denmark* being one o'th' worſt.

Roſ. We think not ſo, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo: to me, it is a priſon.

Roſ. Why, then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. Oh God, I could be bounded in a nut-ſhell, and count myſelf a King of infinite ſpace; were it not, that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are Ambition; for the very ſubſtance of the ambitious is meerly the ſhadow of a dream.

Ham.

Ham. A dream itſelf is but a ſhadow.

Roſ. Truly, and I hold ambition of ſo airy and light a quality, that it is but a ſhadow's ſhadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs and out-ſtretch'd heroes, the beggars' ſhadows; Shall we to th' Court? for, by my fay, I cannot reaſon.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No ſuch matter. I will not ſort you with the reſt of my ſervants: for, to ſpeak to you like an honeſt man, I am moſt dreadfully attended: but in the beaten way of Friendſhip, what make you at *Elſinoor?*

Roſ. To viſit you, my lord; no other occaſion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and ſure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear of a half-penny. Were you not ſent for? is it your own inclining? is it a free viſitation? come, deal juſtly with me; come, come; nay, ſpeak.

Guil. What ſhould we ſay, my lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to the purpoſe. You were ſent for; and there is a kind of confeſſion in your looks, which your modeſties have not craft enough to colour. I know, the good King and Queen have ſent for you.

Roſ. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me; but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preſerved love, and by what more dear, a better propoſer could charge you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you were ſent for or no?

Roſ. What ſay you? [*To Guil.*

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you: if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; ſo ſhall my anticipation prevent your diſcovery, and your ſecrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. " [8] I have of late, but " wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, foregone " all cuſtom of exerciſe; and indeed, it goes ſo hea- " vily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame, " the earth, ſeems to me a ſteril promontory; this " moſt excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave " o'er-hanging firmament, this majeſtical roof fretted " with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to " me, than a foul and peſtilent congregation of va- " pours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble " in reaſon! how infinite in faculties! in form and " moving how expreſs and admirable! in action how " like an angel! in apprehenſion how like a God! " the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! " and yet to me, what is this quinteſſence of duſt? " man delights not me, nor woman neither; though " by your ſmiling you ſeem to ſay ſo.

Roſ. My lord there was no ſuch ſtuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I ſaid, man delights not me?

Roſ. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the Players ſhall receive from you; we accoſted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you ſervice.

Ham. " He that plays the King ſhall be welcome; " his Majeſty ſhall have tribute of me; the adventu- " rous Knight ſhall uſe his foyl and target; the lover " ſhall not ſigh *gratis*; the humourous man [9] ſhall " end his part in peace; the clown ſhall make thoſe " laugh whoſe lungs are tickled o'th' ſere; and the

8 *I have of late*, &c.] This is an admirable deſcription of a rooted melancholy ſprung from thickneſs of blood, and artfully imagined to hide the true cauſe of his diſorder from the penetration of theſe two friends, who were ſet over him as ſpies.

9 *ſhall end his part in peace*;] After theſe words the *Folio* adds, *the clown ſhall make thoſe laugh whoſe lungs are tickled o'th' ſere.*

" lady

" lady ſhall ſay her mind freely, or the blank verſe " ſhall halt for't. What Players are they?

Roſ. Even thoſe you were wont to take delight in, the Tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their reſidence both in reputation and profit was better, both ways

Roſ. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the ſame eſtimation they did, when I was in the city? are they ſo follow'd?

Roſ. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow ruſty?

Roſ. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, Sir, [1] an Aiery of Children, little Eyaſes, that cry out on the top of queſtion; and are moſt tyrannically clapt for't; theſe are now the faſhion, and ſo berattle the common ſtages, (ſo they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of gooſequills, and dare ſcarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they eſcoted? will they purſue the Quality, no longer than they can ſing? will they not ſay afterwards, if they ſhould grow themſelves to common players, (as it is moſt like, if their means are no better:) their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim againſt their own ſucceſſion?

Roſ. Faith, there has been much to do on both ſides; and the nation holds it no ſin, to tarre them on to controverſy. There was, for a while, no mony bid for argument, unleſs the poet and the player went to cuffs in the queſtion.

Ham. Is't poſſible?

Guil. Oh, there has been much throwing about of brains.

1 *an Aiery of Children,*] Relating to the play-houſes then contending, the *Bankſide*, the *Fortune*, &c, play'd by the children of his Majeſty's chapel. Mr. *Pope.*

Ham.

Ham. Do the Boys carry it away?

Roſ. Ay, that they do, my lord, [2] *Hercules* and his load too.

Ham. It is not ſtrange; for mine uncle is King of *Denmark*; and thoſe, that would make mowes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats apiece, for his picture in little. There is ſomething in this more than natural, if philoſophy could find it out. [*Flouriſh for the Players.*

Guil. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elſinoor*; your hands: come then, the appurtenance of welcome is faſhion and ceremony. Let me comply with you in this garbe, leſt my extent to the players (which, I tell you, muſt ſhew fairly outward) ſhould more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my Uncle-father and Aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. " I am but mad north, north-weſt: when the " wind is ſoutherly, [3] I know a hawk from a handſaw.

SCENE VII.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, *Guildenſtern*, and you too, at each ear a hearer; that great Baby, you ſee there, is not yet out of his ſwathling-clouts.

2 Hercules *and his load too.*] *i, e.* They not only carry away the world, but the world-bearer too: Alluding to the ſtory of *Hercules*'s relieving *Atlas*. This is humorous.

3 *I know a hawk from a handſaw.*] This was a common proverbial ſpeech. The *Oxford Editor* alters it to, *I know a hawk from a hernſhaw.* As if the other had been a corruption of the players; whereas the poet found the proverb thus corrupted in the mouths of the people. So that this critick's alteration only ſerves to ſhew us the original of the expreſſion.

Roſ.

Roſ. Haply, he's the ſecond time come to them; for they ſay, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will propheſy, he comes to tell me of the players. Mark it; —— you ſay right, Sir; for on *Monday* morning 'twas ſo, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When *Roſcius* was an Actor in *Rome* ——

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze. —

Pol. Upon mine honour ———

Ham. Then came each Actor on his aſs —

Pol. "The beſt Actors in the world, either for "tragedy, comedy, hiſtory, paſtoral, paſtoral-comi-"cal, hiſtorical, paſtoral, ſcene undivideable, or Poem "unlimited: *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* "too light. For the law of wit, and the Liberty, "theſe are the only men.

Ham. Oh, Jephtha, judge of Iſrael, what a treaſure hadſt Thou!

Pol. What a treaſure had he, my lord?

Ham. *Why, one fair daughter, and no more, The which he loved paſſing well.*

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Jephtha?*

Pol. If you call me *Jephtha*, my lord, I have a daughter that I love paſſing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, as *by lot, God wot* — and then you know, *it came to paſs, as moſt like it was*; [4] the firſt

4. *the firſt row of the rubrick*] It is *pons chanſons* in the firſt *Folio* edition. The old ballads ſung on bridges, and from thence called *Pons chanſons*. *Hamlet* is here repeating ends of old ſongs. Mr. *Pope*.

The rubrick is equivalent. The titles of old ballads being written in red letters.

row

row of *the rubrick* will ſhew you more. For, look, where my abridgements come.

Enter four or five Players.

Y'are welcome, maſters, welcome all. I am glad to ſee thee well; welcome, good friends. Oh! old friend! thy face is valanc'd, ſince I ſaw thee laſt: com'ſt thou to beard me in *Denmark?* What! my young lady and miſtreſs? b'erlady, your ladyſhip is nearer heaven than when I ſaw you laſt, by the altitude of [5] a chioppine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring.—Maſters, you are all welcome; we'll e'en to't like friendly faulconers, fly at any thing we ſee; we'll have a ſpeech ſtraight. Come, give us a taſte of your quality; come, a paſſionate ſpeech.

1 *Play.* What ſpeech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeak me a ſpeech once; but it was never acted: or if it was, not above once; for the Play, I remember, pleas'd not the million, 'twas *Cæviar* to the general; but it was (as I received it, and others, whoſe judgment in ſuch matters [6] cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digeſted in the ſcenes, [7] ſet down with as much modeſty as cunning. I remember, one ſaid, there was no ſalt in the lines, to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe, [8] that might indite the author of affection; but call'd it, [9] an honeſt method. One ſpeech in it I chiefly lov'd; 'twas *Æneas*'s tale to *Dido*; and thereabout of it eſpecially, where he ſpeaks of *Priam*'s ſlaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me ſee, let me ſee —

5 *a chioppine.*] A tight-heel'd ſhoe, or a ſlipper. Mr. *Pope.*

6 *cried in the top of mine*] *i. e.* whoſe judgment I had the higheſt opinion of.

7 *ſet down with as much* modeſty] *Modeſty*, for ſimplicity.

8 *that might* indite *the author*] *Indite*, for convict.

9 *an* honeſt *method.*] *Honeſt*, for chaſte,

The

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, like th' *Hyrcanian* beaſt, — It is not ſo; — it begins with *Pyrrhus*.
The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he, whoſe ſable arms,
Black as his purpoſe, did the Night reſemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horſe;
Hath now his dread and black complexion ſmear'd
With heraldry more diſmal; head to foot,
Now is he total gules; horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſons,
Bak'd and impaſted with the parching fires,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To murthers vile. Roaſted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-ſized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the helliſh *Pyrrhus*
Old grandſire *Priam* ſeeks.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well ſpoken, with good accent, and good diſcretion.

1 *Play.* Anon he finds him,
Striking, too ſhort, at *Greeks*. His antique ſword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to Command; unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage ſtrikes wide;
But with the whif and wind of his fell ſword
Th'unnerved father falls. " Then ſenſeleſs *Ilium*
" Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
" Stoops to his Baſe; and with a hideous craſh
Takes priſoner *Pyrrhus*' ear. For lo, his ſword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of rev'rend *Priam*, ſeem'd i'th' air to ſtick;
So, as a painted tyrant, *Pyrrhus* ſtood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
" But as we often ſee, againſt ſome ſtorm,
" A ſilence in the heav'ns, the rack ſtand ſtill,
" The bold winds ſpeechleſs, and the orb below
" As huſh as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region: So after *Pyrrhus*' pauſe,

A roused vengeance sets him new a-work:
And never did the *Cyclops'* hammers fall
On *Mars* his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With less remorse than *Pyrrhus'* bleeding sword
Now falls on *Priam.*——
Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! all you Gods,
In general synod take away her power:
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heav'n,
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to th' barber's with your beard. Pr'ythee, say on; he's for a jigg, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps. Say on, come to *Hecuba.*

1 *Play.* But who, oh! who, had seen [1] the mobled Queen,——

Ham. The mobled Queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled Queen, is good.

1 *Play.* Run bare-foot up and down, threatning the flames
With bisson rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the Diadem stood; and for a robe
About her lank and all-o'er-teemed loyns,
A blanket in th' alarm of fear caught up:
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the Gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heav'n,
And passion in the Gods.

1 ——— *the* mobled *Queen,*——] *Mobled* or *mabled,* signifies veiled. So *Sandys,* speaking of the *Turkish* women, says, *their heads and faces are* MABLED *in fine linen, that no more is to be seen of them than their eyes.* Travels.

Pol.

Pol. Look, whe're he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee ſpeak out the reſt of this ſoon. Good my lord, will you ſee the Players well beſtow'd? Do ye hear, let them be well us'd; for they are the abſtract, and brief chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, than their ill report while you liv'd.

Pol. My lord, I will uſe them according to their deſert.

Ham. God's bodikins, man, much better. Uſe every man after his deſert, and who ſhall 'ſcape whipping? uſe them after your own honour and dignity. The leſs they deſerve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs. [*Exit* Polonius.

Ham. Follow him, Friends: we'll hear a Play to morrow. Doſt thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago?*

Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to morrow night. You could, for a need, ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome dozen or ſixteen lines, which I would ſet down, and inſert in't? could ye not?

Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord, and, look, you mock him not. My good friends, I'll leave you 'till night, you are welcome to *Elſinoor.*

Roſ. Good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Ay, ſo, God b' w' ye: now I am alone. Oh, what a rogue and peaſant ſlave am I!

" Is it not monſtrous that this Player here,

" But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
" Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
" That, from her working, [2] all his viſage wan'd:
" Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
" A broken voice, and his whole function ſuiting,
" With forms, to his conceit? and all for nothing?
" For *Hecuba?*
" What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
" That he ſhould weep for her? what would he do,
" Had he the motive and the cue for paſſion,
" That I have? he would drown the ſtage with tears,
" And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid ſpeech;
" Make mad the guilty, and appall the free;
" Confound the ign'rant, and amaze, indeed,
" The very faculty of eyes and ears.—Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled raſcal, peak,
Like *John-a-dreams*, [3] unpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing,——no, not for a King,
Upon whoſe property and moſt dear life
[4] A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate a-croſs,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by th' noſe, gives me the lye i'th' throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Yet I ſhould take it — for it cannot be,
But I am pidgeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppreſſion bitter; or, ere this,
I ſhould have fatted all the region kites

2 —— *all his viſage* WARM'D:] This might do, did not the old *Quarto* lead us to a more exact and pertinent reading, which is,

——— —— *viſage* WAN'D:

i. e. turn'd pale, or *wan*. For ſo the viſage appears when the mind is thus affectioned, and not *warm'd* or flushed.

3 ——— unpregnant *of my cauſe*,] *Unpregnant*, for having no due ſenſe of.

4 *A damn'd* defeat *was made.*——] *Defeat*, for deſtruction.

With

With this ſlave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorſeleſs, treacherous, letcherous, kindleſs villain!
Why, what an aſs am I? this is moſt brave,
That I, the ſon of a dear father murthered,
Prompted to my revenge by heav'n and hell,
Muſt, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a curſing like a very drab ———
A ſcullion,— fye upon't! foh! — about, my brain! —
I've heard, that guilty creatures, at a Play,
Have by the very cunning of the Scene
Been ſtruck ſo to the ſoul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
For murther though it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous organ. I'll have theſe Players
Play ſomething like the murther of my father,
Before mine uncle. I'll obſerve his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my courſe. The ſpirit, that I have ſeen,
May be the Devil; and the Devil hath power
T' aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakneſs and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits)
Abuſes me to damn me. I'll have grounds
[5] More relative than this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the Conſcience of the King. [*Exit.*

[5] *More* relative *than this:*—] *Relative,* for convictive.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *and Lords.*

KING.

AND can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his days of quiet,
With turbulent and dang'rous lunacy?

Roſ. He does confeſs, he feels himſelf diſtracted;
But from what cauſe he will by no means ſpeak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be ſounded;
But with a crafty madneſs keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion
Of his true ſtate.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Roſ. Moſt like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.

Roſ. [1] Moſt free of queſtion, but of our demands
Niggard in his reply.

Queen. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?

Roſ. Madam, it ſo fell out, that certain Players

1 Niggard *of queſtion, but of our demands*
Moſt free *in his reply.*] This is given as the deſcription of the converſation of a man whom the ſpeaker *found not forward to be ſounded*; and who *kept aloof* when they would *bring him to confeſſion:* But ſuch a deſcription can never paſs but at croſs-purpoſes. *Shakeſpear* certainly wrote it juſt the other way,

Moſt free *of queſtion, but of our demands*
Niggard *in his reply.*

That this is the true reading we need but turn back to the preceding ſcene, for *Hamlet*'s conduct, to be ſatisfied.

We

[2] We o'er-rode on the way; of these we told him;
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the Court;
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.
Pol. 'Tis most true:
And he beseech'd me to intreat your Majesties
To hear and see the matter.
King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose into these delights.
Ros. We shall, my lord. [*Exeunt.*
King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront *Ophelia*. Her father, and my self,
Will so bestow our selves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.
Queen. I shall obey you:
And for my part, *Ophelia*, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlet*'s wildness: So shall I hope, your virtues
May bring him to his wonted way again
To both your honours.
Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit* Queen.
Pol. Ophelia, walk you here. —— Gracious, so please ye,
We will bestow ourselves——Read on this book;

2 *We o'er-took on the way*;] The old quarto reads *o'er-raught* corruptly, for *o'er-rode*. Which I think is the right reading; for *o'er-took* has the idea of following with design and accompanying. *O'er-rode* has neither: which was the case.

That ſhew of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your lonelineſs. We're oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's viſage,
And pious action, we do ſugar o'er
The devil himſelf.

King. Oh, 'tis too true.
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth give my conſcience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plaſtring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my moſt painted word. [*Aſide.*
Oh heavy burthen!

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt all but* Ophelia.

SCENE II.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. "To be, or not to be? that is the queſtion.—
"Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to ſuffer
"The ſlings and arrows of outragious fortune;
"[3] Or to take arms againſt aſſail of troubles,
"And by oppoſing end them?—to die,—to ſleep—
"No more; and by a ſleep, to ſay, we end
"The heart-ache, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
"That fleſh is heir to; 'tis a conſummation
"Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die—to ſleep—
"To ſleep? perchance, to dream; ay, there's the rub—
"For in that ſleep of Death what dreams may come,
"When we have ſhuffled off this [4] mortal coil,

3 *Or to take arms againſt* A SEA *of troubles,*] Without queſtion *Shakeſpear* wrote,

——— *againſt* ASSAIL *of troubles.*

i. e. aſſault.

4 —*mortal* coil,] *i. e.* turmoil, buſtle.

"Muſt

" Muſt give us pauſe. — [5] There's the reſpect,
" That makes Calamity of ſo long life.
" For who would bear [6] the whips and ſcorns of time,
" Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
" The pang of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
" The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
" That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;
" When he himſelf might his *Quietus* make
" With a bare bodkin? who would fardles bear,
" To groan and ſweat under a weary life?
" But that the dread of ſomething after death,
" (That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourne
" No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
" And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
" Than fly to others that we know not of.
" Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all:
" And thus the native hue of reſolution
" Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
" And enterprizes of great pith, and moment,
" With this regard their currents turn awry,
" And loſe the name of action—Soft you, now!
[*Seeing* Oph.
The fair *Ophelia?* Nymph, in thy oriſons
Be all my ſins remembred.
Oph. Good my lord,
How does your Honour for this many a day?
Ham. I humbly thank you, well; ——
Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,

5 —*There's the* reſpect,] *Reſpect* for conſideration, motive.

6 —*the whips and ſcorns* OF TIME,] The evils here complained of are not the product of time or duration ſimply, but of a corrupted age or manners. We may be ſure, then, that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

——*the whips and ſcorns* OF TH' TIME.

And the deſcription of the evils of a corrupt age, which follows, confirms this emendation.

That I have longed long to re-deliver.
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did;
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich: that perfume loſt,
Take theſe again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honeſt?

Oph. My lord, ——

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordſhip?

Ham. That if you be honeſt and fair, you ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honeſty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will ſooner transform honeſty from what it is, to a bawd; than the force of honeſty can tranſlate beauty into its likeneſs. This was ſometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.—I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not have believed me. For virtue cannot ſo inoculate our old ſtock, but we ſhall reliſh of it. I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldſt thou be a breeder of ſinners? I am myſelf indifferent honeſt; but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch Things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, [7] with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in name,

[7] *with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts* to put them in, *imagination to give them ſhape, or time to act them in.*] What is

name, imagination to give them ſhape, or time to act them in. What ſhould ſuch fellows, as I, do crawling between heav'n and earth? we are arrant knaves, believe none of us——Go thy ways to a nunnery——Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be ſhut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own houſe. Farewel.

Oph. Oh help him, you ſweet heav'ns!

Ham. If thou doſt marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry. Be thou as chaſte as ice, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny.—Get thee to a nunnery,—farewel—Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wiſe men know well enough, what monſters you make of them—To a nunnery, go—and quickly too: farewel.

Oph. Heav'nly powers, reſtore him!

Ham. I have heard of your painting too, well enough: God has given you one face, and you make yourſelves another. You jig, you amble, and you liſp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonneſs your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will have no more marriages. Thoſe that are married already, all but one, ſhall live; the reſt ſhall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit* Hamlet.

Oph. " Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
" The courtier's, ſoldier's, ſcholar's, eye, tongue, ſword!
" Th' expectancy and roſe of the fair State,
" The glaſs of faſhion, and the mould of form,

is the meaning of *thoughts to put them in?* A word is dropt out. We ſhould read,

——*thoughts to put them in* NAME.

This was the progreſs. The offences are firſt conceived and named, then projected to be put in act, then executed.

Th'

" Th' obſerv'd of all obſervers, quite, quite down!
I am of ladies moſt deject and wretched,
That ſuck'd the hony of his muſick vows:
" Now ſee that noble and moſt ſovereign reaſon,
" Like ſweet bells jangled out of tune, and harſh;
" That unmatch'd form, and feature of blown youth,
" Blaſted with extaſie. Oh, woe is me!
T' have ſeen what I have ſeen; ſee what I ſee.

SCENE III.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he ſpake, tho' it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madneſs. Something's in his ſoul,
O'er which his melancholy ſits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch and the diſcloſe
Will be ſome danger, which, how to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus ſet it down. He ſhall with ſpeed to *England*,
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply, the Seas and Countries different,
With variable objects, ſhall expel
This ſomething-ſettled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains ſtill beating, puts him thus
From faſhion of himſelf. What think you on't?

Pol. It ſhall do well. But yet do I believe,
The origin and commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, *Ophelia?* —
You need not tell us what lord *Hamlet* ſaid,
We heard it all. —— My lord, do as you pleaſe;
[*Exit* Ophelia.
But if you hold it fit, after the Play
Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him
To ſhew his griefs; let her be round with him:
And I'll be plac'd, ſo pleaſe you, in the ear
Of all their conf'rence. If ſhe find him not,
To *England* ſend him; or confine him, where

Your

Your wiſdom beſt ſhall think.

King. It ſhall be ſo:
Madneſs in Great ones muſt not unwatch'd go.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, *and two or three of the Players.*

Ham. " Speak the ſpeech, I pray you; as I pro-
" nounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But
" if you mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had
" as lieve, the town-crier had ſpoke my lines. And do
" not ſaw the air too much with your hand thus, but
" uſe all gently; for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and,
" as I may ſay, whirl-wind of your paſſion, you muſt
" acquire and beget a temperance that may give it
" ſmoothneſs. Oh, it offends me to the ſoul, to hear
" a robuſteous periwig-pated fellow tear a paſſion to
" tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of the ground-
" lings: who (for the moſt part) are capable of no-
" thing, but inexplicable dumb ſhews, and noiſe: I
" could have ſuch a fellow whipt for o'er-doing Ter-
" magant; it out-*herods Herod.* Pray you, avoid
" it.

Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. " Be not too tame neither; but let your
" own diſcretion be your tutor. Sute the action to
" the word, the word to the action, with this ſpecial
" obſervance, that you o'erſtep not the modeſty of Na-
" ture; for any thing ſo overdone is from the pur-
" poſe of playing; whoſe end, both at the firſt and
" now; was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up
" to nature; to ſhew virtue her own feature, ſcorn
" her own image, and the very age and body of the
" time, [8] his form and preſſure. Now this over-
" done, or come tardy of, tho' it make the unskilful
" laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the
" cenſure of which one muſt in your allowance o'er-

8 *his form and* preſſure] *Preſſure*, for impreſſion.

" weigh

" weigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be
" Players that I have ſeen play, and heard others
" praiſe, and that highly (not to ſpeak it prophanely)
" that [9 neither having the accent of chriſtian, nor
" the gate of chriſtian, pagan, nor man,] have ſo
" ſtrutted and bellow'd, that I have thought ſome of
" nature's journey-men had made men, and not made
" them well; they imitated humanity ſo abomi-
" nably."

Play. I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. " Oh, reform it altogether. And let thoſe,
" that play your Clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet
" down for them: For there be of them that will
" themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of bar-
" ren ſpectators to laugh too; though, in the mean
" time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the Play be then
" to be conſidered: That's villanous; and ſhews a
" moſt pitiful ambition in the fool that uſes it. Go
" make you ready." [*Exeunt Players.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Polonius, Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

How now, my lord; will the King hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haſte. [*Exit* Polonius.
Will you two help to haſten them?

Both. We will, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Ham. What, ho, *Horatio!*

Enter Horatio *to* Hamlet.

Hor. Here, ſweet lord, at your ſervice.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as juſt a Man,

9 *neither having the accent of chriſtian, nor the gate of chriſtian, pagan, nor man,*] Theſe words a fooliſh interpolation.

As

As e'er my converſation coap'd withal.
Hor. Oh my dear lord,———
Ham. " Nay, do not think, I flatter:
" For what advancement may I hope from thee,
" That no revenue haſt, but thy good ſpirits,
" To feed and cloath thee? Should the poor be flatter'd?
" No, let the candied tongue lick abſurd Pomp,
" And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
" Where thrift may follow fawning. Doſt thou hear?
" Since my dear ſoul was miſtreſs of her choice,
" And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
" Hath ſeal'd thee for herſelf. For thou haſt been
" As one, in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing:
" A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
" Haſt ta'en with equal thanks. And bleſt are thoſe,
" Whoſe blood and judgment are ſo well comingled,
" That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
" To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe. Give me that man,
" That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will wear him
" In my heart's core: ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes near the circumſtance,
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou ſee'ſt that Act a-foot,
Ev'n with the very comment of thy ſoul
Obſerve mine uncle: if his occult guilt
Do not itſelf unkennel in one ſpeech,
It is a damned Ghoſt that we have ſeen:
And my imaginations are as foul
As *Vulcan*'s Stithy. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join,
In cenſure of his Seeming.
Hor. Well, my lord.

If

If he ſteal aught, the whilſt this Play is playing,
And 'ſcape detecting, I will pay the theft.

SCENE V.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *and other lords attendant, with a guard carrying torches.* Daniſh *March. Sound a flouriſh.*

Ham. They're coming to the Play; I muſt be idle. Get you a place.

King. How fares our couſin *Hamlet?*

Ham. Excellent, i'faith, of the camelion's diſh: I eat the air, promiſe-cramm'd: you cannot feed capons ſo.

King. I have nothing with this anſwer, *Hamlet*; theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine.——Now, my lord; you plaid once i' th' univerſity, you ſay? [*To* Polonius.

Pol. That I did, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæſar*, I was kill'd i' th' Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill ſo capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Roſ. Ay, my lord, they ſtay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's mettle more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, ſhall I lye in your lap?
[*Lying down at* Ophelia's *feet.*

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my Head upon your Lap?

Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought, to lie between a maid's legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Oh God! your only jig-maker; what ſhould a man do, but be merry? For, look you, how chearfully my mother looks, and my father dy'd within theſe two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? [1] nay, then let the Devil wear black, 'fore I'll have a ſuit of ſable. Oh heav'ns! dye two months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope, a great man's memory may out-live his life half a year: but, by'r-lady, he muſt build churches then; or elſe ſhall he [2] ſuffer not thinking on,

1 *nay, then let the Devil wear black,* FOR *I'll have a ſuit of ſables.*] The conceit of theſe words is not taken. They are an ironical apology for his mother's chearful looks: Two months was long enough in conſcience to make any dead husband forgotten. But the editors, in their nonſenſical blunder, have made *Hamlet* ſay juſt the contrary. That the Devil and he would both go into mourning, tho' his mother did not. The true reading is this, *Nay, then let the Devil wear black,* 'FORE *I'll have a ſuit of ſable.* *'Fore* i. e. before. As much as to ſay, Let the Devil wear black for me, I'll have none. The *Oxford Editor* deſpiſes an emendation ſo eaſy, and reads it thus, *Nay, then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a ſuit of* ERMINE. And you could expect no leſs, when ſuch a critic had the dreſſing of him. But the blunder was a pleaſant one. The ſenſeleſs editors had wrote *ſables*, the fur ſo called, for *ſable*, black, And the critic only changed this fur for that; by a like figure, the common people ſay, *You rejoice the cockles of my heart*, for *the muſcles of my heart*; an unlucky miſtake of one ſhell-fiſh for another.

2 *ſuffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horſe*] Amongſt the country may-games, there was an hobby-horſe, which, when the puritanical

on, with the hobby-horſe; whoſe epitaph is, *For oh, for oh, the hobby-horſe is forgot.*

SCENE VI.

Hautboys play. The dumb ſhew enters.

Enter a Duke and Dutcheſs, with regal Cornets, very lovingly; the Dutcheſs embracing him, and he her. She kneels; he takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; he lays him down upon a bank of flowers; ſhe ſeeing him aſleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his Crown, kiſſes it, and pours poiſon in the Duke's ears, and Exit. *The Dutcheſs returns, finds the Duke dead, and makes paſſionate action. The poiſoner, with ſome two or three mutes, comes in again, ſeeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poiſoner wooes the Dutcheſs with gifts; ſhe ſeems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love.*

[Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. [2] Marry, this is miching *Malhechor*; it means miſchief.

Oph.

ritanical humour of thoſe times oppoſed and diſcredited theſe games, was brought by the poets and balladmakers as an inſtance of the ridiculous zeal of the ſectaries: from theſe ballads *Hamlet* quotes a line or two.

3 *Marry, this is* miching MALICHO; *it means miſchief.*] The *Oxford Editor*, imagining that the ſpeaker had here engliſhed his own cant phraſe of *miching malicho*, tells us (by his gloſſary) that it ſignifies, *miſchief lying hid*, and that *Malicho* is the *Spaniſh Malheco*; whereas it ſignifies, *Lying in wait for the poiſoner*. Which, the ſpeaker tells us, was the very purpoſe of this repreſentation. It ſhould therefore be read MALHECHOR *Spaniſh*, the *poiſoner*. So *Mich* ſignified, originally, to keep hid and out of ſight; and, as ſuch men generally did it for the purpoſes of *lying in wait*, it then ſignified to robb. And in this ſenſe *Shakeſpear* uſes the noun, a *micher*,

Oph. Belike, this ſhow imports the Argument of the Play?

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We ſhall know by this fellow: the Players cannot keep counſel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us, what this ſhow meant?

Ham. Ay, or any ſhow that you'll ſhew him. Be not you aſhamed to ſhew, he'll not ſhame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the Play.

Prol. *For us, and for our tragedy,*
Here ſtooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poſie of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter Duke, and Dutcheſs, Players.

Duke. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus'* Carr gone round
Neptune's ſalt waſh, and *Tellus'* orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed ſheen
About the world have time twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands,
Unite commutual, in moſt ſacred bands.

Dutch. So many journeys may the Sun and Moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.
But woe is me, you are ſo ſick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former ſtate,

micher, when ſpeaking of Prince *Henry* amongſt a gang of robbers. *Shall the bleſſed Sun of Heaven prove a micher. Shall the Son of* England *prove a* thief? And in this ſenſe it is uſed by *Chaucer* in his tranſlation of *Le Roman de la roſe*, where he turns the word *lierre*, (which is *larron, voleur*,) by *micher*.

That I distrust you; yet though I distrust,
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:
For women fear too much, ev'n as they love.
And womens' fear and love hold quantity;
'Tis either none, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the smallest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

Duke. Faith, I must leave thee, Love, and shortly too:
My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For husband shalt thou——

Dutch. Oh, confound the rest!
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst!
None wed the second, but who kill the first.

Ham. Wormwood, wormwood!——

Dutch. The instances, that second marriage move,
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

Duke. I do believe, you think what now you speak;
But what we do determine, oft we break;
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruits unripe, sticks on the tree,
But fall unshaken, when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt:
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose;
The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactors with themselves destroy.

Where

Where joy moſt revels, grief doth moſt lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on ſlender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not ſtrange,
That ev'n our loves ſhould with our fortunes chang.
For 'tis a queſtion left us yet to prove,
Whether love leads fortune, or elſe fortune love.
The Great man down, you mark, his fav'rite flies;
The poor advanc'd, makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs, ſhall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do ſo contrary run,
That our devices ſtill are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
Think ſtill, thou wilt no ſecond husband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy firſt lord is dead.

Dutch. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repoſe lock from me, day and night!
To deſperation turn my truſt and hope!
[4] An Anchor's cheer in priſon be my ſcope!
Each oppoſite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it deſtroy!
Both here, and hence, purſue me laſting ſtrife!
If, once a widow, ever I be wife.

Ham. If ſhe ſhould break it now——

Duke. 'Tis deeply ſworn; Sweet, leave me here a while;
My ſpirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleep. [*Sleeps.*

Dutch. Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come miſchance between us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play?

4 *An Anchor's cheer in priſon be my ſcope!*] *i. e.* May I be as cloſely and ſtraitly confined as the moſt mortified recluſe.

Queen. The lady proteſts too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh, but ſhe'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument, is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jeſt, poiſon in jeſt, no offence i' th' world.

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham. The *Mouſe-Trap*; —— Marry, how? tropically. This Play is the image of a murther done in *Vienna*; *Gonzago* is the Duke's name, his wife's *Baptiſta*; you ſhall ſee anon, 'tis a knaviſh piece of Work; but what o' that? your Majeſty, and we that have free ſouls, it touches us not; let the gall'd jade winch, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to the Duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could ſee the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would coſt you a groaning to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better and worſe.

Ham. So you miſtake your husbands.

Begin, murtherer.—Leave thy damnable faces, and begin.

Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing:

Confederate ſeaſon, and no creature ſeeing:

Thou mixture rank, of mid-night weeds collected,

With *Hecate*'s ban thrice blaſted, thrice infected,

Thy natural magick, and dire property,

On wholſom life uſurp immediately.

[*Pours the poiſon into his ears.*

Ham.

Ham. He poiſons him i' th' garden for's eſtate; his name's *Gonzago*; the ſtory is extant, and writ in choice *Italian*. You ſhall ſee anon how the murtherer gets the love of *Gonzago*'s wife.

Oph. The King riſes.

Ham. What, frighted with falſe fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the Play.

King. Give me ſome light. Away!

All. Lights, lights, lights! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Manent Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. Why, let the ſtrucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play;
For ſome muſt watch, whilſt ſome muſt ſleep;
So runs the world away.
Would not this, Sir, and a foreſt of Feathers, (if the reſt of my fortunes turn *Turk* with me) with two provincial roſes on my rayed ſhoes, get me a fellowſhip in [5] a cry of Players, Sir?

Hor. Half a ſhare.

Ham. A whole one, I.

" For thou doſt know, oh *Damon* dear,
" This realm diſmantled was
" Of *Jove* himſelf, and now reigns here
" [6] A very, very,—Peacock.

Hor. You might have rhim'd.

Ham. Oh, good *Horatio*, I'll take the Ghoſt's word for a thouſand pounds. Didſt perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poiſoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

5 *a* cry *of Players,*] Alluſion to a pack of hounds.

6 *A very, very Peacock.*] This alludes to a fable of the birds chooſing a King, inſtead of the eagle a peacock. Mr. *Pope.*

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Ham. Oh, ha! come, ſome muſick: Come, the recorders.
For if the King like not the comedy;
Why, then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.
Come, ſome muſick.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchſafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole hiſtory.

Guil. The King, Sir——

Ham. Ay, Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous diſtemper'd——

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wiſdom ſhould ſhew itſelf more rich, to ſignify this to his Doctor: for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir; —— pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your mother, in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this Courteſy is not of the right Breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholſom anſwer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon, and my return ſhall be the end of my buſineſs.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholſom anſwer: my wit's diſeas'd. But, Sir, ſuch anſwer as I can make, you ſhall command; or, rather, as you ſay, my mother——therefore no more but to the matter——my mother, you ſay—

Roſ.

Roſ. Then thus ſhe ſays; your behaviour hath ſtruck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful ſon, that can ſo aſtoniſh a mother! But is there no ſequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

Roſ. She deſires to ſpeak with you in her cloſet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Roſ. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſ. Good my lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper? you do, ſurely, bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Roſ. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himſelf, for your ſucceſſion in *Denmark?*

Ham. Ay, but *while the graſs grows*—the Proverb is ſomething muſty.

Enter one, with a Recorder.

Oh, the Recorders; let me ſee one. To withdraw with you——why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. [7] Oh my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well underſtand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beſeech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

7 *Oh my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.*] *i. e.* if my duty to the *King* makes me preſs you a little, my love to *you* makes me ſtill more importunate. If that makes me *bold*, this makes me even *unmannerly*.

Ham. 'Tis as eaſy as lying; govern theſe ventiges with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſick. Look you, theſe are the ſtops.

Guil. But theſe cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. " Why, look you now, how unworthy a " thing you make of me; you would play upon " me, you would ſeem to know my ſtops; you " would pluck out the heart of my myſtery; you " would ſound me from my loweſt note, to the top " of my compaſs; and there is much muſick, ex- " cellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you " make it ſpeak. Why, do you think, that I am ea- " ſier to be plaid on than a pipe? call me what " inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you " cannot play upon me.——God bleſs you, Sir."

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, the Queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee yonder cloud, that's almoſt in ſhape of a *Camel?*

Pol. By the maſs, and it's like a *Camel*, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like an *Ouzle.*

Pol. It is black like an *Ouzle.*

Ham. Or, like a *Whale?*

Pol. Very like a *Whale.*

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by—they fool me to the top of my bent.—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will ſay ſo.

Ham. By and by is eaſily ſaid. Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt.*

" 'Tis now the very witching time of night,
" When Church-yards yawn, and hell itſelf breathes out

" Contagion

" Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot-
blood,
" [8] And do ſuch buſineſs as the better day
" Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mo-
ther——
" O heart, loſe not thy nature; let not ever
" The Soul of *Nero* enter this firm boſom;
" Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will ſpeak daggers to her, but uſe none.
My tongue and ſoul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words ſoever ſhe be ſhent,
[9] To give them ſeals never my ſoul conſent! [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter King, Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

King. I like him not, nor ſtands it ſafe with us
To let his madneſs range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your Commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to *England* ſhall along with you.
The terms of our eſtate may not endure
Hazard ſo near us, as doth hourly grow

8 *And do ſuch* BITTER *buſineſs as the day*
Would quake to look on.—] The expreſſion is almoſt burleſque. The old quarto reads,

And do ſuch buſineſs as the BITTER *day*
Would quake to look on.———

This is a little corrupt indeed, but much nearer *Shakeſpear*'s words, who wrote,

———————BETTER *day*,

which gives the ſentiment great force and dignity. At this very time, (ſays he) hell breathes out contagion to the world, whereby *night* becomes polluted and execrable; the horror therefore of this ſeaſon fits me for a deed, which the *pure* and *ſacred day* would quake to look on. This is ſaid with great claſſical propriety. According to ancient ſuperſtition, *night* was prophane and execrable; and *day*, pure and holy.

9 *To give them ſeals*——] *i. e.* put them in execution.

Out

Out of his Lunacies.

Guil. We will provide ourſelves;
Moſt holy and religious fear it is,
To keep thoſe many, many, Bodies ſafe,
That live and feed upon your Majeſty.

Roſ. The ſingle and peculiar life is bound,
With all the ſtrength and armour of the mind,
To keep itſelf from noyance; but much more,
That ſpirit, on whoſe weal depends and reſts
The lives of many. The ceaſe of Majeſty
Dies not alone, but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it. It's a maſſy wheel
Fixt on the ſummit of the higheſt mount,
To whoſe huge ſpokes ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, petty conſequence,
Attends the boiſt'rous ruin. Ne'er alone
Did the King ſigh; but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this ſpeedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haſte us. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's cloſet;
Behind the arras I'll convey my ſelf
To hear the proceſs, I'll warrant, ſhe'll tax him home.
And, as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meet, that ſome more audience than a mother
(Since nature makes them partial,) ſhould oe'r-hear
The ſpeech, of vantage. Fare wou well, my liege;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know. [*Exit.*

King. Thanks, dear my lord.
'Oh! my offence is rank, it ſmells to heav'n,
'It hath the primal, eldeſt, curſe upon't;
'A brother's murther.—Pray I cannot,

'Though

' [1] Though inclination be as ſharp as th' ill;
' My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent:
' And, like a man to double buſineſs bound,
' I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
' And both neglect. What if this curſed hand
' Were thicker than itſelf with brother's blood?
' Is there not rain enough in the ſweet heav'ns
' To waſh it white as ſnow? whereto ſerves Mercy,
' But to confront the viſage of offence?
' And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
' To be fore-ſtalled ere we come to fall,
' Or pardon'd being down? then I'll look up;
' My fault is paſt.—But oh, what form of prayer
' Can ſerve my turn? Forgive me my foul murther! —
' That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
' Of thoſe effects for which I did the murther,
' My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen.
' [2] May one be pardon'd, and retain th' effects?
' In the corrupted currents of this world,
' Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
' And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize itſelf
' Buys out the law; but 'tis not ſo above:

1 *Though inclination be as ſharp as* WILL;] This is rank nonſenſe. We ſhould read,

Tho' inclination be as ſharp as TH' ILL;

i. e. tho' my inclination makes me as reſtleſs and uneaſy as my crime does. The line immediately following ſhews this to be the true reading,

My ſtronger guilt *defeats my ſtrong* intent:

2 *May one be pardon'd, and retain th'* OFFENCE?] This is a ſtrange queſtion; and much the ſame as to ask whether his offence could be *remitted* while it was *retain'd*. *Shakeſpear* here repeated a word with propriety and elegance which he employed two lines above,

May one be pardon'd and retain th' EFFECTS?

i. e. of his murder, and this was a reaſonable queſtion. He uſes the word *offence*, properly, in the next line but one, and from thence, I ſuppoſe, came the blunder.

There,

‘ There, is no ſhuffling; there, the action lies
‘ In his true nature, and we ourſelves compell'd,
‘ Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
‘ To give in evidence. What then? what reſts?
Try, what repentance can: What can it not?
[3] Yet what can it, when one can but repent?
Oh wretched ſtate! oh boſom, black as death!
Oh limed ſoul, that, ſtruggling to be free,

3 *Yet what can it, when one* CANNOT *repent!*] This nonſenſe even exceeds the laſt. *Shakeſpear* wrote,

Yet what can it, when one CAN BUT *repent?*

i. e. what can repentance do without reſtitution? a natural and reaſonable thought; and which the tranſcribers might have ſeen was the reſult of his preceding reflexions.

——————*Forgive me my foul murther!*
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe effects, for which I did the murther,
My Crown, my own Ambition, and my Queen.
May one be pardon'd and retain th' effects?

Beſides, the poet could never have made his ſpeaker ſay, *he could not repent*, when this whole ſpeech is one thorough act of the diſcipline of contrition. And what was wanting was the matter of reſtitution: this, the ſpeaker could not reſolve upon; which makes him break out,

Oh limed ſoul, that ſtruggling to get free
Art more engaged!——————

For it is natural, while the reſtitution of what one highly values is projected, that the fondneſs for it ſhould ſtrike the imagination with double force. Becauſe the man, in that ſituation, figures to himſelf his condition when deprived of thoſe advantages, which having an unpleaſing view, he holds what he is poſſeſſed of more cloſely than ever. Hence, the laſt quoted exclamation receives all its force and beauty, which on any other interpretation is mean and ſenſeleſs. But the *Oxford Editor*, without troubling himſelf with any thing of this, reads,

Try what repentance can. What can it not?
Yet what can aught, *when one cannot repent.*

Which comes to the ſame nonſenſe of the common reading, only a little more round about. For when I am bid to try *one thing*, and I am told that *nothing* will do; is not that one thing included in the negative? But, if ſo, it comes at laſt to this, that, *even repentance will not do when one cannot repent.*

Art

Art more engaged! help, angels! make aſſay!
Bow, ſtubborn knees; and, heart, with ſtrings of ſteel,
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*The King retires and kneels.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Hamlet

Ham. " Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
" And now I'll do't—and ſo he goes to heav'n.——
" And ſo am I reveng'd? that would be ſcann'd;
" A villain kills my father, and for that
" [4] I, his fal'n ſon, do this ſame villain ſend
" To heav'n———O, this is hire and ſalary, not revenge.
" He took my father groſly, full of bread,
" With all his crimes broad blown, and fluſh as *May*;
" [5] And how his audit ſtands, who knows, ſave heaven?
" But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
" 'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
" To take him in the purging of his ſoul,
" When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage?
" Up, ſword, and know thou a more horrid bent;
" When he is drunk, aſleep, or in his rage,

4 *I, his* ſole *ſon, do this ſame villain ſend*] The folio reads *foule* ſon. This will lead us to the true reading. Which is, *fal'n ſon, i. e.* diſinherited. This was an aggravation of the injury; that he had not only murder'd the father, but ruin'd the ſon.

5 *And how his audit ſtands, who knows, ſave heaven?*
But in our circumſtance, and courſe of thought,
'Tis heavy with him.——] From theſe lines, and ſome others, it appears that *Shakeſpear* had drawn the firſt ſketch of this play without his Ghoſt; and, when he had added that machinery, he forgot to ſtrike out theſe lines: For the Ghoſt had told him, very circumſtantially, how his audit ſtood: and he was now ſatisfied with the reality of the viſion.

" Or

" Or in th' inceſtuous pleaſure of his bed;
" At gaming, ſwearing, or about ſome act
" That has no reliſh of ſalvation in't;
" Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heav'n;
" And that his ſoul may be as damn'd and black
" As hell, whereto it goes. My mother ſtays;
This phyſick but prolongs thy ſickly days. [*Exit.*

The King riſes, and comes forward.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE X.

Changes to the Queen's Apartment.

Enter Queen *and* Polonius.

Pol. HE will come ſtraight; look, you lay home to him;
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your Grace hath ſcreen'd, and ſtood between
Much heat and him. (*a*) I'll 'ſconce me e'en here;
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*within.*] Mother, Mother, Mother.——

Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Polonius *hides himſelf behind the Arras.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou haſt thy father much offended.

[(*a*) *I'll 'ſconce me even here.* Oxford Editor. —— Vulg. *I'll ſilence me e'en here*].

Queen.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.
Queen. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
Ham. Go, go, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.
Queen. Why, how now, *Hamlet?*
Ham. What's the matter now?
Queen. Have you forgot me?
Ham. No, by the rood, not ſo;
You are the Queen, your husband's brother's wife,
But, 'would you were not ſo! — You are my mother.
Queen. Nay, then I'll ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeak.
Ham. Come, come, and ſit you down; you ſhall not budge:
You go not, 'till I ſet you up a glaſs
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Help, ho.
Pol. What ho, help. [*Behind the Arras.*
Ham. How now, a rat? dead for a ducate, dead.
[Hamlet *kills* Polonius.
Pol. Oh, I am ſlain.
Queen. Oh me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the King?
Queen. Oh, what a raſh and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed; almoſt as bad, good mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a King?
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding fool, farewel,
[*To* Polonius.
I took thee for thy Betters; take thy fortune;
Thou find'ſt, to be too buſy, is ſome danger.
Leave wringing of your hands; peace, ſit you down,
And let me wring your heart, for ſo I ſhall,
If it be made of penetrable ſtuff:

If

If damned cuſtom have not braz'd it ſo,
That it is proof and bulwark againſt ſenſe.
Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and bluſh of modeſty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; [6] takes off the roſe
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And ſets a bliſter there; makes marriage-vows
As falſe as dicers' oaths. Oh, ſuch a deed,
As [7] from the body of Contraction plucks
The very ſoul, and ſweet Religion makes
A rhapſody of words. [8] Heav'n's face doth glow
O'er this ſolidity and compound maſs

6 ——*takes off the* roſe] Alluding to the cuſtom of wearing roſes on the ſide of the face. See a note on a paſſage in *King John*.

7 ——*from the body of* Contraction——] *Contraction*, for marriage-contract.

8 ——— *Heav'n's face doth glow;*
Yea this ſolidity and compound maſs,
With triſtful viſage, as againſt the doom
Is thought-ſick at the act.] If any ſenſe can be found here, it is this. The Sun glows [and does it not always] and the very ſolid maſs of earth has a triſtful viſage, and is thought-ſick. All this is ſad ſtuff. The old quarto reads much nearer to the poet's ſenſe,

Heav'ns face *does glow;* ———
O'ER *this ſolidity and compound maſs*
With heated viſage, as againſt the doom
Is thought-ſick at the act.

From whence it appears, that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

Heavn's face doth glow
O'ER *this ſolidity and compound maſs*
With triſtful viſage; AND, *as, 'gainſt the doom,*
Is thought-ſick at the act.

This makes a fine ſenſe, and to this effect, The ſun looks upon our globe, the ſcene of this murder, with an angry and mournful countenence, half hid in eclipſe, as at the day of doom.

With

With triftful viſage; and, as 'gainſt the doom,
Is thought-ſick at the act.

[9] *Queen.* Ay me! what act?

Ham. That roars ſo loud, it thunders to the Indies.——

Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers:
" See, what a grace was ſeated on this brow;
" *Hyperion*'s curles; [1] the front of *Jove* himſelf;
" An eye, like *Mars*, to threaten or command;
" A ſtation, like the herald *Mercury*
" New-lighted on a heaven-kiſſing hill;
" A combination, and a form indeed,
" Where every God did ſeem to ſet his ſeal,
" To give the world aſſurance of a man.
" This *was* your husband,—Look you now, what follows;
" Here *is* your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
" Blaſting his wholeſome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moore? ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it Love; for, at your age,

9 Queen. *Ay me! what act,*
That roars ſo loud, and thunders in the index?
This is a ſtrange anſwer. But the old quarto brings us nearer to the poet's ſenſe by dividing the lines thus;

Queen. *Ah me, what act?*
Ham. *That roars ſo loud, and thunders in the Index.*

Here we find the Queen's anſwer very natural. He had ſaid the Sun was *thought-ſick at the act.* She ſays,

Ah me! what act?

He replies, (as we ſhould read it)

That roars ſo loud, IT *thunders* TO *the* INDIES.

He had before ſaid Heav'n was ſhocked at it; he now tells her, it reſounded all the world over. This gives us a very good ſenſe where all ſenſe was wanting.

1 ——*the* front *of* Jove *himſelf*;] Alluding to the deſcription of *Phidias*'s *Jupiter* from *Homer.*

The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would ſtep from this to this? [2] Senſe, ſure, you have,
Elſe could you not have notion: but, ſure, that ſenſe
Is apoplex'd: for madneſs would not err;
Nor ſenſe to ecſtaſy was ne'er ſo thrall'd,
But it reſerv'd ſome quantity of choice
To ſerve in ſuch a diff'rence.—What devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without ſight,
Ears without hands or eyes, ſmelling *ſans* all,
Or but a ſickly part of one true ſenſe
Could not ſo mope.—
O ſhame! where is thy bluſh? [3] rebellious hell,
If thou canſt mutiny in a matron's bones;

To

2 ——————*Senſe, ſure, you have,*
Elſe could you not have MOTION: ———] But from what philoſophy our editors learnt this, I cannot tell. Since *motion* depends ſo little upon *ſenſe*, that the greateſt part of *motion* in the univerſe, is amongſt bodies devoid of *ſenſe*. We ſhould read,
Elſe could you not have NOTION, *i. e.* intellect, reaſon, *&c.* This alludes to the famous peripatetic principle of *Nil fit in* INTELLECTU, *quod non fuerit in* SENSU. And how fond our author was of applying, and alluding to, the principles of this philoſophy, we have given ſeveral inſtances. The principle in particular has been ſince taken for the foundation of one of the nobleſt works that theſe latter ages have produced. It is true the *Romans* uſed *motio* for *notio*, becauſe in thinking the *Platoniſts* ſuppoſed the mind moved and agitated. Hence τὸ νοεῖν, *cogitare*, & νόησις, *cogitatio*, i. e. *coagitare*, *coagitatio*. But in *Engliſh* this will not do.

3 ——————————*rebellious hell,*
If thou canſt mutiny in a matron's bones &c.] Alluding to what he had told her before that her enormous conduct ſhewed a kind of poſſeſſion,
———————*What* Devil *was't,*
That thus hath &c.———
And again afterwards,
For uſe can almoſt change the ſtamp of Nature,
And maſter ev'n the Devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency——— *But*

To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no ſhame,
When the compulſive ardour gives the charge;
Since froſt itſelf as actively doth burn,
And Reaſon panders Will.

Queen. O *Hamlet*, ſpeak no more.
Thou turn'ſt mine eyes into my very ſoul,
And there I ſee ſuch black and grained ſpots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank ſweat of an inceſtuous bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
Over the naſty ſty;—

Queen. Oh, ſpeak no more;
Theſe words like daggers enter in mine ears.
No more, ſweet *Hamlet.*

Ham. A murtherer, and a villain! —
A ſlave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord. A Vice of Kings; —
A cutpurſe of the Empire and the Rule,
[4] That from a ſhelf the precious Diadem ſtole
And put it in his pocket.

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. A King of ſhreds and patches—
" Save me! and hover o'er me with your wings,
[*Starting up.*

But the *Oxford Editor*, not apprehending the meaning, alters it to

——— ——— *rebellious* heat
If thou canſt &c.

And ſo makes nonſenſe of it. For muſt not rebellious luſt mutiny where-ever it is quartered? That it ſhould get there might ſeem ſtrange, but that it ſhould do its kind when it was there ſeems to be natural enough.

4 *That from a ſhelf* &c.] This is ſaid not unmeaningly, but to ſhew, that the uſurper came not to the crown by any glorious villany that carried danger with it, but by the low cowardly theft of a common pilferer.

" You heav'nly guards! — What would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad———

Ham. " Do you not come your tardy ſon to chide,
" That laps'd in time and paſſion, lets go by
" Th' important acting of your dread command?
" O ſay!"

Ghoſt. Do not forget: this viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But, look! amazement on thy mother ſits;
O ſtep between her and her fighting ſoul:
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt works.
Speak to her, *Hamlet.*

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold diſcourſe?
Forth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peep,
And, as the ſleeping ſoldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hairs, [5] like life in excrements,
Start up, and ſtand on end. O gentle ſon,
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

Ham. " On him! on him! — look you, how pale he glares!
" His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
" Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
" Leſt with this piteous action you convert
" My ſtern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you ſpeak this?

Ham. Do you ſee nothing there?

[*Pointing to the Ghoſt.*

5 ——*like life in* excrements.] The hairs are excrementitious, that is, without life or ſenſation: yet thoſe very hairs, as if they had life, ſtart up, *&c.* Mr. *Pope.*

Queen.

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father in his habit as he lived!
Look where he goes ev'n now, out at the portal.
[*Exit Ghost.*
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodiless creation Ecstasy
Is very cunning in.
Ham. What Ecstasy?
" My pulse, as yours, doth temp'rately keep time,
" And makes as healthful musick. 'Tis not madness
" That I have utter'd; bring me to the test,
" And I the matter will re-word; which madness
" Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heav'n;
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For, in the fatness of these pursy times,
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, courb, and wooe, for leave to do it good.
Queen Oh *Hamlet!* thou hast cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O, throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed:
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster custom, who all sense doth eat
Of (*a*) habits evil, is angel yet in this;
[(*a*)—*habits evil.* Dr. *Thirlby*———Vulg. *habit's Devil.*]

That to the uſe of actions fair and good
He likewiſe gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: Refrain to night;
And That ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſs
To the next abſtinence; the next, more eaſy;
For uſe can almoſt change the ſtamp of Nature,
And maſter ev'n the Devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
I'll Bleſſing beg of you.—For this ſame lord,
[*Pointing to* Polonius.
I do repent: but heav'n hath pleas'd it ſo,
To puniſh me with this, and this with me,
That I muſt be their ſcourge and miniſter.
I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gave him; ſo, again, good night!
I muſt be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worſe remains behind.
Queen. What ſhall I do?
Ham. Not this by no means, that I bid you do.
[6] Let the bloat King tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouſe;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kiſſes,
Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſs,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know.
For who that's but a Queen, fair, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do ſo?
No, in deſpight of ſenſe and ſecrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the houſe's top,
Let the birds fly, and like the famous ape,

6 *Let the fond King*——] The old quarto reads,
Let the bloat King—— *i. e.* bloated,
Which is better, as more expreſſive of the ſpeaker's contempt.

To

To try conclusions, in the basket creep;
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of Life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to *England*, you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis so concluded on.

Ham. [7] There's letters seal'd, and my two school-fellows,
(Whom I will trust, as I will adders fang'd;)
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
Ad marshal me to knavery: let it work.——
" For 'tis the sport, to have the engineer
" Hoist with his own petar: and 't shall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis most sweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet!
This man shall set me packing;——
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room;
Mother, good night.——Indeed, this Counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.
Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother.

[*Exit* Hamlet, *tugging in* Polonius.

7 *There's letters seal'd,* &c.] The ten following verses are added out of the old edition. Mr. *Pope.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Royal APARTMENT.

Enter King and Queen, with Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

KING.

THERE's matter in theſe ſighs; theſe profound heaves
You muſt tranſlate; 'tis fit, we underſtand them.
Where is your ſon?

Queen. Beſtow this place on us a little while.
[*To* Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern, *who go out.*
Ah, my good lord, what have I ſeen to night?

King. What, *Gertrude?* How does *Hamlet?*

Queen. Mad as the ſeas, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier; in his lawleſs fit,
Behind the arras hearing ſomething ſtir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, a rat!
And, in this brainiſh apprehenſion, kills
The unſeen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been ſo with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you yourſelf, to us, to every one.
Alas! how ſhall this bloody deed be anſwer'd?
It will be laid to us, whoſe providence
Should have kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man. But ſo much was our love,
We would not underſtand what was moſt fit;
But, like the owner of a foul diſeaſe,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Ev'n on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen.

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd
O'er whom his very madneſs, like ſome ore
Among a mineral of metals baſe,
Shews itſelf pure. He weeps for what is done.
King. O *Gertrude*, come away:
The ſun no ſooner ſhall the mountains touch,
But we will ſhip him hence; and this vile deed
We muſt, with all our Majeſty and Skill,
Both countenance and excuſe. Ho! *Guildenſtern!*

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Friends both, go join you with ſome further aid:
Hamlet in madneſs hath *Polonius* ſlain,
And from his mother's cloſet hath he drag'd him.
Go ſeek him out, ſpeak fair, and bring the body
Into the chappel. Pray you, haſte in this.
[*Ex.* Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.
Come, *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wiſeſt friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. [1 For, haply, Slander]
(Whoſe whiſper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Tranſports its poyſon'd ſhot;) may miſs our Name,
And hit the woundleſs air.——O, come away;
My ſoul is full of diſcord and diſmay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely ſtowed.——
Gentlemen within. Hamlet! lord *Hamlet!*
Ham. What noiſe? who calls on *Hamlet?*
Oh, here they come.

1 — *For, haply, Slander*] Conjectural words of Mr. *Theobald.*

Enter

Enter Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

Roſ. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

Ham. Compounded it with duſt, whereto 'tis kin.

Roſ. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence, And bear it to the chappel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Roſ. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counſel, and not mine own. Beſides, to be demanded of a ſpunge, what replication ſhould be made by the ſon of a King?

Roſ. Take you me for a ſpunge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir, that ſokes up the King's countenance, his rewards, his authorities; but ſuch officers do the King beſt ſervice in the end; he keeps them, like an apple, in the corner of his jaw; firſt mouth'd, to be laſt ſwallow'd: when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you, and, ſpunge, you ſhall be dry again.

Roſ. I underſtand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it; a knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh ear.

Roſ. My lord, you muſt tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing——

Guild. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him; [2] hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter King.

King. I've ſent to ſeek him, and to find the body; How dang'rous is it, that this man goes looſe!

2 *hide fox, and all after.*] A diverſion amongſt children.

Yet

Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong law on him;
He's lov'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes:
And where 'tis ſo, th' offender's ſcourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all ſmooth,
This ſudden ſending him away muſt ſeem
Deliberate pauſe: diſeaſes, deſp'rate grown,
By deſperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

Enter Roſincrantz.

How now? what hath befall'n?

Roſ. Where the dead body is beſtow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Roſ. Without, my lord, guarded to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before us.

Roſ. Ho, *Guildenſtern!* bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet, *and* Guildenſtern.

King. Now, *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius?*

Ham. At ſupper.

King. At ſupper? where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of politique worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elſe to fat us, and we fat our ſelves for maggots. Your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable ſervice, two diſhes but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. [3] A man may fiſh with the worm that hath eat of a King, eat of the fiſh that hath fed of that worm.

King. What doſt thou mean by this?

3 *A man may fiſh with the worm* &c.] Added from the old edition. Mr. *Pope.*

Ham.

Ham. Nothing, but to ſhew you how a King may go a progreſs through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius?*

Ham. In heav'n, ſend thither to ſee. If your meſſenger find him not there, ſeek him i' th' other place your ſelf. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you ſhall noſe him as you go up the ſtairs into the lobbey.

King. Go ſeek him there.

Ham. He will ſtay 'till ye come.

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine eſpecial ſafety,
(Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For That which thou haſt done) muſt ſend thee hence
With fiery quickneſs; therefore prepare thyſelf;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' aſſociates tend, and every thing is bent
For *England.*

Ham. For *England?*

King. Ay, *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a Cherub, that ſees them; but come, for *England!* farewel, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, *Hamlet.*

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one fleſh, and, ſo, my mother. Come, for *England.* [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with ſpeed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to night.
Away, for every thing is ſeal'd and done
That elſe leans on th' affair; pray you make haſte.
[*Exeunt* Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.
And, *England!* if my love thou hold'ſt at aught,
As my great power thereof may give thee ſenſe,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the *Daniſh* ſword, and thy free awe

Pays

Pays homage to us; thou may'ſt not coldly ſet
Our ſovereign proceſs, which imports at full,
By letters congruing to that effect,
The preſent death of *Hamlet*. Do it, *England:*
For like the hectick in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me; 'till I know 'tis done,
How-e'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

A Camp on the Frontiers of Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras *with an Army.*

For. GO, Captain, from me, greet the *Daniſh* King;
Tell him, that, by his licenſe, *Fortinbras*
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd March
Over his Realm. You know the rendezvous.
If that his Majeſty would aught with us,
We ſhall expreſs our duty in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

Capt. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go ſoftly on. [*Exit* Fortinbras, *with the Army.*

Enter Hamlet, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *&c.*

Ham. Good Sir, whoſe Powers are theſe?

Capt. They are of *Norway*, Sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, Sir, I pray you?

Capt. Againſt ſome part of *Poland*.

Ham. Who commands them, Sir?

Capt. The nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbras*.

Ham. Goes it againſt the main of *Poland*, Sir,
Or for ſome frontier.

Capt. Truly to ſpeak it, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats——five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to *Norway*, or the *Pole*,

A ranker rate, ſhould it be ſold in fee.
Ham. Why, then the *Polacke* never will defend it.
Capt. Yes, 'tis already garriſon'd.
Ham. Two thouſand ſouls, and twenty thouſand ducats,
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw;
This is th' impoſthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and ſhews no cauſe without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.
Capt. God b' w' ye, Sir.
Roſ. Will't pleaſe you go, my lord?
Ham. I'll be with you ſtrait, go a little before.
[*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

" How all occaſions do inform againſt me,
" And ſpur my dull-revenge? what is a man,
" If his chief good and market of his time
" Be but to ſleep and feed? a beaſt, no more.
" Sure, he that made us with ſuch [4] large diſcourſe,
" Looking before and after, gave us not
" That capability and god-like reaſon
" To ruſt in us unus'd. Now whether it be
" Beſtial oblivion, or ſome craven ſcruple
" Of thinking too preciſely on th' event,
" (A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wiſdom,
" And ever three parts coward:) " I do not know
" Why yet I live to ſay this thing's to do;
" Sith I have cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and means
" To do't. Examples, groſs as earth, exhort me;
" Witneſs this army of ſuch maſs and charge,
" Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
" Whoſe ſpirit, with divine ambition puft,

4 —*large* diſcourſe] *i. e.* the comprehenſive faculty of collecting one thing from another by abſtractions.

" Makes

" Makes mouths at the invisible event;
" Exposing what is mortal and unsure
" To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
" Ev'n for an egg-shell. 'Tis not to be great,
Never to stir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When Honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
(Excitements of my reason and my blood)
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men;
That for a fantasie and trick of fame
Go to their Graves like beds; fight for a Plot,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O, then, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to a Palace.

Enter Queen, Horatio, *and a Gentleman.*

Queen. I Will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed, distract; her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would she have?

Gent. She speaks much of her father; says, she hears,
There's tricks i' th' world; and hems and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing,
Yet the unshaped use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;

Which

Which as her winks, and nods, and geſtures yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought;
[5] Tho' nothing ſure, yet much unhappily.
Hor. 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with, for ſhe may ſtrow
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in. ———
Queen. To my ſick ſoul, as ſin's true nature is,
Each Toy ſeems prologue to ſome great Amiſs;
So full of artleſs jealouſy is guilt,
It ſpills itſelf, in fearing to be ſpilt.

Enter Ophelia, *diſtracted.*

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majeſty of *Denmark?*
Queen. How now, *Ophelia?*

Oph. *How ſhould I your true Love know from another one?*
[6] *By his cockle hat and ſtaff, and his ſandal ſhoon.*
[Singing.

Queen. Alas, ſweet lady; what imports this Song?
Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He's dead and gone, lady, he's dead and gone;
At his head a graſs-green turf, at his heels a ſtone.

5 *Tho' nothing ſure, yet much unhappily.*] *i. e.* tho' her meaning cannot be certainly collected, yet there is enough to put a miſchievous interpretation to it.

6 *By his cockle hat and ſtaff, and his ſandal ſhoon.*] This is the deſcription of a pilgrim. While this kind of devotion was in faſhion, love-intrigues were carried on under that mask. Hence the old ballads and novels made pilgrimages the ſubjects of their plots. The cockle-ſhell hat was one of the eſſential badges of this vocation: for the chief places of devotion being beyond ſea, or on the coaſts, the pilgrims were accuſtomed to put cockle-ſhells upon their hats to denote the intention or performance of their devotion.

Enter

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but *Ophelia* ——

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White the ſhrowd as the mountain ſnow.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. *Larded all with ſweet flowers:*
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true love ſhowers.

King. How do ye, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God yield you! They ſay, [7] the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, ſay you this:

To morrow is St. Valentine's *day, all in the morn betime,*
And I a maid at your window, to be your Valentine.
Then up he roſe, and don'd his cloaths, [8] *and do'pt the chamber door;*
Let in the maid, that out a maid never departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia!*

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By Gis, and by S. Charity,
Alack, and fie for ſhame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't,
By cock, they are to blame.

7 *the owl was a baker's daughter.*] This was a metamorphoſis of the common people, ariſing from the mealy appearance of the owl's feathers, and her guarding the bread from mice.

8 *and dupt the chamber door;*] We ſhould read DO'PT, *i.e. did open*; as *don'd*, immediately before, is *do on*.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:
So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long has she been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We must be patient; but I cannot chuse but weep, to think, they should lay him i'th' cold ground; my brother shall know of it, and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach; good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her close, give her good watch, I pray you; [*Exit* Horatio.

This is the poison of deep grief; it springs
All from her father's death. O *Gertrude, Gertrude!*
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions. First, her father slain;
Next your Son gone, and he most violent author
Of his own just Remove; the people muddied,
Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts and whispers,
For good *Polonius'* death; (We've done but greenly,
In private to interr him;) poor *Ophelia,*
Divided from herself, and her fair judgment;
(Without the which we're pictures, or mere beasts:)
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from *France:*
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himself in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With pestilent speeches of his father's death;
Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,
Will nothing stick our persons to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear *Gertrude,* this,
[9] Like to a murthering piece, in many places

9 *Like to a* murthering piece] Such a piece as assassins use, with many barrels. It is necessary to apprehend this, to see the justness of the similitude.

Gives

Gives me ſuperfluous death! [*A noiſe within.*

Queen. Alack! what Noiſe is this?

SCENE VI.

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. Where are my *Switzers?* let them guard the door.
What is the matter?

Meſ. Save yourſelf, my lord.
The ocean, over-peering of his liſt,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haſte,
Than young *Laertes*, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your officers; the rabble call him lord;
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, cuſtom not known,
[1] The ratifiers and props of every ward;
The cry, "Chuſe we *Laertes* for our King."
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the Clouds;
"*Laertes* ſhall be King, *Laertes* King!"

Queen. How chearfully on the falſe trail they cry!
Oh, this is counter, you falſe *Daniſh* dogs.
[*Noiſe within.*

Enter Laertes, *with a Party at the Door.*

King. The doors are broke.

1 *The ratifiers and props of every* word;] The whole tenour of the context is ſufficient to ſhew that this is a miſtaken reading. What can antiquity and cuſtom, being the props of *words*, have to do with the buſineſs in hand? Or what idea is convey'd by it? Certainly the poet wrote;

The ratifiers and props of ev'ry ward;

The meſſenger is complaining that the riotous head had overborne the King's officers, and then ſubjoins, that antiquity and cuſtom were forgot, which were the ratifiers and props of every *ward*, i. e. of every one of thoſe *ſecurities* that nature and law place about the perſon of a King. All this is rational and conſequential.

Laer. Where is this King? Sirs! ſtand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

All. We will, we will. [*Exeunt.*

Laer. I thank you, keep the door.
O thou vile King, give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes.*

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me baſtard;
Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaſte and unſmirch'd brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cauſe, *Laertes,*
That thy Rebellion looks ſo giant-like?
Let him go, *Gertrude*; do not fear our perſon:
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a King,
That treaſon can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of its will. Tell me, *Laertes,*
Why are you thus incens'd? Let him go, *Gertrude.*
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackeſt devil!
Conſcience and grace, to the profoundeſt pit!
I dare damnation; to this point I ſtand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come, what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.

King. Who ſhall ſtay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world;
And for my means, I'll husband them ſo well,
They ſhall go far with little.

King.

King. Good *Laertes*,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father, is't writ in your revenge,
(That sweep-stake) you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?
Laer. None but his enemies.
King. Will you know them then?
Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And like the kind life-rendring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.
King. Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensible in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce,
As day does to your eye. [*A noise within.* "Let her come in.]
Laer. How now, what noise is that?

SCENE VII.

Enter Ophelia, *fantastically dress'd with straws and flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heav'n, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
'Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of *May!*
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet *Ophelia!*
O heav'ns, is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fal'n in love; and where 'tis fal'n,

It

2 *Nature is* FINE *in love; and where 'tis* FINE,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.] This is unquestionably corrupt. I suppose *Shakespear* wrote,
Nature is fal'n *in love, and where 'tis* fal'n.

It ſends ſome precious inſtance of itſelf
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,*
And on his Grave remains many a tear;
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Had'ſt thou thy wits, and didſt perſwade Revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You muſt ſing, down a-down, and you call him a-down-a. [3] O how the weal becomes it! it is the falſe ſteward that ſtole his maſter's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's roſemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember; and there's pancies, that's for thoughts.

The cauſe of *Ophelia*'s madneſs was grief, occaſioned by the violence of her natural affection for her murder'd father; her brother, therefore, with great force of expreſſion, ſays,

Nature is fal'n in love, ——

To diſtinguiſh the paſſion of *natural affection* from the paſſion of love between the two ſexes, *i. e. Nature*, or *natural affection is fal'n in love*. And as a perſon in love is accuſtomed to ſend the moſt precious of his jewels to the perſon beloved (for the *love-tokens* which young wenches in love ſend to their ſweethearts, is here alluded to) ſo when *Nature* (ſays *Laertes*) *falls in love*, ſhe likewiſe ſends her love-token to the object beloved. But her moſt precious jewel is *Reaſon*; ſhe therefore ſends that: And this he gives as the cauſe of *Ophelia*'s madneſs, which he is here endeavouring to account for. This quaint ſentiment of *Nature's falling in love*, is exactly in *Shakeſpear*'s manner, and is a thought he appears fond of. So in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Affliction* is repreſented as *in love*;

Affliction is enamour'd *of thy parts,*
And thou art wedded *to calamity.*

Nay Death, a very unlikely ſubject one would think, is put into a love fit;

—— —— *I will believe*
That unſubſtantial death is amorous, &c.

[3] *O how the* WHEEL *becomes it!*] We ſhould read WEAL. She is now rambling on the ballad of the ſteward and his lord's daughter. And in theſe words ſpeaks of the ſtate he aſſumed.

Laer.

Laer. A document in madneſs, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines; [4] there's rue for you, and here's ſome for me. We may call it herb of grace o' *Sundays:* you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daiſie; I would give you ſome violets, but they withered all when my father dy'd: they ſay, he made a good end;

For bonny ſweet Robin *is all my joy.*

Laer. Thought, and affliction, paſſion, hell itſelf,
She turns to favour, and to prettineſs.

Oph. *And will he not come again?*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead, go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as ſnow,
All flaxen was his pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away mone,
Gramercy on his ſoul!
And of all chriſtian ſouls! God b' w' ye.

[*Exit* Ophelia.

4 *there's* rue *for you, and here's ſome for me. We may call it* herb of grace o' Sundays:] *Herb of grace* is the name the country people give to *Rue*. And the reaſon is, becauſe that herb was a principal ingredient in the potion which the *Romiſh* prieſts uſed to force the poſſeſſed to ſwallow down when they exorciſed them. Now theſe exorciſms being performed generally on a *Sunday*, in the church before the whole congregation, is the reaſon why ſhe ſays, we call it *herb of grace o'* Sundays. *Sandys* tells us that at *Grand-Cairo* there is a ſpecies of rue much in requeſt, with which the inhabitants perfume themſelves, not only as a preſervative againſt infection, but as very powerful againſt evil ſpirits. And the cabaliſtic *Gaffarel* pretends to have diſcovered the reaſon of its virtue, *La ſemence de Ruë eſt faicte comme une Croix, & c'eſt paraventure la cauſe qu' elle a tant de vertu contre les poſſedez, & que l' Egliſe s' en ſert en les exorciſant.* It was on the ſame principle that the *Greeks* called *ſulphur*, Θεῖον, becauſe of its uſe in their ſuperſtitious purgations by fire. Which too the *Romiſh* prieſts employ to fumigate in their exorciſms; and on that account hallow or conſecrate it.

Laer. Do you ſee this, you Gods!
King. *Laertes*, I muſt commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right: go but a-part,
Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdom give,
Our Crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in ſatisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we ſhall jointly labour with your ſoul,
To give it due content.
Laer. Let this be ſo.
His means of death, his obſcure funeral,
No trophy, ſword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal oſtentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heav'n to earth,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.
King. So you ſhall:
[5] And where th' offence is, let the great tax fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Horatio, *with an attendant.*

Hor. What are they, that would ſpeak with me?
Ser. Sailors, Sir; they ſay, they have letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in.
I do not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from lord *Hamlet.*

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bleſs you, Sir.
Hor. Let him bleſs thee too.

5 *And where th' offence is, let the great* AX *fall.*] We ſhould read,
——— ——— *let the great* TAX *fall.*
i. e. penalty, puniſhment.

Sail.

Sail. He ſhall, Sir, an't pleaſe him.—There's a letter for you, Sir: It comes from th' ambaſſador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Horatio reads the letter.

HORATIO, *when thou ſhalt have overlook'd this, give theſe fellows ſome means to the King: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at ſea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chace. Finding our ſelves too ſlow of ſail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the inſtant they got clear of our ſhip, ſo I alone became their priſoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did: I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have ſent, and repair thou to me with as much haſte as thou wouldeſt fly death. I have words to ſpeak in thy ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the matter. Theſe good fellows will bring thee where I am.* Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern *hold their courſe for* England. *Of them I have much to tell thee, farewel.*

He that thou knoweſt thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will make you way for theſe your letters;
And do't the ſpeedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeal,
And you muſt put me in your heart for friend;
Sith

Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father ſlain,
Purſued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not againſt theſe feats,
So crimeful and ſo capital in nature,
As by your ſafety, wiſdom, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd up?

King. Two ſpecial reaſons,
Which may to you, perhaps, ſeem much unſinew'd,
And yet to me are ſtrong. The Queen, his mother,
Lives almoſt by his looks; and for my ſelf,
(My virtue or my plague, be't either which,)
She's ſo conjunctive to my life and ſoul,
That, as the ſtar moves not but in his ſphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the ſpring that turneth wood to ſtone,
Convert his gyves to graces. So that my arrows,
Too ſlightly timbred for ſo loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And ſo have I a noble father loſt,
A ſiſter driven into deſperate terms,
Whoſe worth, if praiſes may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections——But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your ſleeps for that; you muſt not think,
That we are made of ſtuff ſo flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be ſhook with danger,
And think it paſtime. You ſhall ſoon hear more.
I lov'd your father, and we love our ſelf,
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine——
How now? what news?

Enter

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Letters, my lord, from *Hamlet.*
Theſe to your Majeſty: this to the Queen.
King. From *Hamlet?* who brought them?
Meſ. Sailors, my lord, they ſay; I ſaw them not:
They were given me by *Claudio*, he receiv'd them.
King. Laertes, you ſhall hear them: leave us, all—
[*Exit Meſ.*

HIGH and Mighty, you ſhall know, I am ſet naked on your Kingdom. To morrow ſhall I beg leave to ſee your kingly eyes. When I ſhall, (firſt asking your pardon thereunto,) recount th' occaſion of my ſudden return.

Hamlet.

What ſhould this mean? are all the reſt come back?
Or is it ſome abuſe——and no ſuch thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
King. 'Tis *Hamlet*'s character;
Naked, and (in a poſtſcript here, he ſays)
Alone: can you adviſe me?
Laer. I'm loſt in it, my lord: but let him come;
It warms the very ſickneſs in my heart,
That I ſhall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddeſt thou.
King. If it be ſo, *Laertes*,
As how ſhould it be ſo?—how, otherwiſe?—
Will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. I, ſo you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine own peace: if he be now return'd,
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it; I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he ſhall not chuſe but fall:
And for his death no wind of Blame ſhall breathe;
But

But ev'n his mother ſhall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. I will be rul'd,
The rather, if you could deviſe it ſo,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right:
You have been talkt of ſince your travel much,
And that in *Hamlet*'s Hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they ſay, you ſhine; your ſum of parts
Did not together pluck ſuch envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthieſt ſiege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very feather in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no leſs becomes
The light and careleſs livery that it wears,
Than ſettled age his ſables, and his weeds
[6] Importing wealth and graveneſs.——Two months ſince,
Here was a gentleman of *Normandy*;
I've ſeen my ſelf, and ſerv'd againſt the *French*,
And they can well on horſe-back; but this Gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his ſeat;
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his horſe,
As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beaſt; ſo far he top'd my thought,
That I in forgery of ſhapes and tricks
Come ſhort of what he did.

Laer. A *Norman*, was't?

King. A *Norman.*

Laer. Upon my life, *Lamond.*

King. The ſame.

6 *Importing* HEALTH *and graveneſs.*——] But a warm furr'd gown rather implies ſickneſs than *health*. *Shakeſpear* wrote,

Importing WEALTH *and graveneſs.*——

i. e. that the wearers are rich burghers and magiſtrates.

Laer.

Laer. I know him well; he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.
King. He made confeſſion of you,
And gave you ſuch a maſterly report,
For art and exerciſe in your defence;
And for your rapier moſt eſpecial,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a Sight indeed,
If one could match you. The Scrimers of their nation,
He ſwore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd 'em—Sir, this Report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wiſh and beg
Your ſudden coming o'er to play with him.
Now out of this——
Laer. What out of this, my lord?
King. *Laertes*, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?
Laer. Why ask you this?
King. Not that I think, you did not love your father,
But that I know, love is begun by time;
And that I ſee in paſſages of proof,
Time qualifies the ſpark and fire of it:
" There lives within the very flame of love
" A kind of wick, or ſnuff, that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodneſs ſtill;
[7] For goodneſs growing to a pleuriſie,
Dies in his own too much; what we would do,
We ſhould do when we would; for this *would* changes,

7 *For goodneſs, growing to a* pleuriſie,] I would believe, for the honour of *Shakeſpear*, that he wrote *plethory*. But I obſerve the dramatic writers of that time frequently call a fulneſs of blood a *pleuriſie*, as if it came, not from πλευρὰ, but from *plus, pluris*.

And

And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
[8] And then this *ſhould* is like a ſpend-thrift's ſign
That hurts by eaſing; but to th' quick o' th' ulcer—
Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To ſhew yourſelf your father's Son indeed
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i' th' church.

King. No place indeed, ſhould murther ſanctuariſe;
Revenge ſhould have no bounds; but, good *Laertes*,
Will you do this? keep cloſe within your chamber;
Hamlet, return'd, ſhall know you are come home:
We'll put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the fame
The *Frenchmen* gave you; bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads. He being remiſs,
Moſt generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruſe the foils; ſo that with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chuſe
[9] A ſword unbated, and in a paſs of practice
Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't;
And for the purpoſe I'll anoint my ſword:
I bought an unction of a Mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Cataplaſm ſo rare,

8 *And then this* ſhould *is like a ſpend thrift's* SIGH
That hurts by eaſing;——] This nonſenſe ſhould be read thus,
And then this ſhould *is like a ſpend thrift's* SIGN
That hurts by eaſing.———

i. e. tho' a ſpendthrift's entering into bonds or mortgages gives him a preſent relief from his ſtraits, yet it ends in much greater diſtreſſes. The application is, If you neglect a fair opportunity now, when it may be done with eaſe and ſafety, time may throw ſo many difficulties in your way, that, in order to ſurmount them, you muſt put your whole fortune into hazard.

9 *A ſword* unbated,——] *i. e.* not blunted as foils are. Or as one edition has it *embaited* or envenomed. Mr. *Pope.*

Collected

Collected from all Simples that have virtue
Under the Moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

King. Let's farther think of this;
Weigh, what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft——let me see——
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings;
I ha't——when in your motion you are hot,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end)
And that he calls for Drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd tuck,
Our purpose may hold there.

SCENE X.

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet Queen?

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd, *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! oh where?

Queen. " There is a willow grows aslant a Brook,
" That shews his hoar leaves in the glassie stream:
" There with fantastick garlands did she come,
" Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
" (That liberal shepherds give a grosser name to;
" But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call
them;)
" There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
" Clambring to hang, an envious sliver broke;
" When down her weedy trophies and herself

" Fell

" Fell in the weeping brook; her cloaths ſpread wide,
" And mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
" [1] Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes,
" As one incapable of her own diſtreſs;
" Or like a creature native, and indued
" Unto that element: but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, ſhe is drown'd!

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water haſt thou, poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; Nature her cuſtom holds,
Let Shame ſay what it will; when theſe are gone,
The woman will be out: adieu, my lord!
I have a ſpeech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

King. Follow, *Gertrude:*
How much had I to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it ſtart again;
Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

1 *Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes,*] *Fletcher*, in his *Scornful Lady*, very invidiouſly ridicules this incident.

I will run mad firſt, and if that get not pity,
I'll drown my ſelf to a moſt diſmal ditty.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

A CHURCH.

Enter two Clowns, with ſpades and mattocks.

1 CLOWN.

IS ſhe to be buried in chriſtian burial, that wilfully ſeeks her own ſalvation?

2 *Clown.* I tell thee, ſhe is, therefore make her Grave ſtraight; the crowner hath ſate on her, and finds it chriſtian burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unleſs ſhe drowned herſelf in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why, 'tis found ſo.

1 *Clown.* "It muſt be *ſe offendendo*, it cannot be "elſe. For here lyes the point; if I drown my ſelf "wittingly, it argues an act; and [1] an act hath three "branches; It is to act, to do, and to perform; *ar-*"*gal*, ſhe drown'd herſelf wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman *Delver*.

1 *Clown.* "Give me leave; here lies the water, "good: here ſtands the man, good: if the man go "to this water, and drown himſelf, it is, will he, "nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the wa-"ter come to him, and drown him, he drowns not "himſelf. *Argal*, he, that is not guilty of his own "death, ſhortens not his own life."

2 *Clown.* But is this law?

1 *Clown.* Ay, marry is't, crowner's queſt-law.

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould have been buried out of chriſtian burial.

1 *an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform:*] Ridicule on ſcholaſtic diviſions without diſtinction; and of diſtinctions without difference.

1 *Clown.* Why, there thou ſay'ſt. And the more pity, that great folk ſhould have countenance in this world to drown or hang themſelves, more than [2] their even chriſtian. Come, my ſpade; there is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up *Adam*'s profeſſion.

2 *Clown.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown.* He was the firſt, that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown.* Why he had none.

1 *Clown.* What, art a heathen? how doſt thou underſtand the Scripture? the Scripture ſays, *Adam* digg'd; could he dig without arms? I'll put another queſtion to thee; if thou anſwereſt me to the purpoſe, confeſs thyſelf—

2 *Clown.* Go to.

1 *Clown.* What is he that builds ſtronger than either the maſon, the ſhip-wright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thouſand tenants.

1 *Clown.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to thoſe that do ill: now thou doſt ill, to ſay the gallows is built ſtronger than the church; *argal*, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 *Clown.* Who builds ſtronger than a maſon, a ſhip-wright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clown.* [3] Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown.* To't.

2 *Clown.* Maſs, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio, *at a diſtance.*

1 *Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull aſs will not mend his pace with beating;

2 *their even chriſtian.*] So all the old books, and rightly. An old *Engliſh* expreſſion for fellow chriſtians. *Dr. Thirlby.*

3 *Ay, tell me that, and* unyoke.] *i. e.* when you have done that, I'll trouble you no more with theſe riddles. The phraſe taken from husbandry.

and,

and, when you are ask'd this queſtion next, ſay a grave-maker. The houſes, he makes, laſt 'till doomsday: go, get thee to *Youghan*, and fetch me a ſtoup of liquor. [*Exit* 2 *Clown.*

He digs, and ſings.

In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought, it was very ſweet;
To contract, oh, the time for, a, my behove,
Oh, methought, there was nothing ſo meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his buſineſs, that he ſings at Grave-making?

Hor. Cuſtom hath made it to him a property of eaſineſs.

Ham. 'Tis e'en ſo; the hand of little employment hath the daintier ſenſe.

Clown ſings.

But age, with his ſtealing ſteps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch:
And hath ſhipp'd me into his land,
As if I had never been ſuch.

Ham. That ſcull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once; how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if it were *Cain*'s jaw-bone, that did the firſt murther! this might be the pate of [4] a politician, [5] which this aſs o'er-

4 *A politician—— one that could circumvent God,*] This character is finely touched. Our great hiſtorian has well explained it in an example, where ſpeaking of the death of Cardinal *Mazarine*, at the time of the Reſtoration, he ſays, *The Cardinal was probably ſtruck with the wonder, if not the agony of that undream'd of proſperity of our King's affairs; as if he had taken it ill, and laid it to heart that God Almighty would bring ſuch a work to paſs in* Europe *without his concurrence, and even againſt all his machinations. Hiſt. of the Rebellion*, Book 16.

5 *which this aſs* o'er-offices;] The meaning is this. People in office, at that time, were ſo overbearing, that *Shakeſpear*, ſpeaking

o'er-offices; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could ſay, "good-"morrow, ſweet lord; how doſt thou, good lord?" this might be my lord ſuch a one, that prais'd my lord ſuch a one's horſe, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en ſo: and now my lady *Worm*'s chapleſs, and knockt about the mazzard with a ſexton's ſpade. Here's a fine revolution, if we had the trick to ſee't. Did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ake to think on't.

Clown ſings.

A pick-axe and a ſpade, a ſpade
For,——and a ſhrouding ſheet!
O, a pity of clay for to be made
For ſuch a gueſt is meet.

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the ſcull of a lawyer? where be his quiddits now? his quillets? his caſes? his tenures, and his tricks? why does he ſuffer this rude knave now to knock him about the ſconce with a dirty ſhovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? hum! this fellow might

of inſolence at the height, calls it *Inſolence in office*. And *Donne* ſays,

Who is he
Who officers' rage and ſuitors' miſery
Can write in jeſt——— Sat.

Alluding to this character of miniſters and politicians, the ſpeaker obſerves, that this inſolent officer is now *o'er-officer'd* by the Sexton, who, knocking his ſcull about with his ſpade, appears to be as inſolent in his office as they were in theirs. This is ſaid with much humour.

be

be in's time a great buyer of land, with his ſtatutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly lye in this box; and muſt the inheritor himſelf have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of ſheep-skins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calve-skins too.

Ham. They are ſheep and calves that ſeek out aſſurance in that. I will ſpeak to this fellow: Whoſe Grave's this, Sirrah?

Clown. Mine, Sir———

O, a pit of clay for to be made
For ſuch a Gueſt is meet.

Ham. I think, it be thine, indeed, for thou lieſt in't.

Clown. You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lie in't, to be in't, and ſay 'tis thine: 'tis for the dead, and not for the quick, therefore thou ly'ſt.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man doſt thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, Sir.

Ham What woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be bury'd in't?

Clown. One, that was a woman, Sir; but reſt her ſoul, ſhe's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knave is? we muſt ſpeak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord,

Horatio, theſe three years I have taken note of it, the age is grown ſo picked, that the toe of the peaſant comes ſo near the heel of our courtier, he galls his kibe. How long haſt thou been a grave-maker?

Clown. Of all the days i'th' year, I came to't that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* o'ercame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that was mad, and ſent into *England*.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he ſent into *England?*

Clown. Why, becauſe he was mad; he ſhall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown. 'Twill not be ſeen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very ſtrangely, they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clown. Faith, e'en with loſing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here, in *Denmark*. I have been ſexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th' earth ere he rot?

Clown. I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky coarſes now-a-days, that will ſcarce hold the laying in) he will laſt you ſome eight year, or nine year; a tanner will laſt you nine years.

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Clown. Why, Sir, his hide is ſo tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a ſore decayer of your whorſon dead body. Here's a ſcull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clown. A whorſon mad fellow's it was; whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flaggon of Rheniſh on my head once. This ſame ſcull, Sir, was *Yorick*'s ſcull, the King's jeſter.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor *Yorick!* I knew him, *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jeſt; of moſt excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thouſand times: and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips, that I have kiſs'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now; your gambols? your ſongs? your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table in a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour ſhe muſt come; make her laugh at that——— Pr'ythee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Doſt thou think, *Alexander* look'd o' this faſhion i'th' earth?

Hor. E'en ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo, puh? [*Smelling to the Scull.*

Hor. E'en ſo, my lord.

Ham. To what baſe uſes we may return, *Horatio!* why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander*, 'till he find it ſtopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to conſider too curiouſly, to conſider ſo.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot: But to follow him thither with modeſty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to duſt; the duſt is earth; of

earth we make lome; and why of that lome, whereto he was converted, might they not ſtop a beer-barrel?
Imperial *Cæſar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keep the wind away:
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall t'expel the winter's flaw!
But ſoft! but ſoft a while——here comes the King,

SCENE II.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, *and a coffin, with Lords, and Prieſts, attendants.*

The Queen, the Courtiers. What is that they follow,
And with ſuch maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The coarſe, they follow, did with deſperate hand
Foredo its own life; 'twas of ſome eſtate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a moſt noble youth: mark—

Laer. What ceremony elſe?

Prieſt. Her obſequies have been ſo far enlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtful;
And but that great Command o'er-ſways the order,
She ſhould in ground unſanctified have lodg'd
'Till the laſt Trump. For charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, ſhould be thrown on her;
Yet here ſhe is [6] allow'd her virgin chants,
Her maiden-ſtrewments, and the bringing home
[7] Of bell and burial.

Laer. Muſt no more be done?

6 —— *allow'd her virgin* RITES,] The old Quarto reads *virgin* CRANTS, evidently corrupted from CHANTS, which is the true word. A *ſpecific* rather than a *generic* term being here required, to anſwer to *maiden-ſtrewments*.

7 *Of bell and* burial.] *Burial*, here, ſignifies interment in conſecrated ground.

Prieſt.

Prieſt. No more be done!
We ſhould profane the ſervice of the dead,
To ſing a *Requiem*, and ſuch Reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſouls.
Laer. Lay her i'th' earth;
" And from her fair and unpolluted fleſh
" May violets ſpring! I tell thee, churliſh prieſt,
" A miniſtring angel ſhall my ſiſter be,
" When thou lieſt howling.
Ham. What, the fair *Ophelia!*
Queen. Sweets to the ſweet, farewel!
I hop'd, thou ſhould'ſt have been my *Hamlet*'s wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, ſweet maid,
And not have ſtrew'd thy Grave.
Laer. O treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deed thy moſt ingenious ſenſe
Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth a while,
'Till I have caught her once more in my arms;
[Laertes *leaps into the Grave.*
Now pile your duſt upon the quick and dead,
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
T' o'er-top old *Pelion*, or the skyiſh head
Of blue *Olympus*.
Ham. [*diſcovering himſelf.*] What is he, whoſe griefs
Bear ſuch an emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Conjures the wandring ſtars, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
[Hamlet *leaps into the Grave.*
Hamlet the *Dane.*
Laer. The Devil take thy ſoul! [*Grappling with him.*
Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat——
For though I am not ſplenitive and raſh;
Yet have I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſdom fear. Hold off thy hand.
King. Pluck them aſunder——

Queen.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet———

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The attendants part them.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh my ſon! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my ſum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, *Laertes.*

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. Come, ſhew me what thou'lt do. [ſelf?
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't faſt? woo't tear thy-
Woo't drink up [8] eiſel, eat a crocodile?
I'll do't——Do'ſt thou come hither but to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her Grave?
Be buried quick with her; and ſo will I;
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, 'till our ground,
Singeing his pate [9] againſt the burning Sun,
Make *Oſſa* like a wart! nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is meer madneſs;
And thus a while the Fit will work on him:
" Anon, as patient as the female dove,
" [1] E'er that her golden couplets are diſclos'd
" His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, Sir——
What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter——
Let *Hercules* himſelf do what he may,

8 *Eiſel,*] *Vinegar*; Spelt right by Mr. *Theobald.*

9 ——*againſt the burning* ZONE,] This reading is abſurd in all ſenſes. We ſhould read, SUN.

1 WHEN *that her* golden couplets——] We ſhould read, E'ER *that*——for it is the patience of birds, during the time of incubation, that is here ſpoken of. The Pigeon generally ſits upon two eggs; and her young, when firſt diſcloſed, are covered with a yellow down.

The

The cat will mew, the dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

King. I pray you, good *Horatio*, wait upon him.
[*Exit* Hor.

Strengthen your patience in our laſt night's ſpeech.
[*To* Laertes.

We'll put the matter to the preſent puſh.
Good *Gertrude*, ſet ſome watch over your ſon:
This Grave ſhall have a living Monument.
An hour of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
'Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to a HALL, *in the Palace.*

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. SO much for this, now ſhall you ſee the other.
You do remember all the circumſtance?

Hor. Remember it, my lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me ſleep; methought, I lay
Worſe than the mutines in the Bilboes; [2] Raſhneſs
(And prais'd be raſhneſs for it) lets us know;
Or indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; "and that ſhould teach us,
" There's a Divinity that ſhapes our ends,
" Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is moſt certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,

2 ——— *Raſhneſs*
(And prais'd be raſhneſs for it) lets us know;
Our *indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,*
When &c.] The ſenſe in this reading is, *Our raſhneſs lets us know that our indiſcretion ſerves us well, when* &c. But this could never be *Shakeſpear*'s ſenſe. We ſhould read and point thus,
——— *Raſhneſs,*
(And prais'd be raſhneſs for it) lets us know;
OR *indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,*
When &c.] *i. e.* Raſhneſs acquaints us with what we cannot penetrate to by plots.

My

My ſea-gown ſcarft about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them; had my deſire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making ſo bold
(My fears forgetting manners) to unſeal
Their grand Commiſſion, where I found, *Horatio*,
A royal knavery; an exact Command,
Larded with many ſeveral ſorts of reaſons,
Importing *Denmark*'s health, and *England*'s too,
With, ho! ſuch buggs and goblins in my life;
That on the ſupervize, [3] no leiſure bated,
No, not to ſtay the grinding of the ax,
My head ſhould be ſtruck off.

Hor. Is't poſſible?

Ham. Here's the commiſſion, read it at more leiſure;
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. I beſeech you.

Ham. [4] Being thus benetted round with Villains,
(Ere I could mark the prologue to my Bane
They had begun the Play:) I ſate me down,
Devis'd a new commiſſion, wrote it fair:
(I once did hold it, as our Statiſts do,

3 ——*no leiſure* bated,] *Bated*, for allowed. To *abate* ſignifies to deduct; this deduction, when applied to the perſon in whoſe favour it is made, is called an *allowance*. Hence he takes the liberty of uſing *bated* for allowed.

4 *Being thus benetted round with Villains,*
(Ere I could MAKE *a prologue to my* BRAINS,
They had begun the Play:——] The ſecond line is nonſenſe. The whole ſhould be read thus,

Being thus benetted round with villains,
Ere I could MARK THE *Prologue to my* BANE,
They had begun the Play.

i. e. They begun to *act*, to my deſtruction, before I knew there was a *Play* towards. *Ere I could mark the Prologue.* For it appears by what he ſays of his *foreboding*, that it was that only, and not any apparent mark of villany, which ſet him upon *fingering their packet*. *Ere I could make the Prologue*, is abſurd: Both, as he had no thoughts of playing them a trick till they had played him one; and becauſe his *counterplot* could not be called a *prologue* to their *Plot*.

A baſeneſs to write fair; and labour'd much
How to forget that Learning; but, Sir, now
It did me yeoman's ſervice;) wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earneſt conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithful tributary,
As love between them, like the palm, might flouriſh,
[5] As Peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear,
And ſtand a Commere 'tween their amities;
And many ſuch like *As's* of great charge;
That on the view and knowing theſe contents,
Without debatement further, more or leſs,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſudden death,
Not ſhriving time allow'd.

Hor. How was this ſeal'd?

Ham. Why, ev'n in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's Signet in my purſe,
Which was the model of that *Daniſh* ſeal:
I folded the Writ up in form of th' other.

5 *As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear,*
And ſtand a COMMA *'tween their amities;*] Peace is here properly and finely perſonalized as the Goddeſs of good league and friendſhip; and very claſſically dreſs'd out. *Ovid* ſays,

Pax Cererem nutrit, Pacis alumna Ceres.

And *Tibullus*,

At nobis, Pax alma! veni, ſpicamque teneto.

But the placing her as a *Comma*, or ſtop, between the *amities* of two Kingdoms, makes her rather ſtand like a cypher. The poet without doubt wrote,

And ſtand a COMMERE *'tween our amities.*

The term is taken from a traficker in love, who brings people together, a procureſs. And this Idea is well appropriated to the ſatyrical turn which the ſpeaker gives to this wicked adjuration of the King, who would lay the foundation of the peace of the two kingdoms in the blood of the heir of one of them. *Periers* in his Novels, uſes the word *Commere* to ſignify a ſhe-friend. *A tous ſes gens, chacun une* Commere. And *Ben Johnſon*, in his *Devil's an Aſs*, engliſhes the word by a *middling Goſſip*.

Or what do you ſay to a middling Goſſip
To bring you together.

Subſcrib'd

Subſcrib'd it, gave th' impreſſion, plac'd it ſafely,
The changling never known; now, the next day
Was our ſea-fight, and what to this was ſequent
Thou know'ſt already.

Hor. So, *Guildenſtern* and *Roſincrantz* go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment.———

They are not near my conſcience; their defeat
[6] Doth by their own inſinuation grow:
" 'Tis dangerous when the baſer nature comes
" Between the paſs, and fell incenſed points,
" Of mighty oppoſites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this?

Ham. Does it not, think'ſt thou, ſtand me now upon?

He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Popt in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with ſuch cozenage; is't not perfect conſcience,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It muſt be ſhortly known to him from *England*,
What is the iſſue of the buſineſs there.

Ham. It will be ſhort.
The *Interim*'s mine; and a man's life's no more
Than to ſay, one.
But I am very ſorry, good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot myſelf;
For by the image of my cauſe I ſee
The portraiture of his; I'll court his favour;
But, ſure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a tow'ring paſſion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

6 *Doth by their own* inſinuation *grow:*] *Inſinuation*, for corruptly obtruding themſelves into his ſervice.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Your lordſhip is right welcome back to *Denmark.*

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir. Doſt know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much land, and fertile; let a beaſt be lord of beaſts, and his crib ſhall ſtand at the King's meſſe; 'tis a chough; but, as I ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.

Oſr. Sweet lord, if your lordſhip were at leiſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Majeſty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of ſpirit: your bonnet to his right uſe,——'tis for the head.

Oſr. I thank your lordſhip, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Oſr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very ſultry, and hot, [7] or my complexion——

Oſr. Exceedingly, my lord, it is very ſultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how:——My lord, his Majeſty bid me ſignify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter——

Ham. I beſeech you, remember——

Oſr. Nay, in good faith, for mine eaſe, in good faith:—Sir, here is newly come to Court *Laertes*; believe me, an abſolute Gentleman, full of moſt excellent Differences, of very ſoft ſociety, and great ſhew:

7 FOR *my complexion.*] This is not *Engliſh.* The old Quarto reads, OR *my complexion*——And this is right. He was going to ſay, *Or* my complexion deceives me; but the over-complaiſance of the other interrupted him.

indeed,

indeed, to ſpeak feelingly of him, he is the card or kalendar of gentry; for you ſhall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would ſee.

Ham. [8] Sir, his definement ſuffers no perdition in you, tho' I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetick of memory; [9] and yet but ſlow neither in reſpect of his quick ſail: But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a Soul of great article; and his infuſion of ſuch dearth and rareneſs, as, to make true diction of him, his Semblable is his mirrour; and, who elſe would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Oſr. Your Lordſhip ſpeaks moſt infallibly of him.

Ham. The Concernancy, Sir? —Why do we wrap the Gentleman in our more rawer breath?

[*To* Horatio.

Oſr. Sir,——

Hor. Is't not poſſible to underſtand in another tongue? you will do't, Sir, rarely.

Hor. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Oſr. Of *Laertes?*

Hor. His purſe is empty already: all's golden words are ſpent.

Ham. Of him, Sir.

Oſr. I know you are not ignorant,—

Ham. I would, you did, Sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.——Well, Sir.

[8] *Sir, his definement* &c.] This is deſigned as a ſpecimen, and ridicule of the court-jargon, amongſt the *precieux* of that time. The ſenſe in *Engliſh* is, *Sir, he ſuffers nothing in your account of him, though to enumerate his good qualities particularly would be endleſs; yet when we had done our beſt it would ſtill come ſhort of him. However, in ſtrictneſs of truth, he is a great genius, and of a character ſo rarely to be met with, that to find any thing like him we muſt look into his mirrour, and his imitators will appear no more than his ſhadows.*

9 *and yet but* RAW *neither*] We ſhould read SLOW.

Oſr.

Oſr. You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confeſs that, leſt I ſhould compare with him in excellence: but to know a man well, were to know himſelf.

Oſr. I mean, Sir, for his weapon: but in the Imputation laid on him by them in his Meed, he's unfellow'd.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Oſr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Oſr. The King, Sir, has wag'd with him ſix *Barbary* horſes, againſt the which he has impon'd, as I take it, ſix *French* rapiers and poniards, with their aſſigns, as girdle, hangers, and ſo: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. [1] I knew, you muſt be edified by the Margent, e'er you had done. [*Aſide.*

Oſr. The carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our ſides; I would, it might be hangers 'till then. But, on; ſix *Barbary* horſes againſt ſix *French* ſwords, their aſſigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the *French* bet againſt the *Daniſh*; why is this impon'd, as you call it?

1 *I knew, you muſt be edified by the* Margent, *e'er you had done.*] *Horatius* ſeem'd to wonder that *Hamlet* ſhould be ſo well verſed in this Court-jargon: But he now finds him at a loſs about the meaning of the word *carriages*, and ſays, pleaſantly, *I knew you muſt be edified by the Margent e'er you had done.* i. e. I knew you would have need of a *comment*, at laſt, to underſtand the *text*. In the old books the gloſs or comment was uſually printed in the margent of the leaf.

Ofr. The King, Sir, hath laid, that in a Dozen Paſſes between you and him, he ſhall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate tryal, if your lordſhip would vouchſafe the anſwer.

Ham. How if I anſwer, no?

Ofr. I mean, my lord, the oppoſition of your perſon in tryal.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the Hall; If it pleaſe his Majeſty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe, I will win for him if I can; if not, I'll gain nothing but my ſhame, and the odd hits.

Ofr. Shall I deliver you ſo?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flouriſh your nature will.

Ofr. I commend my duty to your lordſhip. [*Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours; he does well to commend it himſelf, there are no tongues elſe for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. [2] He did compliment with his dug before he ſuck'd it: thus has he (and many more of the ſame breed, that, I know, the droſſy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, [3] a kind of yeſty collection, which carries them through and

2 *He* did ſo, Sir, *with his dug* &c.] What, run away with it? The Folio reads, *He did* COMPLY *with his dug.* So that the true reading appears to be, *He did* COMPLIMENT *with his dug.* i. e, ſtand upon ceremony with it, to ſhew he was *born* a courtier. This is extremely humourous.

3 *a kind of yeſty collection, which carries them through and through the moſt* FOND *and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their tryals, the bubbles are out.*] The metaphor is ſtrangely mangled by the intruſion of the word FOND, which undoubtedly ſhould be read FANN'D; the alluſion being to corn ſeparated by the Fan from chaff and duſt. But the Editors ſeeing, from the character

and through the moſt fann'd and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their tryals, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his Majeſty commended him to you by young *Oſrick*, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the Hall; he ſends to know if your pleaſure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they follow the King's pleaſure; if his fitneſs ſpeaks, mine is ready, now, or whenſoever, provided I be ſo able as now.

Lord. The King and Queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen deſires you to uſe ſome gentle entertainment to *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well inſtructs me. [*Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will loſe this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think ſo; ſince he went into *France*, I have been in continual practice; I ſhall win at the odds. But thou wouldſt not think how ill all's here about my heart—but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, my good lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is ſuch a kind of gain-giving as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

character of this *yeſty collection*, that the *opinions*, through which they were ſo currently *carried*, were falſe opinions; and *fann'd and winnow'd opinions*, in the moſt obvious ſenſe ſignifying *tried and purified* opinions, they thought *fanned* muſt needs be wrong, and therefore made it *fond*, which word ſignified in our author's time, fooliſh, weak or childiſh. They did not conſider that *fanned and winnowed opinions* had alſo a different ſignification: For it may mean the opinions of great men and courtiers, men ſeparated by their quality from the vulgar, as corn is ſeparated from the chaff. This *yeſty collection*, ſays *Hamlet*; inſinuates it ſelf into people of the higheſt Quality, as yeſt into the fineſt flower. The courtiers admire him, but when he comes to the trial &c.

Hor. If your mind diſlike any thing, obey it. I will foreſtal their repair hither, and ſay you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a ſpecial providence in the fall of a ſparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now, yet it will come; the readineſs is all. [4] Since no man, of ought he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

SCENE V.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes *and lords,* Oſrick, *with other attendants with foils, and gantlets. A table, and flaggons of wine on it.*

King. Come, *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir; I've done you wrong;
But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This preſence knows, and you muſt needs have heard,
How I am puniſh'd with a ſore diſtraction.
What I have done,
That might your Nature, Honour, and Exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madneſs:

4 *Since no man* HAS OUGHT OF WHAT *he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?*] This the Editors called reaſoning. I ſhould have thought the premiſes concluded juſt otherwiſe: For ſince death ſtrips a man of every thing, it is but fit he ſhould ſhun and avoid the deſpoiler. The old Quarto reads, *Since no man, of ought he leaves,* KNOWS, *what is't to leave betimes. Let be.* This is the true reading. Here the premiſes conclude right, and the argument drawn out at length is to this effect. *It is true, that, by death, we loſe all the goods of life; yet ſeeing this loſs is no otherwiſe an evil than as we are ſenſible of it; and ſince death removes all ſenſe of it, what matters it how ſoon we loſe them: Therefore come what will I am prepared.* But the ill pointing in the old book hindered the Editors from ſeeing *Shakeſpear*'s ſenſe, and encouraged them to venture at one of their own, though, as uſual, they are come very lamely off.

Was't

Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes?* never, *Hamlet.*
If *Hamlet* from himſelf be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himſelf, does wrong *Laertes,*
Then *Hamlet* does it not; *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? his madneſs. If 't be ſo,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madneſs is poor *Hamlet*'s enemy.
Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd Evil,
Free me ſo far in your moſt generous thoughts,
That I have ſhot mine arrow o'er the houſe,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am ſatisfied in nature,
Whoſe motive, in this caſe, ſhould ſtir me moſt
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I ſtand aloof, and will no reconcilement;
'Till by ſome elder maſters of known honour
I have a voice, and preſident of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But 'till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, *Laertes*; in mine Ignorance
Your skill ſhall like a ſtar i'th' darkeſt night
Stick fiery off, indeed.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young *Oſrick.*
Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Well, my lord;
Your Grace hath laid the odds o'th' weaker ſide.

King. I do not fear it, I have ſeen you both:
But ſince he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me ſee another.

Ham. This likes me well; theſe foils have all a length. [*Prepares to play.*

Oſr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the ſtoops of wine upon that table:
If *Hamlet* gives the firſt, or ſecond, Hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The King ſhall drink to *Hamlet*'s better breath:
And in the cup an Union ſhall he throw,
Richer than that which four ſucceſſive Kings
In *Denmark*'s Crown have worn. Give me the cups:
And let the kettle to the trumpets ſpeak,
The trumpets to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heav'ns, the heav'ns to earth:
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*.—Come, begin,
And you the Judges bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*

Ham. One———

Laer. No———

Ham. Judgment.

Oſr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well—— again——

King. Stay, give me Drink. *Hamlet*, this Pearl is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.
[*Trumpets ſound, Shot goes off.*

Ham. I'll play this bout firſt, ſet it by a while.
[*They play.*
Come—— another hit—— what ſay you?

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confeſs.

King. Our ſon ſhall win.

Queen. He's fat, and ſcant of breath.
Here, *Hamlet*, take my napkin, rub thy brows;
The Queen carouſes to thy fortune, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good Madam,———

King. *Gertrude*, do not drink.

Queen.

Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.
King. It is the poiſon'd cup, it is too late. [*Aſide.*
Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam, by and by.
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. I'll hit him now.
King. I do not think't.
Laer. And yet it is almoſt againſt my conſcience.
[*Aſide.*
Ham. Come, for the third, *Laertes*, you but dally;
I pray you, paſs with your beſt violence;
I am afraid you make a Wanton of me.
Laer. Say you ſo? come on. [*Play.*
Oſr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
[Laertes *wounds* Hamlet; *then, in ſcuffling, they change rapiers, and* Hamlet *wounds* Laertes.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay, come again——
Oſr. Look to the Queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both ſides. How is't, my lord?
Oſr. How is't, *Laertes?*
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own ſpringe, *Oſrick*;
I'm juſtly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the Queen?
King. She ſwoons to ſee them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink——
Oh my dear *Hamlet*, the drink, the drink,——
I am poiſon'd—— [*Queen dies.*
Ham. Oh villany! ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! ſeek it out——
Laer. It is here, *Hamlet*, thou art ſlain,
No medicine in the world can do thee good:
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treach'rous inſtrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itſelf on me. Lo, here I lye,

Never to riſe again ; thy mother's poiſon'd ;
I can no more——the King, the King's to blame.
Ham. The point envenom'd too ?
Then venom do thy work. [*Stabs the King.*
All. Treaſon, treaſon.
King. O yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.
Ham. Here, thou inceſtuous, murth'rous, damned *Dane*,
Drink off this potion : is the Union here ?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*
Laer. He is juſtly ſerved.
It is a poiſon temper'd by himſelf.
Exchange forgiveneſs with me, noble *Hamlet* ;
Mine and my father's death come not on thee,
Nor thine on me ! [*Dies.*
Ham. Heav'n make thee free of it ! I follow thee.
I'm dead, *Horatio* ; wretched Queen, adieu !
You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell Serjeant death
Is ſtrict in his arreſt) oh, I could tell you——
But let it be—*Horatio*, I am dead ;
Thou liv'ſt, report me and my cauſe aright
To the unſatisfied.
Hor. Never believe it.
I'm more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane* ;
Here's yet ſome liquor left.
Ham. As th' art a man,
Give me the cup ; let go ; by heav'n, I'll hav't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
Things ſtanding thus unknown, ſhall live behind me ?
If thou didſt ever hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my tale. [*March afar off, and ſhout within.*
What warlike noiſe is this?

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Young *Fortinbras*, with Conqueſt come from *Poland*,
To the Ambaſſadors of *England* gives
This warlike volley.
Ham. O, I die, *Horatio:*
The potent poiſon quite o'er-grows my ſpirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from *England.*
But I do propheſie, th' election lights
On *Fortinbras*; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents more or leſs,
[5] Which have ſollicited.—The reſt is ſilence. [*Dies.*
Hor. Now cracks a noble heart; good night, ſweet Prince;
[6] And flights of angels wing thee to thy Reſt!
Why does the Drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras, *and* Engliſh *Ambaſſadors, with drum, colours, and attendants.*

Fort. Where is this ſight?
Hor. What is it you would ſee?
If aught of woe or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
Fort. This quarry cries—on havock. Oh proud death!
What feaſt is tow'rd in thy infernal cell,
That thou ſo many Princes at a ſhot
So bloodily haſt ſtruck?

5 *Which have* ſollicited.——] *Sollicited,* for brought on the event.

6 *And flights of angels* SING *thee to thy Reſt!*] What language is this of *flights ſinging.* We ſhould certainly read,
And flights of angels WING *thee to thy Reſt.*
i. e. carry thee to Heaven.

Amb.

Amb. The ſight is diſmal,
And our affairs from *England* come too late:
The ears are ſenſeleſs, that ſhould give us hearing;
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That *Roſincrantz* and *Guildenſtern* are dead:
Where ſhould we have our thanks?

Hor. [7] Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave commandment for their death.
But ſince ſo jump upon this bloody queſtion,
You from the *Polack* Wars, and you from *England*,
Are here arriv'd; give Order, that theſe bodies
High on a Stage be placed to the view,
And let me ſpeak to th' yet unknowing world,
How theſe things came about. So ſhall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, caſual ſlaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cauſe;
And, in this upſhot, purpoſes miſtook,
Fall'n on th' inventors' heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haſte to hear it,
And call the Nobleſs to the audience.
For me, with ſorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have ſome rights of memory in this Kingdom,
Which, now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I ſhall have alſo cauſe to ſpeak,
And from his mouth whoſe voice will draw on more:
But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, leſt more miſchance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear *Hamlet*, like a ſoldier, to the Stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd moſt royally. And for his paſſage,

7 *Not from* his *mouth*,] That is, the King's.

The

The Soldiers' muſick, and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him——
Take up the body : ſuch a ſight as this
Becomes the field, but here ſhews much amiſs.
Go, bid the ſoldiers ſhoot.

[*Exeunt, marching : after which a peal of Ordnance is ſhot off.*

ACT II. SCENE VII. PAGE 175.

The rugged Pyrrhus, *he* &c.] The two greateſt Poets of this and the laſt age, Mr. *Dryden*, in the preface to *Troilus and Creſſida*, and Mr. *Pope*, in his note on this place, have concurred in thinking that *Shakeſpear* produced this long paſſage with deſign to ridicule and expoſe the bombaſt of the play from whence it was taken ; and that *Hamlet*'s commendation of it is purely ironical. This is become the general opinion. I think juſt otherwiſe ; and that it was given with commendation to upbraid the falſe taſte of the audience of that time, which would not ſuffer them to do juſtice to the ſimplicity and ſublime of this production. And I reaſon, Firſt, From the Character *Hamlet* gives of the Play, from whence the paſſage is taken. Secondly, From the paſſage itſelf. And Thirdly, From the effect it had on the audience.

Let us conſider the character *Hamlet* gives of it, *The Play, I remember, pleas'd not the million, 'twas* Caviar *to the general; but it was (as I received it, and others, whoſe judgment in ſuch matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent Play well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet down with as much modeſty as cunning. I remember, one ſaid, there was no ſalt in the lines to make the matter ſavoury ; nor no matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection ; but called it an honeſt method.* They who ſuppoſe the paſſage given to be ridiculed, muſt needs ſuppoſe this character to be purely ironical. But if ſo, it is the ſtrangeſt irony that ever was written. *It pleaſed not the multitude.* This we muſt conclude to be true, however ironical the reſt be. Now the reaſon given of the deſigned ridicule is the ſuppoſed bombaſt. But thoſe were the very plays, which at that time we know took with the multitude. And *Fletcher* wrote a kind

kind of *Rehearſal* purpoſely to expoſe them. But ſay it is bombaſt, and that, therefore, it took not with the multitude. *Hamlet* preſently tells us what it was that diſpleaſed them. *There was no ſalt in the lines to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection; but called it an honeſt method.* Now whether a perſon ſpeaks ironically or no, when he quotes others, yet common ſenſe requires he ſhould quote what they ſay. Now it could not be, if this play diſpleaſed becauſe of the bombaſt, that thoſe whom it diſpleaſed ſhould give this reaſon for their diſlike. The ſame inconſiſtencies and abſurdities abound in every other part of *Hamlet*'s ſpeech ſuppoſing it to be ironical: but take him as ſpeaking his ſentiments, the whole is of a piece; and to this purpoſe, The Play, I remember, pleaſed not the multitude, and the reaſon was its being wrote on the rules of the ancient Drama; to which they were entire ſtrangers. But, in my opinion, and in the opinion of thoſe for whoſe judgment I have the higheſt eſteem, it was an excellent Play, *well digeſted in the ſcenes, i. e.* where the three unities were well preſerved. *Set down with as much modeſty as cunning*, i. e. where not only the art of compoſition, but the ſimplicity of nature, was carefully attended to. The characters were a faithful picture of life and manners, in which nothing was overcharged into Farce. But theſe qualities, which gained my eſteem, loſt the public's. For *I remember one ſaid, There was no ſalt in the lines to make the matter ſavoury, i. e.* there was not, according to the mode of that time, a fool or clown to joke, quibble, and talk freely. *Nor no matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection*, i. e. nor none of thoſe paſſionate, pathetic love ſcenes, ſo eſſential to modern Tragedy, *But he called it an honeſt method. i. e.* he owned, however *taſteleſs* this method of writing, on the ancient plan, was to our times, yet it was chaſte and pure; the diſtinguiſhing character of the *Greek* Drama. I need only make one obſervation on all this; that, thus interpreted, it is the juſteſt picture of a good tragedy, wrote on the ancient rules. And that I have rightly interpreted it appears farther from what we find added in the old Quarto, *An honeſt method, as wholeſome as ſweet, and by very much more* HANDSOME *than* FINE, *i. e.* it had a natural beauty, but none of the fucus of falſe art.

2. A ſecond proof that this ſpeech was given to be admired, is from the intrinſic merit of the ſpeech itſelf: which contains the deſcription of a circumſtance very happily imagined, namely

namely *Ilium* and *Priam*'s falling together with the effect it had on the deſtroyer.

——*The helliſh* Pyrrhus *&c.*
To, *Repugnant to command.*
Th' unnerved father falls &c.
To, ——*So after* Pyrrhus' *pauſe.*

Now this circumſtance, illuſtrated with the fine ſimilitude of the ſtorm, is ſo highly worked up as to have well deſerved a place in *Virgil*'s ſecond Book of the *Æneid*, even tho' the work had been carried on to that perfection which the *Roman* Poet had conceived.

3. The third proof is, from the effects which followed on the recital. *Hamlet*, his beſt character, approves it; the Player is deeply affected in repeating it; and only the fooliſh *Polonius* tired with it. We have ſaid enough before of *Hamlet*'s ſentiments. As for the player, he changes colour, and the tears ſtart from his eyes. But our author was too good a judge of nature to make bombaſt and unnatural ſentiment produce ſuch an effect. Nature and *Horace* both inſtructed him,

Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt
Primùm ipſi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent,
Telephe, vel Peleu. MALE SI MANDATA LOQUERIS,
Aut dormitabo aut ridebo.

And it may be worth obſerving, that *Horace* gives this precept particularly to ſhew, that bombaſt and unnatural ſentitiments are incapable of moving the tender paſſions, which he is directing the poet how to raiſe. For, in the lines juſt before, he gives this rule,

Telephus & Peleus, cùm pauper & exul uterque,
Projicit Ampullas, & ſeſquipedalia verba.

Not that I would deny, that very bad lines in very bad tragedies have had this effect. But then it always proceeds from one or other of theſe cauſes.

1. Either when the ſubject is domeſtic, and the ſcene lies at home: The ſpectators, in this caſe, become intereſted in the fortunes of the diſtreſſed; and their thoughts are ſo much taken up with the ſubject, that they are not at liberty to attend to the poet; who, otherwiſe, by his faulty ſentiments and diction, would have ſtifled the emotions ſpringing up from a ſenſe of the diſtreſs. But this is nothing to the caſe in hand. For, as *Hamlet* ſays,

What's Hecuba *to him, or he to* Hecuba?

2. When

2. When bad lines raiſe this affection, they are bad in the other extreme; low, abject, and groveling, inſtead of being highly figurative and ſwelling; yet when attended with a natural ſimplicity, they have force enough to ſtrike illiterate and ſimple minds. The Tragedies of *Banks* will juſtify both theſe obſervations.

But if any one will ſtill ſay, that *Shakeſpear* intended to repreſent a player unnaturally and fantaſtically affected, we muſt appeal to *Hamlet*, that is, to *Shakeſpear* himſelf, in this matter; who on the reflection he makes upon the Player's emotion, in order to excite his own revenge, gives not the leaſt hint that the player was unnaturally or injudiciouſly moved. On the contrary, his fine deſcription of the Actor's emotion ſhews, he thought juſt otherwiſe.

——— this Player here
But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
That from her working all his viſage wan'd:
Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
A broken voice &c.

And indeed had *Hamlet* eſteemed this emotion any thing unnatural, it had been a very improper circumſtance to ſpur him to his purpoſe.

As *Shakeſpear* has here ſhewn the effects which a fine deſcription of Nature, heightened with all the ornaments of art, had upon an intelligent Player, whoſe buſineſs habituates him to enter intimately and deeply into the characters of men and manners, and to give nature its free workings on all occaſions; ſo he has artfully ſhewn what effects the very ſame ſcene would have upon a quite different man, *Polonius*; *by nature*, very weak and very artificial [two qualities, though commonly enough joined in life, yet generally ſo much diſguiſed as not to be ſeen by common eyes to be together; and which an ordinary Poet durſt not have brought ſo near one another] *by diſcipline*, practiſed in a ſpecies of wit and eloquence which was ſtiff, forced, and pedantic; and *by trade* a Politician, and therefore, of conſequence, without any of the affecting notices of humanity. Such is the man whom *Shakeſpear* has judiciouſly choſen to repreſent the falſe taſte of that audience which had condemned the play here reciting. When the actor comes to the fineſt and moſt pathetic part of the ſpeech, *Polonius* cries out, *this is too long*; on which *Hamlet*, in contempt of his ill judgment, replies, *It ſhall to the barber's with thy*

thy beard. [intimating that, by this judgment, it appeared that all his wiſdom lay in his length of beard,] *Pry'thee, ſay on. He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry.* [the common entertainment of that time, as well as this, of the people] *or he ſleeps, ſay on.* And yet this man of modern taſte, who ſtood all this time perfectly unmoved with the forcible imagery of the relator, no ſooner hears, amongſt many good things, one quaint and fantaſtical word, put in, I ſuppoſe, purpoſely for this end, than he profeſſes his approbation of the propriety and dignity of it. *That's good. Mobled Queen is good.* On the whole then, I think, it plainly appears, that the long quotation is not given to be ridiculed and laughed at, but to be admired. The character given of the Play, by *Hamlet*, cannot be ironical. The paſſage it ſelf is extremely beautiful. It has the effect that all pathetic relations, naturally written, ſhould have; and it is condemned, or regarded with indifference, by one of a wrong, unnatural taſte. From hence (to obſerve it by the way) the Actors, in their repreſentation of this play, may learn how this ſpeech ought to be ſpoken, and what appearance *Hamlet* ought to aſſume during the recital.

That which ſupports the common opinion, concerning this paſſage, is the turgid expreſſion in ſome parts of it; which, they think, could never be given by the poet to be commended. We ſhall therefore, in the next place, examine the lines moſt obnoxious to cenſure, and ſee how much, allowing the charge, this will make for the induction of their concluſion.

Pyrrhus *at* Priam *drives, in rage ſtrikes wide,*
But with the whif and wind of his fell ſword
Th' unnerved Father falls.

And again,

Out, out, thou ſtrumpet Fortune! All you Gods,
In general Synod, take away her power:
Break all the ſpokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave, down the hill of Heaven,
As low as to the Fiends.

Now whether theſe be bombaſt or not, is not the queſtion; but whether *Shakeſpear* eſteemed them ſo. That he did not ſo eſteem them appears fom his having uſed the very ſame thoughts in the ſame expreſſion, in his beſt plays, and given them to his principal characters, where he aims at the ſublime. As in the following paſſages.

Troilus,

Troilus, in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*, far outſtrains the execution of *Pyrrhus*'s ſword, in the character he gives of *Hector*'s,

When many times the cative *Grecians* fall
Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair ſword,
You bid them riſe and live.

Cleopatra, in *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, rails at Fortune in the ſame manner.

No, let me ſpeak, and let me rail ſo high,
That the falſe huſwife Fortune break her wheel,
Provok'd at my offence.

But another uſe may be made of theſe quotations; a diſcovery of the Author of this recited Play: which, letting us into a circumſtance of our Author's life (as a writer) hitherto unknown, was the reaſon I have been ſo large upon this Queſtion. I think then it appears, from what has been ſaid, that the Play in diſpute was *Shakeſpear*'s own: and that this was the occaſion of writing it. He was deſirous, as ſoon as he had found his ſtrength, of reſtoring the chaſtneſs and regularity of the ancient Stage; and therefore compoſed this Tragedy on the model of the *Greek* Drama, as may be ſeen by throwing ſo much *action* into *relation*. But his attempt proved fruitleſs; and the raw, unnatural taſte, then prevalent, forced him back again into his old *Gothic* manner. For which he took this revenge upon his Audience.

OTHELLO,

THE

MOOR of *VENICE.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE of Venice.
Brabantio, *a noble* Venetian.
Gratiano, *Brother to* Brabantio.
Lodovico, *Kinſman to* Brabantio *and* Gratiano.
Othello, *the Moor, General for the* Venetians *in* Cyprus.
Caſſio, *his Lieutenant-General.*
Iago, *Standard-bearer to* Othello.
Rodorigo, *a fooliſh Gentleman, in love with* Deſdemona.
Montano, *the Moor's Predeceſſor in the Government of* Cyprus.
Clown, Servant to the Moor.
Herald.

Deſdemona, *Daughter to* Brabantio, *and Wife to* Othello.
Æmilia, *Wife to* Iago.
Bianca, *Curtezan, Miſtreſs to* Caſſio.

Officers, Gentlemen, Meſſengers, Muſicians, Sailors, and Attendants.

SCENE, *for the Firſt Act, in* Venice; *during the reſt of the Play, in* Cyprus.

OTHEL-

[1]*OTHELLO,*

The Moor of VENICE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Street in VENICE.

Enter Rodorigo *and* Iago.

RODORIGO.

TUSH, never tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, *Iago*, who haſt had my purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine, ſhouldſt know of this——

Iago. But you'll not hear me.
If ever I did dream of ſuch a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'ſt me, thou didſt hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Deſpiſe me,
If I do not. Three Great ones of the city,
In perſonal ſuit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-cap'd to him: and, by the faith of man,

[1] *Othello, the Moor of* Venice.] The ſtory is taken from *Cynthio*'s Novels. Mr. *Pope.*

I know my price, I'm worth no worſe a Place.
But he, as loving his own pride and purpoſe,
Evades them with a bombaſt circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuft with epithets of war,
And, in concluſion,
Non-ſuits my mediators. Certes, ſays he,
I have already choſe my officer.
And what was he?
Forſooth, a great arithmetician,
One *Michael Caſſio*; — ([2] a *Florentine*'s
A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife; —)
That never ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the diviſion of a battle knows
More than a ſpinſter; but the bookiſh theorick,
[3] Wherein the (*a*) toged conſuls can propoſe
As maſterly as he; meer prattle, without practice,
Is all his ſoldierſhip—he had th' election;
And I, of whom his eyes had ſeen the proof
At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*, and on other grounds

2 ——————*a* Florentine,
A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife;] But it was *Iago*, and not *Caſſio*, who was the *Florentine*, as appears from *Act* 3. *Scene* 1. The paſſage therefore ſhould be read thus,
—— ——————(*a* Florentine's
A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife; —)
Theſe are the words of *Othello*, (which *Iago* in this relation repeats,) and ſignify, that a *Florentine* was an unfit perſon for command, as being always a ſlave to a fair wife; which was the caſe of *Iago*. The *Oxford Editor* ſuppoſing this was ſaid by *Iago* of *Caſſio*, will have *Caſſio* to be the *Florentine*; which, he ſays, *is plain from many paſſages in the Play, rightly underſtood*. But becauſe *Caſſio* was *no* married man, (tho' I wonder it did not appear he *was*, from ſome *paſſages rightly underſtood*) he alters the line thus,
A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair Phyz.
A *White friers*' phraſe.

3 *Wherein the toged* conſuls—] *Conſuls*, for counſ'lors.

[(*a*) *toged*. The old Quarto.——Vulg. *tongued*]

Chriſtian

Chriſtian and heathen, [4] muſt be let and calm'd
By *Debitor* and *Creditor*, this *Counter-caſter*;
He, in good time, muſt his lieutenant be,
And I (God bleſs the mark!) his Moor-ſhip's Ancient.

Rod. By Heav'n, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curſe of ſervice;
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
[5] Not (as of old) gradation, where each ſecond
Stood heir to th' firſt. Now, Sir, be judge your ſelf,
If I in any juſt term am aſſign'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir, content you;
I follow him to ſerve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters
Cannot be truly follow'd. " You ſhall mark
" Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
" That, doting on his own obſequious bondage,
" Wears out his time, much like his maſter's aſs,
" For nought but provender; and when he's old, caſhier'd;
" Whip me ſuch honeſt knaves—Others there are,
" Who, trimm'd in forms and viſages of duty,

4 ——*muſt be* LED *and calm'd*] So the old Quarto. The firſt Folio reads *belee'd:* but that ſpoils the meaſure. I read LET, hindered.

5 *And not* by old *gradation*—,] What is *old* gradation? He immediately explains *gradation* very properly. But the idea of *old* does not come into it,

——*where each ſecond*
Stood heir to th' firſt.——

I read therefore,

Not (as of old) *gradation.*

i. e. it does not go by gradation, as it did of old.

" Keep yet their hearts attending on themſelves;
" And, throwing but ſhows of ſervice on their lords,
" Well thrive by them; and when they've lin'd their coats,
" Do themſelves homage. Theſe folks have ſome ſoul,
And ſuch a one do I profeſs my ſelf.
It is as ſure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moor, I would not be *Iago:*
In following him, I follow but my ſelf,
Heav'n is my judge, not I, for love and duty:
But, ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The native act and figure of my heart
[6] In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my ſleeve,
For daws to peck at; I'm not what I ſeem.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry her thus?

Iago. Call up her father,
Rouſe him, make after him, poiſon his delight;
Proclaim him in the ſtreets, incenſe her kinſmen;
And tho' he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies; tho' that his joy be joy,
Yet throw ſuch changes of vexation on't,
As it may loſe ſome colour.

Rod. Here is her father's houſe, I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
" [7] As when, by night and negligence, the fire
" Is ſpred in populous cities."

Rod.

6 *In* compliment *extern.*—] *Compliment, i. e.* fulneſs.

7 *As when, by night and negligence, the fire*
Is SPIED *in populous cities.*] This is not ſenſe, take it which way you will. If *night* and *negligence* relate to *ſpied*, it is abſurd to ſay *the fire was ſpied by negligence.* If *night* and *negligence* refer only to the time and occaſion, it ſhould then be *by night*, and *thro'*

Rod. What, ho! *Brabantio!* Signior *Brabantio!* ho.
Iago. Awake! what, ho! *Brabantio!* ho! thieves! thieves!
Look to your houſe, your daughter and your bags:
Thieves! thieves!

SCENE II.

Brabantio *appears above, at a window.*

Bra. What is the reaſon of this terrible ſummons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are all doors lock'd?
Bra. Why? wherefore ask you this?
Iago. Zounds! Sir, you're robb'd: for ſhame, put on your Gown;
Your heart is burſt, you have loſt half your ſoul;
Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Ariſe, ariſe,
Awake the ſnorting citizens with the bell,
Or elſe the Devil will make a grandſire of you.
Ariſe, I ſay.
Bra. What, have you loſt your wits?
Rod. Moſt reverend ſignior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I; what are you?
Rod. My name is *Rodorigo.*

thro' negligence. Otherwiſe the particle *by* would be made to ſignify *time* applied to one word, and *cauſe* applied to the other. We ſhould read therefore, *Is* SPRED, by which all theſe faults are avoided But what is of moſt weight, the ſimilitude, thus emended, agrees beſt with the fact it is applied to. Had this notice been given to *Brabantio* before his daughter ran away and married, it might then indeed have been well enough compared to the alarm given of a fire juſt *ſpied*, aſſoon as it was begun. But being given after the parties were bedded, it was more fitly compared to a fire *ſpred by night and negligence*, ſo as not to be extinguiſhed.

Bra. The worſe welcome;
I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honeſt plainneſs thou haſt heard me ſay,
My daughter's not for thee. And now in madneſs,
Being full of ſupper and diſtemp'ring draughts,
Upon malicious bravery doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet.

Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir——

Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My ſpirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good Sir.

Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*:
My houſe is not a grange.

Rod. Moſt grave *Brabantio*,
In ſimple and pure ſoul, I come to you.

Iago. Zounds! Sir you are one of thoſe that will not ſerve God, if the Devil bid you. Becauſe we come to do you ſervice, you think we are ruffians; you'll have your daughter cover'd with a *Barbary* horſe, you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have courſers for couſins, and gennets for germanes.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beaſt with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are a ſenator.

Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwer. I know thee, *Rodorigo*.

Rod. Sir, I will anſwer any thing. But I beſeech you,
[3] If't be your pleaſure and moſt wiſe conſent,

[3] *If't be your pleaſure* &c.] The ſeventeen following lines are added ſince the firſt edition, where, after the words, *I beſeech you*, immediately follows,

If ſhe be in her chamber, &c. Mr. *Pope.*

(As

(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd even and dull watch o' th' night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard,
But with a knave of hire, a *Gundalier*,
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs.
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That from the sense of all civility
I thus would play, and trifle with your reverence.
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave,
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
To an extravagant and wheeling stranger,
Of here and every where; straight satisfie yourself.
If she be in her chamber, or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the State
For thus deluding you.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper; —— call up all my people; ——
This accident is not unlike my Dream,
Belief of it oppresses me already.
Light, I say, light!

Iago. Farewel; for I must leave you.
It seems not meet, nor wholsome to my place,
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall)
Against the Moor. For I do know, the State,
However this may gall him with some check,
Cannot with safety cast him. For he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the *Cyprus*' wars,
Which ev'n now stand in act, that, for their souls,
Another of his fadom they have none,
To lead their business. In which regard,
Tho' I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag and sign of love:

(Which

(Which is, indeed, but ſign.) That you may ſurely find him,
Lead to the *Sagittary* the raiſed ſearch;
And there will I be with him. So, farewel. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Brabantio, *and ſervants with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone ſhe is;
[9] And what's to come of my deſpited time,
Is nought but bitterneſs. Now, *Rodorigo*,
Where didſt thou ſee her? oh unhappy girl!
With the Moor, ſaidſt thou? who would be a father?
How didſt thou know 'twas ſhe? oh, ſhe deceives me
Paſt thought —— What ſaid ſhe to you? get more tapers——
Raiſe all my kindred——are they married, think you?
Rod. Truly, I think, they are.
Bra. O heaven! how gat ſhe out?
Oh treaſon of my blood!
Fathers, from hence truſt not your daughters' minds
By what you ſee them act. Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
Of ſome ſuch thing?
Rod. Yes, Sir, I have, indeed.
Bra. Call up my brother: oh, 'would you had had her;
Some one way, ſome another—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?
Rod. I think, I can diſcover him, if you pleaſe
To get good guard, and go along with me.

9 *And what's to come of my* DESPISED *time,*] Why deſpiſed time? We ſhould read,

——————DESPITED *time.*

i. e. vexatious.

Bra.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every houſe I'll call,
I may command at moſt; get weapons, hoa!
And raiſe ſome ſpecial officers of might:
On, good *Rodorigo*, I'll deſerve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to another STREET, *before the* Sagittary.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and attendants with Torches.*

Iago. THO' in the trade of war I have ſlain men,
Yet do I hold it very ſtuff o' th' conſcience
To do no contriv'd murther: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me ſervice.——Nine or ten times
I thought to've jerk'd him here under the ribs.
Oth. It's better as it is.
Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcurvy and provoking terms
Againſt your honour;
That, with the little godlineſs I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,
Are you faſt married? for, be ſure of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential
' As double as the Duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what reſtraint or grievance

1 As *double* as the Duke's:] *Rymer* ſeems to have had his eye on this paſſage, amongſt others, where he talks ſo much of the impropriety and barbarity in the ſtyle of this play. But it is an elegant *Greciſm*. *As double*, ſignifies as large, as extenſive; for thus the *Greeks* uſe διπλᾶς. *Dioſc.* l. 2. c. 213. And in the ſame manner and conſtruction, the *Latins* ſometimes uſed *duplex*. And the old *French* writers ſay, *La plus double*. Dr. *Bentley* has been as ſevere on *Milton* for as elegant a *Greciſm*,

Yet virgin of Proſerpina *from* Jove. *lib.* 9. *ver.* 396.

'Tis an imitation of the Παρθένον ἐκ θαλάμων of *Theocritus* for an *unmarried Virgin*.

The

The law (with all his might t'enforce it on)
Will give him cable.

Oth. Let him do his ſpight:
My ſervices, which I have done the Signory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that Boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall promulgate) I fetch my Life and Being
From men of royal ſiege; and my demerits
May [2] ſpeak, unbonneting, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Deſdemona*,
I would not my unhouſed free condition
Put into circumſcription and confine,
For the ſea's worth. But look! what lights come yonder?

SCENE V.

Enter Caſſio, *with torches.*

Iago. Thoſe are the raiſed father, and his friends:
You were beſt go in.

Oth. Not I: I muſt be found.
My parts, my title and my perfect Soul
Shall manifeſt me rightly. Is it they?

Iago. [3] By *Janus*, I think, no.

Oth. The Servants of the Duke, and my lieutenant:
The goodneſs of the night upon you, Friends!
What is the news?

Caſ. The Duke does greet you, General;
And he requires your haſte, poſt-haſte, appearance,
Ev'n on the inſtant.

2 —*ſpeak*, UNBONNETTED—] Thus all the copies read. It ſhould be UNBONNETTING, *i. e.* without putting off the bonnet. Mr. *Pope.*

3 *By* Janus, *I think, no.*] There is great propriety in making the double *Iago* ſwear by *Janus*, who has two faces. The addreſs of it likewiſe is as remarkable, for as the people coming up appeared at different diſtances to have different ſhapes, he might ſwear by *Janus*, without ſuſpicion of any other emblematic meaning. *Oth.*

Oth. What is the matter, think you?
Caſ. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine;
It is a buſineſs of ſome heat. The Gallies
Have ſent a dozen ſequent meſſengers
This very night, at one anothers heels:
And many of the Conſuls rais'd and met,
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for,
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate ſent above three ſeveral queſts,
To ſearch you out.
Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but ſpend a word here in the houſe,
And go with you. [*Exit* Othello.
Caſ. Ancient, what makes he here?
Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a land-carrack;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.
Caſ. I do not underſtand.
Iago. He's married,
Caſ. To whom?
Iago. Marry to—Come, Captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.
Caſ. Here comes another troop to ſeek for you.

SCENE VI.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, *with officers and torches.*

Iago. It is *Brabantio:* General, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.
Oth. Holla! ſtand there.
Rod. Signior, it is the Moor.
Bra. Down with him, thief!
[*They draw on both ſides.*
Iago. You, *Rodorigo!* come, Sir, I am for you—

Oth.

Oth. Keep up your bright ſwords, for the dew will
ruſt 'em.
Good Signior, you ſhall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.
Bra. O thou foul thief! where haſt thou ſtow'd my
daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou haſt enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of ſenſe,
If ſhe in chains of magick were not bound,
Whether a maid, ſo tender, fair, and happy,
So oppoſite to marriage, that ſhe ſhunn'd
[3] The wealthy culled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t'incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the ſooty boſom
Of ſuch a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight?
[4] Judge me the world, if 'tis not groſs in ſenſe,
That thou haſt practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,
That weaken (*a*) Notion.——I'll hav't diſputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuſer of the world, a practiſer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant;
Lay hold upon him; if he do reſiſt,
Subdue him at his peril.
Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the reſt.

3 *The wealthy* CURLED *darlings of our nation,*] I read CULLED, *i. e.* ſelect, choſen. *Shakeſpear* uſes this word very frequently,

Theſe CULL'D *and choice drawn Cavaliers from* France.
Henry V.

Curled was an improper mark of difference between a *Venetian* and a *Moor*, which latter people are remarkably *curl'd* by nature.

4 *Judge me the world*, &c.] The five following lines are not in the firſt Edition. Mr. *Pope*.

[(*a*) *Notion*. Mr. *Theobald*.——Vulg. *Motion*.]

Were

Were it my cue to fight, I ſhould have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you I go
To anſwer this your charge?

Bra. To priſon, 'till fit time
Of law, and courſe of direct Seſſion
Call thee to anſwer.

Oth. What if I do obey?
How may the Duke be therewith ſatisfied,
Whoſe meſſengers are here about my ſide,
Upon ſome preſent buſineſs of the State,
To bring me to him?

Offi. True, moſt worthy ſignior,
The Duke's in Council; and your noble ſelf,
I'm ſure, is ſent for.

Bra. How! the Duke in Council?
In this time of the night? bring him away;
Mine's not an idle cauſe. The Duke himſelf,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own;
For if ſuch actions may have paſſage free,
[5]Bond-ſlaves, and Pagans, ſhall our Stateſmen be.

[*Exeunt.*

5 *Bond-ſlaves, and Pagans*——] Mr. *Theobald* alters *Pagans* to *Pageants* for this reaſon, *That Pagans are as ſtrict and moral all the world over, as the moſt regular Chriſtians in the preſervation of private property.* But what then? The ſpeaker had not this high opinion of pagan morality, as is plain from hence, that this important diſcovery, ſo much to the honour of paganiſm, was firſt made by our Editor.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Changes to the Senate House.

Duke and Senators, set at a table with lights, and attendants.

Duke. [6] THERE is no compoſition in theſe news,
That gives them credit.

1 *Sen.* Indeed they are diſproportion'd;
My letters ſay, a hundred and ſeven Gallies.

Duke. And mine a hundred and forty.

2 *Sen.* And mine, two hundred;
But though they jump not on a juſt account,
(as in theſe caſes, where the aim reports,
'Tis oft with diff'rence;) yet do they all confirm
A *Turkiſh* Fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus*.

Duke. Nay, it is poſſible enough to judgment;
I do not ſo ſecure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful ſenſe.

[*Sailors within.*] What hoa! what hoa! what hoa!

Enter Sailors.

Offi. A meſſenger from the Gallies.

Duke. Now!— what's the buſineſs?

6 *There is no* compoſition———] *Compoſition*, for conſiſtency, concordancy.

7 *As in theſe caſes, where* THEY *aim reports.*] Theſe *Venetians* ſeem to have had a very odd ſort of perſons in employment, who did all by hazard, as to *what*, and *how*, they ſhould report; for this is the ſenſe of man's *aiming reports*. The true reading, without queſtion, is,

——— *where* THE *aim reports.*

i. e. *Where there is no better ground for information than conjecture:* Which not only improves the ſenſe, but, by changing the verb into a noun, and the noun into a verb, mends the expreſſion.

Sail.

Sail. The *Turkiſh* preparation makes for *Rhodes*,
So was I bid report here to the State.
Duke. How ſay you by this change?
1 *Sen.* This cannot be,
By no aſſay of reaſon. 'Tis a pageant,
To keep us in falſe gaze; when we conſider
Th'importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*,
And let our ſelves again but underſtand,
That as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile queſtion bear it;
[8] For that it ſtands not in ſuch warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That *Rhodes* is dreſs'd in. If we make thought of this,
We muſt not think the *Turk* is ſo unskilful,
To leave that lateſt, which concerns him firſt;
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitleſs.
Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for *Rhodes*.
Offi. Here is more news.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. The *Ottomites*, (reverend and gracious,)
Steering with due courſe toward the Iſle of *Rhodes*,
Have there injoin'd them with an after-fleet——
1 *Sen.* Ay, ſo I thought; how many, as you gueſs?
Meſſ. Of thirty ſail; and now they do re-ſtem
Their backward courſe, bearing with frank appearance
Their Purpoſes toward *Cyprus*. Signior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant Servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.
Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus*: *Marcus Luccicos*,
Is he not here in town?
1 *Sen.* He's now in *Florence*.

8 *For that it ſtands not* &c.] The ſeven following lines are added ſince the firſt Edition. Mr. *Pope*.

Duke. Write from us, to him, poſt, poſt-haſte, diſpatch.

1 *Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio*, and the valiant *Moor*.

SCENE VIII.

To them, enter Brabantio, Othello, Caſſio, Iago, Rodorigo, *and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtraight employ you,
Againſt the general enemy *Ottoman*.
I did not ſee you; welcome, gentle ſignior:
[*To* Braban.
We lack'd your counſel, and your help to night.

Bra. So did I yours; good your Grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of buſineſs,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
Take hold on me: For my particular grief
Is of ſo flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it ingluts and ſwallows other ſorrows,
And yet is ſtill itſelf.

Duke. Why? what's the matter?

Bra. My daughter! oh, my daughter! —

Sen. Dead? ——

Bra. To me;
She is abus'd, ſtolen from me, and corrupted
9 By ſpells and medicines, bought of mountebanks;
For nature ſo propoſterouſly to err,
(Being

9 *By ſpells and medicines, bought of mountebanks*;] *Rymer* has ridiculed this circumſtance as unbecoming (both for its weakneſs and ſuperſtition) the gravity of the accuſer, and the dignity of the Tribunal: But his criticiſm only expoſes his own ignorance. The circumſtance was not only exactly in character, but urged with the greateſt addreſs, as the thing chiefly to be inſiſted on. For, by the *Venetian* Law, the giving Love-potions was very criminal, as *Shakeſpear* without queſtion well underſtood. Thus the Law, *De i maleficii & herbarie*, cap. 17. of the *Code* intitled, *Della promiſſion del maleficio. Statuimo etiamdio, che-ſe alcun homo,*

o

(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of ſenſe,)
Sans Witchcraft could not ——

Duke. Whoe'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of her ſelf,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You ſhall your ſelf read in the bitter letter,
After your own ſenſe; yea, though our proper Son
Stood in your action.

Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it ſeems,
Your ſpecial mandate, for the State-affairs,
Hath hither brought.

All. We're very ſorry for't.

Duke. What in your own part can you ſay to this?
[*To* Othel.

Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.

Oth. Moſt potent, grave, and reverend ſigniors,
My very noble and approv'd good maſters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,
[1] And little bleſs'd with the ſet phraſe of peace;
For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years' Pith,

o femina barra fatto maleficii, iquali ſe dimandano vulgarmente amatorie, *o veramente alcuni altri maleficii, che alcun homo o femina ſe haveſſon in odio, ſia fruſta & bollado, & che hara conſegliado patiſca ſimile pena.* And therefore in the preceding Scene, *Brabantio* calls them

—— *Arts inhibited, and out of warrant.*

1 *And little bleſs'd with the* SOFT *phraſe of peace;*] This apology, if addreſſed to his *miſtreſs*, had been well expreſſed. But what he wanted, in ſpeaking before a *Venetian* Senate, was not the ſoft blandiſhments of ſpeech, but the art and method of maſculine eloquence. The old Quarto reads it, therefore, as I am perſuaded, *Shakeſpear* wrote,

——*the* SET *phraſe of peace;*

'Till now, ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for my ſelf. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver,
Of my whole courſe of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden, never bold;
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſh'd at it ſelf; and ſhe, in ſpight of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what ſhe fear'd to look on——
It is a judgment maim'd, and moſt imperfect,
That will confeſs, Perfection ſo could err
Againſt all rules of nature; and muſt be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this ſhould be. I therefore vouch again,
That with ſome mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with ſome dram, conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more certain and more overt teſt,
Than theſe thin habits and poor likelyhoods
Of modern Seeming do prefer againſt him.

1 *Sen.* But, *Othello*, ſpeak;
Did you by indirect and forced courſes
Subdue and poiſon this young maid's affections?
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch fair queſtion
As ſoul to ſoul affordeth?

Oth. I beſeech you,
Send for the lady to the *Sagittary*,
And let her ſpeak of me before her father;
If you do find me foul in her report,

The

The Truſt, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your Sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Deſdemona* hither.

[*Exeunt two or three.*

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you beſt know the place.

[*Exit* Iago.

And 'till ſhe come, as truly as to heav'n
I do confeſs the vices of my blood,
So juſtly to your grave ears I'll preſent
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And ſhe in mine.

Duke. Say it, *Othello.*

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still queſtion'd me the ſtory of my life,
From year to year; the battles, ſieges, fortunes,
That I have paſt.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyiſh days,
To th' very moment that he bad me tell it:
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth ſcapes in th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery; of my redemption thence,
[2] And with it, all my travel's hiſtory:
[3] Wherein of [4] antres vaſt, and [5] deſarts idle,

Rough

2 *And with it, all my travel's hiſtory:*] This line is reſtor'd from the old Edition. It is in the reſt,

And portance in my travel's hiſtory.

Rymer, in his criticiſm on this play, has changed it to *portents*, inſtead of *portance*. Mr. *Pope.*

3 *Wherein of antres vaſt*, &c.] Diſcourſes of this nature made the ſubject of the politeſt converſations, when voyages into, and diſcoveries of, the new world were all in vogue. So when the *Baſtard Faulconbridge*, in *King John*, deſcribes the behaviour of upſtart greatneſs, he makes one of the eſſential circumſtances of it to be this kind of table-talk. The *faſhion* then running altogether in this way, it is no wonder a young lady of quality ſhould be ſtruck

Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whoſe heads touch heav'n,
[6] It was my hent to ſpeak; ſuch was the proceſs;
And of the *Canibals* that each other eat,
The *Anthropophagi*; and men whoſe heads
Do grow beneath their ſhoulders. All theſe to hear
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline;
But ſtill the houſe-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my diſcourſe: which I obſerving,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not diſtinctively: I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains [7] a world of ſighs:
She ſwore, in faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful———
She wiſh'd, ſhe had not heard it; — yet ſhe wiſh'd,

ſtruck with the hiſtory of an adventurer. So that *Rymer*, who profeſſedly ridicules this whole circumſtance, and the noble author of the *Characteriſtics*, who more obliquely ſnears it, only expoſe their own ignorance.

4 *Antres.*] *French*, Grottoes. Mr. *Pope*.

5 — *deſarts* idle,] *Idle*, for barren; becauſe want of culture makes barren.

6 *It was my* HINT *to ſpeak*; —] This implies it as done by a trap laid for her: But the old Quarto reads HENT, i. e. uſe, cuſtom.

7 ——*a world of ſighs:*] It was kiſſes in the later Editions: But this is evidently the true reading. The lady had been forward indeed to give him a *world of kiſſes* upon the bare recital of his ſtory; nor does it agree with the following lines. Mr. *Pope*.

That

That heav'n had made her ſuch a man: —— ſhe thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woo her. On this hint I ſpake,
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſt,
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them:
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
Here comes the lady, let her witneſs it.

SCENE IX.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, *and Attendants*,

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too--
Good *Brabantio*,
Take up this mangled matter at the beſt.
Men do their broken weapons rather uſe,
Than their bare hands.

Bra. I pray you, hear her ſpeak;
If ſhe confeſs that ſhe was half the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle miſtreſs,
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where you muſt owe obedience?

Deſ. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty;
To you I'm bound for life and education:
My life and education both do learn me
How to reſpect you. You're the lord of duty;
I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband;
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhew'd
To you, preferring you before her father;
So much I challenge, that I may profeſs
Due to the Moor, my lord.

Bra. God be with you: I have done.
Pleaſe it your Grace, on to the State-affairs;

I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee That with all my heart,
Which, but thou haſt already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your ſake, jewel,
I'm glad at ſoul I have no other child;
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.

Duke. [8] Let me ſpeak like our ſelf; and lay a ſentence,
Which, as a griſe, or ſtep, may help theſe lovers
Into your favour——
When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a miſchief that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw new miſchief on.
What cannot be preſerv'd when Fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that ſmiles, ſteals ſomething from the thief;
He robs himſelf, that ſpends a bootleſs grief.

Bra. So, let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
We loſe it not, ſo long as we can ſmile;
He bears the ſentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the ſentence, and the ſorrow,
That, to pay grief, muſt of poor patience borrow.
Theſe ſentences to ſugar, or to gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are equivocal.
[9] But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pieced through the ear.—
Beſeech

8 *Let me ſpeak like* YOUR *ſelf*;—] It ſhould be, *like* OUR *ſelf*. i. e. Let me meditate between you as becomes a prince and common father of his people: For the prince's opinion, here delivered, was quite contrary to *Brabantio*'s ſentiment.

9 *But words are words; I never yet did hear,*
That the bruis'd heart was pierced *through the ear.*] The Duke had by ſage ſentences been exhorting *Brabantio* to patience, and

Beſeech you, now to the affairs o' th' State.

Duke. The *Turk* with a moſt mighty preparation makes for *Cyprus: Othello*, the fortitude of the place is beſt known to you. And though we have there a ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency; yet opinion, a ſovereign miſtreſs of effects, throws a more ſafe voice on you; you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber the gloſs of your new fortunes, with this more ſtubborn and boiſterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant cuſtom, moſt grave ſenators,
Hath made the flinty and ſteel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardneſs; and do undertake
This preſent war againſt the *Ottomites*.
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your State,
I crave fit diſpoſition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition;
With ſuch accommodation and beſort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it ſo.

Oth. Nor I.

Def. Nor would I there reſide,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Moſt gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your gracious ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice

and to forget the grief of his daughter's ſtoln marriage, to which *Brabantio* is made very pertinently to reply to this effect: *My lord, I apprehend very well the wiſdom of your advice; but tho' you would* comfort *me, words are but words; and the heart, already* bruis'd, *was never* pierc'd, *or* wounded, *through the* ear. It is obvious that the text muſt be reſtor'd thus,

That the bruis'd heart was pieced *thro' the ear.*

i. e. That the wounds of ſorrow were ever cur'd, or a man made *heart-whole* meerly by words of conſolation.

T' aſſiſt

T' assist my simpleness.
Duke. What would you, *Desdemona?*
Des. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
[1] My down-right violence to forms, my fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart's subdu'd
Ev'n to the very quality of my lord;
I saw *Othello*'s visage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
[2] The rights, for which I love him, are bereft me:
And I a heavy interim shall support,
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.
Oth. Your voices, lords; beseech you, let her will
Have a free way. I therefore beg it not,
To please the palate of my appetite;
[3] Nor to comply with heat, the young affects

1 *My down-right violence* AND STORM OF *fortunes*] But what violence was it that drove her to run away with the Moor? We should read,

My downright violence TO FORMS, MY *fortunes.*

2 *The* RITES, *for which I love him, are bereft me:*] By RITES can be meant no other than *conjugal rites:* But it is absurd to think the poet could make her commit so high an indecorum against the modesty of her character to say this. Without question *Shakespear* wrote,

The RIGHTS, *for which I love him, are bereft me:*

i. e. The right of sharing his dangers with him. So *Othello* tells the Senate,

She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,

and she was now desirous of sharing with him what were to come; on which account he calls her afterwards,

Oh, my fair warrior!

3 *Nor to comply with heat, the young affects*
In my defunct and proper Satisfaction;] i. e. With that heat and new affections which the indulgence of my appetite has raised and created. This is the meaning of *defunct,* which has made all the difficulty of the passage.

In

In my defunct and proper Satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
And heav'n defend your good ſouls, that you think,
I will your ſerious and great buſineſs ſcant,
For ſhe is with me.—No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd *Cupid* foil with wanton dulneſs
My ſpeculative and offic'd inſtruments,
That my diſports corrupt and taint my buſineſs;
Let houſewifes make a skillet of my helm,
And all indign and baſe adverſities
Make head againſt my eſtimation.

Duke. Be it as you ſhall privately determine,
Or for her ſtay or going; th' affair cries haſte;
And ſpeed muſt anſwer. You muſt hence to night.

Deſ. To night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th' morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave ſome officer behind,
And he ſhall our commiſſion bring to you;
And ſuch things elſe of quality and reſpect
As doth import you.

Oth. Pleaſe your Grace, my Ancient;
(A man he is of honeſty and truſt,)
To his conveyance I aſſign my wife,
With what elſe needful your good Grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.

Duke. Let it be ſo;
Good night to every one. And, noble Signior,
[4] If virtue no belighted beauty lack,
Your ſon-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor, uſe *Deſdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou haſt eyes to ſee.
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exit* Duke, *with Senators.*

4 *If virtue no* DELIGHTED *beauty lack,*] This is a ſenſeleſs epithet. We ſhould read BELIGHTED *beauty.* i. e. white and fair.

Oth.

Oth. My life upon her faith.——Honeſt *Iago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring her after in the beſt advantage.
Come, *Deſdemona*, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction
To ſpeak with thee. We muſt obey the time. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Manent Rodorigo *and* Iago.

Rod. Iago.——

Iago. What ſayeſt thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkeſt thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed, and ſleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myſelf.

Iago. Well, if thou doſt, I ſhall never love thee after.
Why, thou ſilly gentleman!

Rod. It is ſillineſs to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a preſcription to die, when death is our phyſician.

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for four times ſeven years, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himſelf. Ere I would ſay, I would drown my ſelf for the love of a *Guinney*-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What ſhould I do? I confeſs, it is my ſhame to be ſo fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig: 'tis in ourſelves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardiners. So that if we will plant nettles, or ſow lettuce; ſet hyſſop, and weed up thyme; ſupply it with one gender of herbs, or diſtract it with many; either have it ſteril with idleneſs

neſs, or manured with induſtry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our will. If the balance of our lives had not one ſcale of reaſon to poiſe another of ſenſuality, the blood and baſeneſs of our natures would conduct us to moſt prepoſterous concluſions. But we have reaſon, to cool our raging motions, our carnal ſtings, our unbitted luſts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a ſect, or ſyen.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meerly a luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyſelf? drown cats and blind puppies. I have profeſt me thy friend, and I confeſs me knit to thy deſerving with cables of perdurable toughneſs. I could never better ſteed thee than now. Put mony in thy purſe; follow thou theſe wars; [5] diſſeat thy favour with an uſurped beard; I ſay, put mony in thy purſe. It cannot be, that *Deſdemona* ſhould long continue her love to the Moor—put mony in thy purſe—nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration,—put but mony in thy purſe.—Theſe Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purſe with mony. The food, that to him now is [6] as luſcious as loches, ſhall ſhortly be as bitter as a coloquintida. When ſhe is ſated with his body, ſhe will find the errors of her choice.—She muſt have change, ſhe muſt: therefore put mony in thy purſe.—If thou wilt needs damn thy ſelf, do

5 DEFEAT *thy favour with an* uſurped *beard*;] This is not *Engliſh*. We ſhould read DISSEAT thy favour. *i. e.* turn it out of its ſeat, change it for another. The word *uſurped* directs us to this reading.

6 *As luſcious as* locuſts,] Whether you underſtand by this the inſect or the fruit, it cannot be given as an inſtance of a delicious morſel, notwithſtanding the exaggerations of lying travellers. The true reading is *loches* a very pleaſant confection introduced into medicine by the *Arabian* phyſicians; and ſo very fitly oppoſed both to the bitterneſs and uſe of *Coloquintida*.

it

it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the mony thou canſt. If ſanctimony and a frail vow, [7] betwixt an errant *Barbarian* and a ſuper-ſubtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enjoy her; therefore make mony. A pox of drowning thyſelf! it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compaſſing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue?

Iago. Thou art ſure of me.—Go, make mony.—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſs reaſon. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge againſt him. If thou canſt cuckold him, thou doſt thy ſelf a pleaſure, and me a ſport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverſe, go, provide thy mony. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meet i' th' morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to, farewel. Do you hear, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. What ſay you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am chang'd; I'll go ſell all my land. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Manet Iago.

Iago. Go to, farewel, put mony enough in your purſe——

Thus do I ever make my fool my purſe;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge ſhould profane,

7 *betwixt an* ERRING Barbarian] We ſhould read ERRANT, that is a vagabond, one who has no houſe nor country.

If

If I ſhould time expend [8] with ſuch a ſnipe,
But for my ſport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my ſheets
He has done my office. I know not, if't be true——
But I, for meer ſuſpicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for ſurety. He holds me well———
The better ſhall my purpoſe work on him;
Caſſio's a proper man: let me ſee now;——
To get his place, and to plume up my Will,
A double knavery—How? how?—let's ſee——
After ſome time, t' abuſe *Othello*'s ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife———
He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe,
To be ſuſpected; fram'd to make women falſe.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honeſt that but ſeem to be ſo;
And will as tenderly be led by th' noſe,
As aſſes are:
I have't — it is ingendred — [9] Hell and Spite
Muſt bring this monſtrous birth to the world's light.
[*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Capital of CYPRUS.

Enter Montano *Governor of* Cyprus, *and Gentlemen.*

MONTANO.

WHAT from the cape can you diſcern at ſea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high-wrought flood;

8 —*with ſuch a* ſnipe,] *i. e.* a diminitive woodcock.

9 ——*Hell and* NIGHT] We ſhould read *Spite, i. e.* love of miſchief, and love of revenge.

I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
Descry a sail.

Mont. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.* A segregation of the *Turkish* fleet;
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,
The chiding billows seem to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,
Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever-fired pole;
I never did like molestation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mont. If that the *Turkish* fleet
Be not inshelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd;
It is impossible to bear it out.

SCENE II.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, lords, our wars are done:
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the *Turks*,
That their designment halts. A noble ship of *Venice*
Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance
On most part of the fleet.

Mont. How! is this true?

3 *Gent.* The Ship is here put in,
A *Veronessa*; *Michael Cassio*,
Lieutenant of the warlike Moor *Othello*,
Is come on shore; the Moor himself's at sea,
And is in full commission here for *Cyprus*.

Mont. I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy Governor.

3 *Gent.*

3 *Gent.* But this ſame *Caſſio*, though he ſpeak of comfort,
Touching the *Turkiſh* loſs, yet he looks ſadly,
And prays the Moor be ſafe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempeſt.

Mont. Pray heav'ns he be:
For I have ſerv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full ſoldier. Let's to the ſea-ſide,
As well to ſee the veſſel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*,
Even till we make the main and th' aerial blue
An indiſtinct regard.

Gent. Come, let's do ſo;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

SCENE III.

Enter Caſſio.

Caſ. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike iſle,
That ſo approve the Moor: oh, let the heav'ns
Give him defence againſt the elements,
For I have loſt him on a dangerous ſea.

Mont. Is he well ſhipp'd?

Caſ. His bark is ſtoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not ſurfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.

Within.] A ſail, a ſail, a ſail!

Caſ. What noiſe?

Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o' th' ſea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, a ſail.

Caſ. My hopes do ſhape him for the Governor.

Gent. They do diſcharge their ſhot of courteſie:
Our friends, at leaſt.

Caſ. I pray you, Sir, go forth,

And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.
Gent. I ſhall. [*Exit.*
Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your General wiv'd?
Caſ. Moſt fortunately, he hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragons deſcription and wild fame:
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
[1] And in terreſtrial veſture of creation
Do's bear all excellency———

SCENE IV.

Enter Gentleman.

How now? who has put in?
Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the General.
Caſ. H'as had moſt favourable and happy ſpeed;
Tempeſts themſelves, high ſeas, and howling winds;
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated ſands,
(Traitors enſteep'd to clog the guiltleſs keel;)
As having ſenſe of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting ſafe go by
The divine *Deſdemona*.
Mont. What is ſhe?
Caſ. She that I ſpake of, our great Captain's Captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*;

[1] *And in th'* ESSENTIAL *veſture of creation*
Do's bear all excellency——] It is plain that ſomething very hyperbolical was here intended. But what is there as it ſtands? Why this, that in the eſſence of creation he bore all excellency. The expreſſion is intolerable, and could never come from one who ſo well underſtood the force of words as our Poet. The *eſſential veſture* is the ſame as *eſſential form*. So that the expreſſion is nonſenſe. For the *veſture of creation* ſignifies the *forms* in which created beings are caſt. And *eſſence* relates not to the *form*, but to the *matter*. *Shakeſpear* certainly wrote,

And in TERRESTRIAL *veſture of creation.*

And in this lay the wonder, That all created excellence ſhould be contained within an earthly mortal form.

Whoſe

Whoſe footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A ſe'nnight's ſpeed. Great *Jove*, *Othello* guard!
And ſwell his ſail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bleſs this bay with his tall ſhip,
Make love's quick pants in *Deſdemona*'s arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extinguiſh'd ſpirits,
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort———

SCENE V.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, *and* Æmilia.

O behold!
The riches of the ſhip is come on ſhore:
You men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heav'n,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round.
Deſ. I thank you, valiant *Caſſio*,
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Caſ. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be ſhortly here.
Deſ. O, but I fear—how loſt you company?
Caſ. The great contention of the ſea and skies
Parted our fellowſhip. But hark, a ſail!
Within.] A ſail, a ſail!
Gent. They give this greeting to the Citadel:
This likewiſe is a friend.
Caſ. See for the news:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, miſtreſs,
[*To* Æmilia.
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold ſhew of courteſie.
Iago. Sir, would ſhe give you ſo much of her lips,
As of her tongue ſhe oft beſtows on me,

You'd have enough.

Def. Alas! ſhe has no ſpeech.

Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it ſtill, when I have liſt to ſleep;
Marry, before your ladyſhip, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Æmil. You have little cauſe to ſay ſo.

Iago. Come on, come on; you're pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your houſewifery, and houſewives in your beds!

Def. O, fie upon thee, ſlanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or elſe I am a *Turk*;
You riſe to play, and go to bed to work.

Æmil. You ſhall not write my praiſe.

Iago. No, let me not.

Def. What would'ſt thou write of me, if thou ſhould'ſt praiſe me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, [2] if not critical.

Def. Come, one aſſay. There's one gone to the harbour——

Iago. Ay, Madam.

Def. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by ſeeming otherwiſe; ——
Come, how would'ſt thou praiſe me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, "my inven-"tion comes from my pate, as birdlime does from "freeze, it plucks out brains and all." But my muſe labours, and thus ſhe is delivered.

If ſhe be fair and wiſe, fairneſs and wit,
The one's for uſe, the other uſeth it.

2 —— *if not* critical.] *Critical,* for ſatirical.

Def.

ell prais'd; how if ſhe be black and witty?

I. *ſhe be black, and thereto have a wit,*
e'll find a white that ſhall her blackneſs fit.

Deſ. orſe and worſe.

Æmil. How, if fair and fooliſh?

Iago. *She never yet was fooliſh, that was fair;*
For even her folly helpt her to an heir.

Deſ. Theſe are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' th' alehouſe. What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her that's foul and fooliſh?

Iago. *There's none ſo foul and fooliſh thereunto,*
But does foul pranks, which fair and wiſe ones do.

Deſ. Oh heavy ignorance! thou praiſeſt the worſt beſt. But what praiſe couldſt thou beſtow on a deſerving woman indeed? [3] one that in the authority of her merit, did juſtly put on the vouch of very malice itſelf?

Iago. " *She that was ever fair, and never proud,*
" *Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;*
" *Never lackt gold, and yet went never gay,*
" *Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid, now I may;*
" *She that when anger'd, her revenge being*
nigh,

3 *one, that in the authority of her merit, did juſtly put* on *the vouch of very malice itſelf?*] The editor, Mr. *Theobald*, not underſtanding the phraſe, *To put on the vouch of malice*, has alter'd it to *put down*, and wrote a deal of unintelligible ſtuff to juſtify his blunder. *To put on the vouch of any one*, ſignifies, to call upon any one to vouch for another. So that the ſenſe of the place is this, One that was ſo conſcious of her own merit, and of the authority her character had with every one, that ſhe durſt venture to call upon malice itſelf to vouch for her. This was ſome commendation. And the character only of the cleareſt virtue; which could force malice, even againſt its nature, to do juſtice.

" *Bad her wrong ſtay, and her diſpl* *fly*;
[4] *She that in wiſdom never was ſo fr*
To change the cod's head for the ſalm *tail*;
" *She that could think, and ne'er ſcloſe her mind,*
" *See ſuitors following, and not look behind*;
She was a wight, (if ever ſuch wight were)——

Deſ. To do what?

Iago. *To ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer.*

Deſ. O moſt lame and impotent concluſion! do not learn of him, *Æmilia*, tho' he be thy husband. How ſay you, *Caſſio*, is he not a moſt [5] profane and liberal counſellor?

Caſ. He ſpeaks home, Madam; you may reliſh him more in the ſoldier, than in the ſcholar.

Iago. [*Aſide.*] He takes her by the palm; ay, well ſaid—whiſper—With as little a web as this, will I enſnare as great a fly as *Caſſio*. Ay, ſmile upon her, do — [6] I will gyve thee in thine own courtſhip. You ſay true, 'tis ſo, indeed.—If ſuch tricks as theſe ſtrip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kiſs'd your three fingers ſo oft, which now again you are moſt apt to play the Sir in. Very good—well kiſs'd, and excellent courteſie—'tis ſo, indeed.—Yet again—your fingers to your lips? 'would, they were cliſter-pipes for your ſake. [*Trumpet.* The Moor,——I know his trumpet.

Caſ. 'Tis truly ſo.

Deſ. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Caſ. Lo, where he comes!

4 *She that in wiſdom never was ſo frail*
To change the cod's head for the ſalmon's tail.] Becauſe the *Italian* proverb ſays, *E méglio eſſer teſta di Luccio che coda di ſturione*; meaning, that a wiſe man would always chuſe to be in the firſt rank of a lower ſtation rather than in the laſt of a higher.

5 *profane and* liberal *counſellor*] *Liberal*, for licentious.

6 *I will* gyve *thee*] *i. e.* catch, ſhackle. Mr. *Pope.*

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Othello *and Attendants.*

Oth. Oh my fair warrior!
Def. My dear *Othello!*
Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To ſee you here before me. O my ſoul's joy!
If after every tempeſt come ſuch calms,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death:
And let the labouring bark climb hills of ſeas
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heav'n! If I were now to die,
'Twere now to be moſt happy; for, I fear,
My ſoul hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
Def. The heav'ns forbid,
But that our loves and comforts ſhould encreaſe,
Ev'n as our days do grow!
Oth. [7] Amen, to that ſweet Prayer!
I cannot ſpeak enough of this content,
It ſtops me here: it is too much of joy.
And this, and this, the greateſt diſcords be
[*Kiſſing her.*
That e'er our hearts ſhall make!
Iago. Oh, you are well-tun'd now; but I'll let down the pegs that make this muſick, as honeſt as I am.
[*Aſide.*
Oth. Come, let's to the caſtle.
Now, friends, our wars are done; the *Turks* are drown'd.

7 *Amen, to that ſweet* POWER.] Thus the old Quarto, in which it is followed by the other Editions. It is plainly corrupt and ſhould be read,

Amen, to that ſweet Prayer!

i. e. the prayer ſhe had made that their love ſhould increaſe with time.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle?
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in *Cyprus*,
I've found great love amongst them. Oh my Sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comfort. Pr'ythee, good *Iago*,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:
Bring thou the master to the citadel,
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect. Come, *Desdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.

[*Exeunt* Othello *and* Desdemona.

SCENE VII.

Manent Iago *and* Rodorigo.

Iago. Do you meet me presently at the harbour. Come thither, if thou be'st valiant; (as, they say, base men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures, more than is native to them) — list me; the lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard. First, I must tell thee, this *Desdemona* is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not possible?

Iago. Lay thy fingers thus; and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies. And will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed. And what delight shall she have to look on the Devil? when the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be again to inflame it, and to give Satiety a fresh appetite, loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor

abhor the Moor; very nature will inſtruct her in it, and compel her to ſome ſecond choice. Now, Sir, this granted, (as it is a moſt pregnant and unforc'd poſition) who ſtands ſo eminent in the degree of this fortune, as *Caſſio* does? a knave very voluble; no further conſcionable, than in putting on the meer form of civil and humane Seeming, for the better compaſſing of his ſalt and moſt hidden looſe affection; a ſlippery and ſubtile knave, a finder of occaſions, that has an eye can ſtamp and counterfeit advantages, tho' true advantage never preſent itſelf. A deviliſh knave! beſides, the knave is handſom, young, and hath all thoſe requiſites in him, that folly and green minds look after. A peſtilent compleat knave! and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that of her, ſhe's full of moſt bleſs'd condition.

Iago. Bleſs'd figs' end! the wine ſhe drinks is made of grapes. If ſhe had been bleſs'd, ſhe would never have lov'd the Moor: Bleſs'd pudding! didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palm of his hand? didſt not mark that?

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courteſie.

Iago. Letchery, by this hand; an index, and obſcure prologue to the hiſtory of luſt, and foul thoughts. They meet ſo near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts, *Rodorigo!* when theſe mutualities ſo marſhal the way, hard at hand comes the maſter and main exerciſe, the incorporate concluſion: piſh——But, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice*. Watch you to night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. *Caſſio* knows you not: I'll not be far from you. Do you find ſome occaſion to anger *Caſſio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more favourably miniſter.

Rod.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's raſh, and very ſudden in choler: and, happily, may ſtrike at you. Provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cauſe thoſe of *Cyprus* to mutiny: whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again, but by tranſplanting of *Caſſio*. So ſhall you have a ſhorter journey to your deſires, by the means I ſhall then have to prefer them: And the impediments moſt profitably removed, without which there was no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel. I muſt fetch his neceſſaries aſhore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Manet Iago.

Iago. That *Caſſio* loves her, I do well believe:
That ſhe loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit.
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a conſtant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to *Deſdemona*
A moſt dear husband. Now I love her too,
Not out of abſolute luſt, (though, peradventure,
I ſtand accountant for as great a ſin;)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do ſuſpect, the luſty Moor
Hath leapt into my ſeat. The thought whereof
Doth, like a poiſonous mineral, gnaw my inwards,
And nothing can, or ſhall, content my ſoul,
'Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife:
Or failing ſo, yet that I put the Moor
At laſt into a jealouſie ſo ſtrong,

That

That judgment cannot cure. [8] Which thing to do
If this poor brach of *Venice*, [9] whom I cheriſh
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on,
I'll have our *Michael Caſſio* on the hip,
Abuſe him to the Moor in the ranke garb;
(For I fear *Caſſio* with my night-cap too,)
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an aſs;
And practiſing upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madneſs. 'Tis here—— but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never ſeen, till us'd. [*Exit.*

8 ——— *Which thing to do,*
If this poor Traſh *of* Venice, *whom I trace*
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on.] A trifling, inſignificant fellow may, in ſome reſpects, very well be call'd *Traſh*; but the metaphor is not preſerved. For what agreement is there betwixt *traſh*, and *quick-hunting*, and *ſtanding the putting on?* The alluſion to the *chaſe*, *Shakeſpear* ſeems to be fond of applying to *Rodorigo*, who ſays of himſelf towards the concluſion of this *Act*;

I follow her in the chaſe, *not like a* hound *that* hunts, *but one that fills up the* cry.

I ſuppoſe therefore that the poet wrote,

If this poor brach *of* Venice,

which is a low ſpecies of *hounds of the chace*, and a term generally us'd in contempt: and this compleats and perfects the metaphorical alluſion, and makes it much more ſatirical. *Utilius*, in his notes on *Gracian*, ſays, Racha *Saxonibus canem ſignificabat, unde Scoti hodie* Rache *pro cane femina habent, quod Anglis eſt* Brache. *Nos verò* (he ſpeaks of the *Hollanders*) Brach *non quemvis canem ſed ſagacem vocamus.* So the *French*, Braque, *eſpece de chien de chaſſe.* Menage Etimol.

9 ——— *whom I do* TRACE
For his quick hunting,——] Juſt the contrary. He did not *trace* him, he *put him on*, as he ſays immediately after. The old Quarto leads to the true reading.

——— *whom I do* CRUSH
For his quick hunting,

Plainly corrupted from CHERISH.

SCENE

SCENE IX.

The STREET.

Enter Herald with a Proclamation.

Her. IT is *Othello*'s pleaſure, our noble and valiant General, that upon certain tidings now arriv'd, importing [1] the meer perdition of the *Turkiſh* fleet, every man put himſelf into triumph: ſome to dance, ſome to make bonfires, each man to what ſport and revels his mind leads him. For, beſides this beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleaſure, ſhould be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feaſting, from this preſent hour of five, 'till the bell have told eleven. Bleſs the iſle of *Cyprus*, and our noble General *Othello!*

Enter Othello, Deſdemona, Caſſio, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Good *Michael*, look you to the guard to night,
Let's teach our ſelves that honourable ſtop,
Not to out-ſport diſcretion.
Caſ. Iago hath direction what to do:
But, notwithſtanding, with my perſonal eye
Will I look to't.
Oth. Iago is moſt honeſt: [lieſt,
Michael, good-night. To morrow, with your earLet me have ſpeech with you. Come, my dear love,
The purchaſe made, the fruits are to enſue;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good-night. [*Exeunt* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

Enter Iago.

Caſ. Welcome, *Iago*; we muſt to the Watch.

[1] *The meer perdition*] *Meer*, for total.

Iago.

Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'th' clock. Our General caſt us thus early for the love of his *Deſdemona:* whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and ſhe is ſport for *Jove.*

Caſ. She's a moſt exquiſite lady.

Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

Caſ. Indeed, ſhe's a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

Iago. What an eye ſhe has? methinks, it ſounds a parley to provocation.

Caſ. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modeſt.

Iago. And when ſhe ſpeaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Caſ. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happineſs to their ſheets: come, lieutenant, I have a ſtoop of wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* gallants, that would fain have a meaſure to the health of the black *Othello.*

Caſ. Not to night, good *Iago*; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wiſh, courteſie would invent ſome other cuſtom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

Caſ. I have drunk but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too: and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakneſs with any more.

Iago. What, man? 'tis a night of revels, the gallants deſire it.

Caſ. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Caſ. I'll do't, but it diſlikes me. [*Exit* Caſſio.

Iago. If I can faſten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to night already,
" He'll be as full of quarrel and offence,

" As

" As my young miſtreſs' dog.——
Now, my ſick fool, *Rodorigo*,
" Whom love hath turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide out,
To *Deſdemona* hath to night carouz'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
Three lads of *Cyprus*, noble ſwelling ſpirits,
(That hold their honours in a wary diſtance,
The very elements of this warlike iſle,)
Have I to night fluſter'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongſt this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our *Caſſio* in ſome action
That may offend the iſle. But here they come.
If conſequence do but approve my (*a*) Deem,
My boat ſails freely, both with wind and ſtream.

SCENE X.

Enter Caſſio, Montano, *and Gentlemen.*

Caſ. 'Fore heav'n, they have given me a rouſe already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one: not paſt a pint, as I am a ſoldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [Iago *ſings.*

And let me the canakin clink, clink,
And let me the canakin clink.
A ſoldier's a man; oh, man's life's but a ſpan;
Why, then let a ſoldier drink.

Some wine, boys.

Caſ. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent ſong.

Iago. I learn'd it in *England:* where, indeed, they are moſt potent in potting. Your *Dane*, your *German*, and your ſwag-belly'd *Hollander*,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your *Engliſh.*

[(*a*) *Deem*, Mr. *Theobald.*—— Vulg. *Dream.*]

Caſ.

Caſ. Is your *Engliſhman* ſo exquiſite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your *Dane* dead drunk. He ſweats not to overthrow your *Almain*. He gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Caſ. To the health of our General.

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you juſtice.

Iago. Oh ſweet *England*.

King Stephen *was an a worthy peer,*
His breeches coſt him but a crown;
He held them ſix pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Caſ. Why, this is a more exquiſite ſong than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Caſ. "No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his "place that does thoſe things. Well —— Heaven's "above all; and there be ſouls that muſt be ſaved, "and there be ſouls muſt not be ſaved,

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Caſ. "For mine own part, (no offence to the "General, nor any man of quality;) I hope to be "ſaved.

Iago. And ſo do I too, lieutenant.

Caſ. "Ay, but, by your leave, not before me. "The Lieutenant is to be ſaved before the Ancient. "Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. "Forgive our ſins —— gentlemen, let's look to "our buſineſs. Do not think, gentlemen, I am "drunk: this is my Ancient; this is my right-hand,

"and

" and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can
" ſtand well enough, and I ſpeak well enough.
Gent. Excellent well.
Caſ. " Why, very well then: you muſt not think
" then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Manent Iago *and* Montano.

Mont. To the platform, maſters; come, let's ſet the Watch.
Iago. You ſee this fellow, that is gone before;
He is a ſoldier, fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*,
And give direction. And do but ſee his vice;
'Tis to his virtues a juſt equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him;
I fear, the Truſt *Othello* puts him in,
On ſome odd time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this iſland.
Mon. But is he often thus?
Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his ſleep;
He'll watch the horologue a double ſet,
If drink rock not his cradle.
Mont. It were well,
The General were put in mind of it:
Perhaps, he ſees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in *Caſſio*,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now, *Rodorigo!*
I pray you, after the lieutenant, go. [*Exit* Rod.
Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard ſuch a Place as his own Second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity;
It were an honeſt action to ſay ſo
Unto the Moor.

Iago.

Iago. Not I, for this fair iſland;
I do love *Caſſio* well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. Hark, what noiſe?
[*Within*, help! help!

Re-enter Caſſio, *purſuing* Rodorigo.

Caſ. You rogue! you raſcal!
Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?
Caſ. A knave teach me my duty! I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.
Rod. Beat me——
Caſ. Doſt thou prate, rogue?
Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [*Staying him.*
I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.
Caſ. Let me go, Sir, or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.
Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.
Caſ. Drunk? —— [*They fight.*
Iago. Away, I ſay, go out and cry a mutiny.
[*Exit* Rodorigo.
Nay, good lieutenant—Alas, gentlemen——
Help, ho! ——Lieutenant—Sir—*Montano*——
Help, maſters! here's a goodly watch, indeed——
Who's that, who rings the bell——diablo, ho!
[*Bell rings.*
The town will riſe. Fie, fie, lieutenant! hold:
You will be ſham'd for ever.

SCENE XII.

Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Oth. What is the matter here?
Mont. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt, but not to th' death.
Oth. Hold, for your lives.
Iago. Hold, ho! lieutenant—Sir—*Montano*——
Gentlemen——

Have you forgot (*a*) all ſenſe of place and duty?
The General ſpeaks to you——hold, hold, for ſhame——
Oth. Why, how now, ho? from whence ariſeth this?
Are we turn'd *Turks?* and to our ſelves do That,
Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites?*
For chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawl;
He, that ſtirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his ſoul light: he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the iſle
From her propriety. What is the matter?
Honeſt *Iago*, that looks dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know; friends all, but now, even now
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Diveſting them for bed; and then, but now——
(As if ſome planet had unwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breaſts,
In oppoſition bloody. I can't ſpeak
Any beginning to this peeviſh odds,
And 'would, in action glorious I had loſt
Thoſe leggs that brought me to a part of it!
Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus forgot?
Caſ. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot ſpeak.
Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont to be civil:
The gravity and ſtillneſs of your youth
The world hath noted; And your name is great
In mouths of wiſeſt cenſure. What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,
And ſpend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me anſwer to it.
Mont. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, *Iago*, can inform you,
While I ſpare ſpeech, which ſomething now offends me,
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught

[(*a*) *All ſenſe of place.* Oxford Editor.——Vulg. *all place of ſenſe.*]

By

By me that's said or done amiss this night,
[2] Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend our selves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.
Oth. Now, by heav'n,
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;
And passion, having my best judgment choler'd,
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began; who set it on;
And he, that is approv'd in this offence,
Tho' he had twin'd with me both at a birth,
Shall lose me.—What, in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domestick quarrel?
In night, and on the Court and Guard of safety;
'Tis monstrous. Say, *Iago*, who began't?
Mont. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier.
Iago. Touch me not so near:
I'd rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to *Michael Cassio:*
Yet I persuade my self, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis, General:
Montano and my self being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And *Cassio* following with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this Gentleman
Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreats his pause;
My self the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,

2 *Unless* self-charity——] *Self-charity*, for charity inherent in the person's nature.

Out-ran my purpoſe: I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of ſwords,
And *Caſſio* high in oath; which 'till to night
I ne'er might ſay before. When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them cloſe together
At blow and thruſt; even as again they were,
When you yourſelf did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report.
But men are men; the beſt ſometimes forget;
Tho' *Caſſio* did ſome little wrong to him,
As men in rage ſtrike thoſe that wiſh them beſt,
Yet, ſurely, *Caſſio*, I believe, receiv'd
From him, that fled, ſome ſtrange indignity,
Which patience could not paſs.
Oth. I know, *Iago*,
Thy honeſty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Caſſio*. *Caſſio*, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine.———

Enter Deſdemona *attended.*

Look if my gentle love be not rais'd up:
I'll make thee an example.
Deſ. What's the matter?
Oth. All is well, Sweeting, come to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, my ſelf will be your ſurgeon.
Lead him off.
Iago, look with care about the town,
And ſilence thoſe whom this vile brawl diſtracted.
Come, *Deſdemona*, 'tis the ſoldiers' life,
To have their balmy ſlumbers wak'd with ſtrife.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Manent Iago *and* Caſſio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?
Caſ. Paſt all Surgery.

Iago.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Caſ. Reputation, reputation, reputation! oh I have loſt my reputation! I have loſt the immortal part of my ſelf, and what remains is beſtial. My reputation! *Iago*, my reputation——

Iago. As I am an honeſt man, I had thought, you had receiv'd ſome bodily wound; there is more ſenſe in That than in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and moſt falſe impoſition; oft got without merit, and loſt without deſerving. You have loſt no reputation at all, unleſs you repute yourſelf ſuch a loſer. What, man,——there are ways to recover the General again. You are but now caſt in his mood, a puniſhment more in policy than in malice; even ſo as one would beat his offenceleſs dog, to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Caſ. I will rather ſue to be deſpis'd, than to deceive ſo good a commander, with ſo ſlight, ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an officer. Drunk? [3] and ſpeak Parrot? and ſquabble? ſwagger? ſwear? and diſcourſe fuſtian with one's own ſhadow? oh thou invincible ſpirit of wine! if thou haſt no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your ſword? what had he done to you?

Caſ. I know not.

Iago. Is't poſſible?

Caſ. I remember a maſs of things, but nothing diſtinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men ſhould put an enemy in their mouths, to ſteal away their brains! that we ſhould with joy, pleaſance, revel, and applauſe, transform our ſelves into beaſts.

3 *And ſpeak Parrot?*] A phraſe ſignifying to act fooliſhly and childiſhly. So *Skelton.*

Theſe maidens full mekely with many a divers flour,
Freſhly they dreſs and make ſweete my boure,
With ſpake parrot *I prav you full courteouſly thei ſaye.*

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recover'd?

Caſ. It has pleas'd the devil, drunkenneſs, to give place to the devil, wrath; one unperfectneſs ſhews me another, to make me frankly deſpiſe my ſelf.

Iago. Come, you are too ſevere a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country ſtands, I could heartily wiſh this had not befallen: but ſince it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caſ. I will ask him for my Place again; he ſhall tell me, I am a drunkard!——had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a fool, and preſently a beaſt! ——— Every inordinate cup is unbleſs'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more againſt it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think, I love you.

Caſ. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at ſome time, man. I tell you what you ſhall do: our general's wife is now the General. I may ſay ſo, in this reſpect, for that he hath devoted and given up himſelf to the contemplation, mark and (*a*) denotement of her parts and graces. Confeſs your ſelf freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your Place again. She is of ſo free, ſo kind, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſs not to do more than ſhe is requeſted. This broken joint, between you and her husband, intreat her to ſplinter. And, my fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this crack of your love ſhall grow ſtronger than it was before.

Caſ. You adviſe me well.

[(*a*) *Denotement.* Mr. *Theobald.*—— Vulg. *devotement.*]

Iago.

Iago. I proteſt, in the ſincerity of love, and honeſt kindneſs.

Caſ. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beſeech the virtuous *Deſdemona* to undertake for me: I am deſperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right: good night, lieutenant, I muſt to the Watch.

Caſ. Good night, honeſt *Iago.* [*Exit* Caſſio.

SCENE XIV.

Manet Iago.

Iago. And what's he then, that ſays, I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give, and honeſt,
Likely to thinking, and, indeed, the courſe
To win the Moor again. For 'tis moſt eaſie
Th' inclining *Deſdemona* to ſubdue
In any honeſt ſuit; ſhe's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, wer't to renounce his baptiſm,
All ſeals and ſymbols of redeemed ſin,
His ſoul is ſo enfetter'd to her love
That ſhe may make, unmake, do what ſhe liſt,
Even as her appetite ſhall play the God
With his weak function. Am I then a villain,
To counſel *Caſſio* [4] to this parallel courſe,
Directly to his Good? Divinity of Hell!
When Devils will their blackeſt ſins put on,
They do ſuggeſt at firſt with heav'nly Shews,
As I do now. — For while this honeſt fool
Plies *Deſdemona* to repair his fortune,
And ſhe for him pleads ſtrongly to the Moor;

4 — *to this* parallel *courſe,*] *Parallel,* for even; becauſe parallel lines run even and equidiſtant.

[5] I'll pour this peſtilence into his ear,
That ſhe repeals him for her body's luſt:
And by how much ſhe ſtrives to do him good,
She ſhall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into Pitch;
And out of her own goodneſs make the net,
[6] That ſhall enmeſh them all. How now, *Rodorigo!*

SCENE XV.

Enter Rodorigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My mony is almoſt ſpent; I have been to night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the iſſue will be, I ſhall have ſo much experience for my pains; and ſo with no mony at all, and a little more wit, return again to *Venice.*

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience?
What wound did ever heal but by degrees;
Thou know'ſt, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time:
Does't not go well? *Caſſio* hath beaten thee,
And thou by that ſmall hurt haſt caſhier'd *Caſſio.*
Tho' other things grow fair againſt the Sun,
Yet fruits, that bloſſom firſt, will firſt be ripe:
Content thy ſelf a-while. In troth, 'tis morning:
Pleaſure and action make the hours ſeem ſhort.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I ſay; thou ſhalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* Rodorigo.
Two things are to be done;

5 *I'll pour this* peſtilence——] *Peſtilence*, for poiſon.

6 *That ſhall* enmeſh *them all.*] A metaphor from taking birds in meſhes. Mr. *Pope.*

My

My Wife muſt move for *Caſſio* to her miſtreſs:
I'll ſet her on: ——
My ſelf, the while, to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump, when he may *Caſſio* find
Solliciting his Wife,—ay, that's the way:
Dull not, Device, by coldneſs and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Before OTHELLO's *Palace.*

Enter Caſſio, *with Muſicians.*

CASSIO.

MASTERS, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid, good morrow, General.

[*Muſick plays*; *and enter* Clown *from the Houſe.*

Clown. Why, maſters, have your inſtruments been in *Naples*, that they ſpeak i'th' noſe thus?

Muſ. How, Sir, how?

Clown. Are theſe, I pray you, wind-inſtruments?

Muſ. Ay, marry are they, Sir.

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a tail.

Muſ. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?

Clown. Mary, Sir, by many a wind-inſtrument that I know. But, Maſters, here's mony for you: and the General ſo likes your muſick, that he deſires you for love's ſake to make no more noiſe with it.

Muſ. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any muſick that may not be heard, to't again: But, as they ſay, to hear muſick, the General does not greatly care.

Muſ. We have none ſuch, Sir.

Clown.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, and hye (*a*) away. Go, vaniſh into air, away.

[*Exeunt* Muſicians.

Caſ. Doſt thou hear, mine honeſt friend?

Clown. No, I hear not your honeſt friend; I hear you.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets, there's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman, that attends the General's wife, be ſtirring, tell her, there's one *Caſſio* entreats of her a little favour of ſpeech. Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is ſtirring, Sir; if ſhe will ſtir hither, I ſhall ſeem to notifie unto her. [*Exit* Clown.

Caſ. Do, my good friend.

To him, enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago.*

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Caſ. Why, no; the day had broke, before we parted. I have made bold to ſend in to your wife;
My ſuit is, that ſhe will to *Deſdemona*
Procure me ſome acceſs.

Iago. I'll ſend her preſently;
And I'll deviſe a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converſe and buſineſs
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Caſ. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honeſt.

To him, enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Good morrow, good lieutenant, I am ſorry
For your diſpleaſure; but all will, ſure, be well.
The General and his wife are talking of it:
And ſhe ſpeaks for you ſtoutly. The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in *Cyprus,*

[(*a*) *And hye away.* Oxford Editor.— Vulg. *for I'll away.*]

And

And great affinity; and that in wiſdom
He might not but refuſe you. But he proteſts, he loves you;
And needs no other ſuitor, but his likings,
To bring you in again.
Caſ. Yet I beſeech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of ſome brief diſcourſe
With *Deſdemona* alone.
Æmil. Pray you, come in;
I will beſtow you where you ſhall have time
To ſpeak your boſom freely.
Caſ. I'm much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Gentlemen.*

Oth. Theſe letters give, *Iago*, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the Senate;
That done, I will be walking on the Works;
Repair there to me.
Iago. My good lord, I'll do't.
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, ſhall we ſee't?
Gent. We'll wait upon your lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Deſdemona, Caſſio, *and* Æmilia.

Deſ. BE thou aſſur'd, good *Caſſio*, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Æmil. Good Madam, do: I know, it grieves my husband
As if the cauſe were his.
Deſ. Oh, that's an honeſt fellow; doubt not, *Caſſio*,
But

But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Caſ. Moſt bounteous Madam,
Whatever ſhall become of *Michael Caſſio*,
He's never any thing but your true ſervant.
Def. I know't, I thank you; you do love my lord,
You've known him long; and, be you well aſſur'd,
He ſhall in ſtrangeneſs ſtand no farther off
Than in a politick diſtance.
Caſ. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either laſt ſo long,
Or feed upon ſuch nice and wateriſh diet,
Or breed itſelf ſo out of circumſtances,
That I being abſent, and my place ſupply'd,
My General will forget my love and ſervice.
Def. Do not doubt that; before *Æmilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy Place. Aſſure thee,
If I do vow a friendſhip, I'll perform it
To the laſt article. My lord ſhall never reſt;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed ſhall ſeem a ſchool, his board a ſhrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With *Caſſio*'s ſuit: therefore be merry, *Caſſio*;
For thy ſollicitor ſhall rather die,
Than give thy cauſe away.

SCENE IV.

Enter Othello, *and* Iago, *at diſtance.*

Æmil. Madam, here comes my lord.
Caſ. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Def. Why, ſtay, and hear me ſpeak.
Caſ. Madam, not now; I'm very ill at eaſe,
Unfit for mine own purpoſes.
Def. Well, do your diſcretion. [*Exit* Caſſio.

Iago.

Iago. Hah! I like not that.———
Oth. What doſt thou ſay?
Iago. Nothing, my lord; or if—I know not what.
Oth. Was not that *Caſſio*, parted from my wife?
Iago. Caſſio, my lord?—no, ſure, I cannot think it,
That he would ſteal away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I believe, 'twas he.
Def. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a ſuitor here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who is't you mean?
Def. Why, your lieutenant *Caſſio*. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
[1] His preſent reconciliation make.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, [2] and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honeſt face.
I pr'ythee, call him back,
Oth. Went he hence now?
Def. I, ſooth, ſo humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To ſuffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, ſweet *Deſdemona*; ſome other time.
Def. But ſhall't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner, Sweet, for you.
Def. Shall't be to night at ſupper?
Oth. Not to night.
Def. To morrow dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home:
I meet the Captains at the citadel.
Def. Why then to morrow night, or *Tueſday* morn,

1 *His preſent reconciliation* TAKE.] *Caſſio* was to be reconciled to his General, not his General to him, therefore *take* cannot be right. We ſhould read MAKE.

2 ——*and not in* cunning,] *Cunning*, for deſign, or purpoſe, ſimply.

Or

Or *Tueſday* noon, or night, or *Wedneſday* morn,
I pr'ythee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days; in faith, he's penitent:
And yet his treſpaſs, in our common reaſon,
(Save that, they ſay, the wars muſt make examples
Out of their beſt,) is not almoſt a fault
T'incur a private check. When ſhall he come?
Tell me, *Othello*. I wonder in my ſoul,
What you would ask me, that I would deny,
Or ſtand ſo mutt'ring on? what? *Michael Caſſio!* —
That came a wooing with you, and many a time,
When I have ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly,
Hath ta'en your part, to have ſo much to do
To bring him in? truſt me, I could do much——

Oth. Pr'ythee, no more; let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.

Def. Why, this is not a boon:
[3] 'Tis as I ſhould entreat you wear your cloths,
Or feed on nouriſhing meats, or keep you warm;
Or ſue to you, to do peculiar profit
To your own perſon. Nay, when I have ſuit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It ſhall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon I do beſeech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my ſelf.

Def. Shall I deny you? no: farewel, my lord.

Oth. Farewel, my *Deſdemona*, I'll come ſtrait.

Def. *Æmilia*, come; be, as your fancies teach you:
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exeunt.*

3 *'Tis as I ſhould entreat you wear your* GLOVES,] Abſurd. We ſhould read, CLOTHS.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Manent Othello, *and* Iago.

Oth. " Excellent Wretch! —— Perdition catch my
soul,
" But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
" Chaos is come again."
Iago. My noble lord, ——
Oth. What doſt thou ſay, *Iago?*
Iago. Did *Michael Caſſio*, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
Oth. He did, from firſt to laſt: why doſt thou ask?
Iago. But for a ſatisfaction of my thought,
No farther harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago?*
Iago. I did not think, he'd been acquainted with it.
Oth. Oh, yes, and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed!
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Diſcern'ſt thou aught in
that?
Is he not honeſt?
Iago. Honeſt, my lord?
Oth. Honeſt? ay, honeſt.
Iago. My lord, for aught I know.
Oth. What doeſt thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord! ——
Oth. Think, my lord! why, by heav'n, thou
echo'ſt me;
As if there were ſome monſter in thy thought,
Too hideous to be ſhewn. Thou doſt mean ſome-
thing:
I heard thee ſay but now, *thou lik'dſt not that*, ——
When *Caſſio* left my Wife. What did'ſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counſel,
In my whole courſe of wooing; thou cry'dſt, *indeed?*
And did'ſt contract and purſe thy brow together,
As

As if thou then hadſt ſhut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou doſt love me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know, I love you.
Oth. I think, thou doeſt:
" And for I know, thou art full of love and honeſty,
" And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giv'ſt them breath,
" Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more:
" For ſuch things, in a falſe diſloyal knave,
" Are tricks of cuſtom; but, in a man that's juſt,
[4] They're cold dilations working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule.
Iago. For *Michael Caſſio*,
I dare be ſworn, I think, that he is honeſt.
Oth. I think ſo too.
Iago. Men ſhould be what they ſeem.
[5] Or, thoſe that be not, 'would they might ſeem knaves!
Oth. Certain, men ſhould be what they ſeem.
Iago. Why, then, I think, *Caſſio*'s an honeſt man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;
I pray thee, ſpeak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou doſt ruminate; and give thy worſt of thoughts
The worſt of words.
Iago. Good my lord, pardon me.
Tho' I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that, all ſlaves are free to;

4 *They're* cold dilations *working from the heart,*
That paſſion cannot rule.] *i. e.* theſe ſtops and breaks are *cold dilations*, or cold keeping back a ſecret, which men of phlegmatic conſtitutions, whoſe hearts are not ſway'd or govern'd by their paſſions, we find, can do: while more ſanguine tempers reveal themſelves at once, and without reſerve. But the *Oxford Editor* for *cold dilations* reads *diſtillations*.

5 *Or, thoſe that be not, 'would they might ſeem* NONE!] There is no ſenſe in this reading. I ſuppoſe *Shakeſpear* wrote,

——— *'would they might ſeem* KNAVES.

Utter

Utter my thoughts! — Why, ſay, they're vile and falſe;
As where's that Palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breaſt ſo pure,
But ſome uncleanly apprehenſions
[6] Keep leets and law-days, and in ſeſſions ſit
With meditations lawful?

Oth. Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend, *Iago*,
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.

Iago. I do beſeech you,
[7] Think I, perchance, am vicious in my gueſs,
(As, I confeſs, it is my nature's plague
To ſpie into abuſe; and oft my jealouſie
Shapes faults that are not;) I intreat you then,
From one that ſo imperfectly conjects,
Your wiſdom would not build your ſelf a trouble
Out of my ſcattering and unſure obſervance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, and wiſdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What doſt thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls.

6 *Keep leets and law-days,*——] *i. e.* govern. A metaphor, wretchedly forced and quaint.

7 THOUGH *I, perchance, am vicious in my gueſs,*] Not to mention that, in this reading, the ſentence is abrupt and broken, it is likewiſe highly abſurd. I beſeech you give your ſelf no uneaſineſs from my unſure obſervance *though* I am vicious in my gueſs. For his being an ill gueſſer was a reaſon why *Othello* ſhould not be uneaſy: in propriety, therefore, it ſhould either have been, *though I am not vicious*, or *becauſe I am vicious*. It appears then we ſhould read,

I do beſeech you,
THINK *I, perchance, am vicious in my gueſs.*

Which makes the ſenſe pertinent and perfect.

'Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh; 'tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his; and has been ſlave to thouſands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of That, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.'

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts——

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor ſhall not, whilſt 'tis in my cuſtody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware, my lord, of jealouſie;
It is a green-ey'd monſter, [8] which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliſs,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves!

Oth. O miſery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches endleſs, is [9] as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor.

8 ——————*which doth mock*
The meat it feeds on.—] *i. e.* loaths that which nouriſhes and ſuſtains it. This being a miſerable ſtate, *Iago* bids him beware of it. The *Oxford Editor* reads,

——————*which doth make*
The meat it feeds on ——————

implying that its ſuſpicions are unreal and groundleſs, which is the very contrary to what he would here make his General think, as appears from what follows,

That cuckold lives in bliſs, &c.

In a word, the villain is for fixing him jealous: and therefore bids him beware of jealouſy, not that it was an *unreaſonable* but a *miſerable* ſtate, and this plunges him into it, as we ſee by his reply, which is only

Oh miſery!

9 ——*as poor as winter,*] Finely expreſſed: *Winter* producing no fruits.

Good

Good heaven! the ſouls of all my tribe defend
From jealouſie!
Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'ſt thou, I'd make a life of jealouſie?
To follow ſtill the changes of the moon
With freſh ſuſpicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I ſhall turn the buſineſs of my ſoul
To ſuch exſuffolate and blown ſurmiſes,
[1] Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To ſay, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, plays, and dances well;
[2] Where virtue is, theſe make more virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No, *Iago*,
I'll ſee, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love, or jealouſie.
Iago. I'm glad of this; for now I ſhall have reaſon
To ſhew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker ſpirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I ſpeak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, obſerve her well with *Caſſio*;
Wear your eye, thus: not jealous, nor ſecure;
I would not have your free and noble nature

1 *Matching thy* inference.] *Inference*, for deſcription, account.

2 *Where virtue is, theſe* ARE MOST *virtuous.*] But how can a virtuous conduct make the *indifferent* actions of ſuch a character, virtuous, or moſt virtuous? The old Quarto reads, a little nearer the truth,

Where virtue is, theſe are more *virtuous.*

But *Shakeſpear* wrote,

Where virtue is, theſe MAKE *more virtuous.*

i. e. where virtue is, the civil accompliſhments of polite life make that virtue more illuſtrious, as coming off victorious from all the temptations which ſuch accompliſhements throw in the way.

[3] Out of ſelf-bounty be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country diſpoſition well;
In *Venice* they do let heav'n ſee the pranks,
They dare not ſhew their husbands; their beſt conſcience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.
Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?
Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them moſt.
Oth. And ſo ſhe did.
Iago. Go to then;
She, that, ſo young, could give out ſuch a Seeming
To ſeal her father's eyes up, cloſe as oak——
He thought, 'twas witchcraft——but I'm much to blame:
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.
Oth. I'm bound to you for ever.
Iago. I ſee, this hath a little daſh'd your ſpirits.
Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.
Iago. Truſt me, I fear, it has:
I hope, you will conſider, what is ſpoke
Comes from my love. But, I do ſee, you're mov'd—
I am to pray you, not to ſtrain my ſpeech
[4] To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,
Than to ſuſpicion.
Oth. I will not.
Iago. Should you do ſo, my lord,
[5] My ſpeech would fall into ſuch vile Succeſs,
Which my thoughts aim not at. *Caſſio*'s my worthy friend.

3 *Out of* ſelf-bounty *be abus'd*;] *Self bounty*, for inherent generoſity.

4 *To groſſer* iſſues,] *Iſſues*, for concluſions.

5 *My ſpeech would fall into ſuch vile* Succeſs,] *Succeſs*, for ſucceſſion, *i. e.* concluſion; not proſperous iſſue.

My

My lord, I ſee, you're mov'd——
Oth. No, not much mov'd——
I do not think, but *Deſdemona*'s honeſt.
Iago. Long live ſhe ſo! and long live you to think ſo!
Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itſelf——
Iago. Ay, there's the point; —— as (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many propoſed matches
Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things Nature tends:
Foh! one may ſmell, in ſuch, a will moſt rank,
Foul diſproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in poſition
Diſtinctly ſpeak of her; tho' I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, haply, ſo repent.
Oth. Farewel, farewel;
If more thou doſt perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife t'obſerve. Leave me, *Iago.*
Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*
Oth. Why did I marry?——
This honeſt creature, doubtleſs,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your Honour
To ſcan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Altho' 'tis fit that *Caſſio* have his Place,
For, ſure, he fills it up with great ability;
Yet if you pleaſe to hold him off a while,
You ſhall by that perceive him, and his means;
Note, if your lady ſtrain his entertainment
With any ſtrong, or vehement importunity;
Much will be ſeen in That. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too buſy in my fears,
(As worthy cauſe I have to fear, I am;)
And hold her free, I do beſeech your Honour.

Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Manet Othello.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, [6] with a learned spirit,
Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
[7] Tho' that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much——
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Must be to loath her. Oh the curse of marriage!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' use. Yet 'tis the plague of Great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death.
Even then, this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. *Desdemona* comes!

Enter Desdemona *and* Æmilia.

If she be false, oh, then heav'n mocks itself:
I'll not believe't.

Des. How now, my dear *Othello?*
Your dinner, and the generous Islanders,

6 ——*with a* learned *spirit,*] *Learned,* for experienced.
7 *Tho' that her jesses* &c.] A metaphor taken from Falconry. *Jesses* are the strings they hold a hawk by. Mr. *Pope.*

By

By you invited, do attend your preſence.
Oth. I am to blame.
Def. Why do you ſpeak ſo faintly?
Are you not well?
Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.
Def. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away again;
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin is too little;
[*She drops her handkerchief.*
Let it alone: come, I'll go in with you.
Def. I am very ſorry, that you are not well.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Manet Æmilia.

Æmil. I am glad, I have found this napkin;
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to ſteal it. But ſhe ſo loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, ſhe ſhould ever keep it)
That ſhe reſerves it evermore about her,
To kiſs and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't *Iago*; what he'll do with it,
Heav'n knows, not I:
I nothing, but to pleaſe his fantaſie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? what do you here alone?
Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.
Iago. You have a thing for me?
It is a common thing——
Æmil. Ha?
Iago. To have a fooliſh wife.
Æmil. Oh, is that all? what will you give me now
For that ſame handkerchief?

Iago. What handkerchief?
Æmil. What handkerchief?——
Why, That the Moor firſt gave to *Deſdemona*;
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteal.
Iago. Haſt ſtolen it from her?
Æmil. No; but ſhe let it drop by negligence;
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took't up:
Look, here 'tis.
Iago. A good wench, give it me.
Æmil. What will you do with't, you have been ſo earneſt
To have me filch it?
Iago. Why, what is that to you? [*Snatching it.*
Æmil. If't be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Give't me again. Poor lady! ſhe'll run mad,
When ſhe ſhall lack it.
Iago. Be not you known on't:
I have uſe for it. Go, leave me—— [*Exit* Æmilia.
I will in *Caſſio*'s lodging loſe this napkin,
And let him find it. " Trifles light as air
" Are, to the jealous, confirmations ſtrong
" As proofs of holy Writ. This may do ſomething.
" The Moor already changes with my poiſons:
" [8] Dang'rous conceits are in their nature poiſons,
" Which at the firſt are ſcarce found to diſtaſte;
" But, with a little act upon the blood,
" Burn like the mines of ſulphur.—I did ſay ſo."

SCENE VIII.

Enter Othello.

Look, where he comes! Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowſy Sirups of the world,

8 *Dang'rous conceits are in their nature poiſons*] This line reſtored from the firſt edition compleats the ſenſe. Mr. *Pope.*

Shall

[9] Shall ever medicine thee to that ſweet Sleep,
Which thou owedſt yeſterday.

Oth. Ha! falſe to me!

Iago. Why, how now, General? no more of that.

Oth. " Avant! be gone! thou'ſt ſet me on the rack:
" I ſwear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
" Than but to know a little.

Iago. How, my lord?

Oth. " What ſenſe had I of her ſtol'n hours or luſt?
" I ſaw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
" I ſlept the next night well; was free, and merry;
" I found not *Caſſio*'s kiſſes on her lips:
He, that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.

Iago. I am ſorry to hear this.

Oth. " I had been happy, if the general Camp,
" (Pioneers and all,) had taſted her ſweet body,
" So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
" Farewel the tranquil mind! Farewel content!
" Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
" That make ambition virtue! oh, farewel!
" [1] Farewel the neighing ſteed, and the ſhrill trump,
" The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,

9 *Shall never medicine thee to that ſweet Sleep,*
Which thou HADST *yeſterday.*] The old Quarto reads,

Which thou OWEDST *yeſterday.*

And this is right, and of much greater force than the common reading; not to ſleep, being finely called defrauding the day of a debt of nature.

1 *Farewel the neighing ſteed, and the* ſhrill *trump,*
The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, th' EAR-PIERCING *fife,*] The attributes to the *trumpet* and *fife*, in the preſent reading, ſeem to be too much alike for the richneſs and variety of *Shakeſpear*'s ideas. Beſides, as the *ſteed* and *trumpet* in the one line were deſigned to be characterized by their ſounds; ſo the *drum* and *fife* by their effects on the hearers; as appears in part from the epithet given to the drum of *ſpirit-ſtirring:* I would read then,

The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, th' FEAR-'SPERSING *fife,*

i. e. the *fear-diſperſing.*

" The

" The royal banner, and all quality,
" Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war!
" And, oh, you mortal engines, whoſe rude throats
" Th' immortal *Jove*'s dread clamours counterfeit,
" Farewel! *Othello*'s Occupation's gone!

Iago. Is't poſſible, my lord?

Oth. Villain, be ſure, thou prove my love a whore;
Be ſure of it: give me the ocular proof,
[*Catching hold on him.*
Or, by the worth of man's eternal ſoul,
Thou hadſt been better have been born a dog,
Than anſwer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?

Oth. Make me to ſee't; or, at the leaſt, ſo prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

Iago. My noble lord——

Oth. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; [2] abandon all remorſe;
On horrors head horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canſt thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.

Iago. Oh grace! oh heav'n defend me!
Are you a man? have you a ſoul? or ſenſe?
God be w' you; take mine office. O wretched fool,
That liv'ſt to make thine honeſty a vice!
Oh monſtrous world! take note, take note, oh world,
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, ſith love breeds ſuch offence.

Oth. Nay, ſtay——thou ſhould'ſt be honeſt——

Iago. I ſhould be wiſe, for honeſty's a fool,
And loſes what it works for.

2 ——*abandon all* remorſe;] *Remorſe*, for repentance.

Oth.

Oth. " [3] By the world,
" I think, my wife is honeſt; and think, ſhe is not;
" I think, that thou art juſt; and think, thou art not;
" I'll have ſome proof. Her name, that was as freſh
" As *Dian*'s viſage, is now begrim'd and black
" As my own face. If there be cords, or knives,
" Poiſon, or fire, or ſuffocating ſtreams,
" I'll not endure't——'Would, I were ſatisfied!
Iago. I ſee, Sir, you are eaten up with paſſion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be ſatisfied?
Oth. Would? nay, and will.
Iago. And may; but how? how ſatisfied, my lord?
Would you be ſuperviſor, groſly gape on?
Behold her top'd?
Oth. Death and damnation! oh!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that proſpect: damn them then,
If ever mortal Eyes do ſee them bolſter,
More than their own. What then? how then?
What ſhall I ſay? where's ſatisfaction?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As ſalt as wolves in pride, and fools as groſs
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I ſay,
If imputation and ſtrong circumſtances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you ſatisfaction, you might have't.
Oth. [4] Give me a living reaſon ſhe's diſloyal.
Iago. I do not like the office;
But ſince I'm entred in this cauſe ſo far,
Prick'd to't by fooliſh honeſty and love,

3 *By the world,* &c.] This ſpeech not in the firſt edition. Mr. *Pope.*

4 *Give me a* living *reaſon*] *Living*, for ſpeaking, manifeſt.

I will go on. I lay with *Caſſio* lately,
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not ſleep.———
" There are a kind of men, ſo looſe of ſoul,
That in their ſleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is *Caſſio:*
In ſleep I heard him ſay, Sweet *Deſdemona*,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!
And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand;
Cry—Oh ſweet creature! and then kiſs me hard,
As if he pluck't up kiſſes by the roots,
That grew upon my lips; then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and ſigh and kiſs, and then
Cry, Curſed fate! that gave thee to the Moor.
Oth. Oh monſtrous! monſtrous!
Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.
Oth. But this denoted [5] a fore-gone concluſion.
[6] *Iago.* 'Tis a ſhrewd doubt, tho' it be but a dream.
And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonſtrate thinly.
Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.
Iago. Nay, but be wiſe; [7] yet we *ſee* nothing done;
She may be honeſt yet.—Tell me but this,
Have you not ſometimes ſeen a handkerchief,
Spotted with ſtrawberries in your wife's hand?
Oth. I gave her ſuch a one; 'twas my firſt gift.
Iago. I know not that; but ſuch a handkerchief,
(I'm ſure, it was your wife's,) did I to day
See *Caſſio* wipe his beard with.
Oth. If it be that———
Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It ſpeaks againſt her with the other proofs.

5 *a fore-gone* concluſion;] *Concluſion*, for fact.
6 Othel. *'Tis a ſhrewd doubt*, &c.] The old Quarto gives this line with the two following to *Iago*; and rightly.
7 ——*yet we* ſee *nothing done*;] This is an oblique and ſecret mock at *Othello*'s ſaying, *Give me the ocular proof.*

Oth.

Oth. Oh, that the ſlave had forty thouſand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my Revenge.
" [8] Now do I ſee, 'tis time.——Look here, *Iago*,
" All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n:
" 'Tis gone; ———.
" [9] Ariſe, black vengeance, from th' unhallow'd cell!
[1] Yield up, oh Love, thy crown and parted throne
To tyrannous Hate! [2] ſwell, boſom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aſpicks tongues.
Iago. Yet be content.

8 *Now do I ſee 'tis* TRUE.] The old Quarto reads,
Now do I ſee 'tis TIME.———
And this is *Shakeſpear*'s, and has in it much more force and ſolemnity, and preparation for what follows; as alluding to what he had ſaid before,

———— ——*No, Iago!*
I'll ſee *before I doubt, when I doubt, prove;*
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love *or jealouſie.*

This *time* was now come.

9 *Ariſe, black vengeance, from the hollow hell.*] This is a poor unmeaning epithet. The old quarto reads,

Ariſe black vengeance from thy HOLLOW cell.

Which the editors not knowing what to make of, alter'd it as above. It is corrupt and ſhould be read thus,

Ariſe black vengeance from th' UNHALLOW'D *cell.*

meaning the infernal regions.

1 *Yield up, oh Love, thy crown and* HEARTED *throne*] *Hearted* throne is ſtrange nonſenſe. The old Quarto reads,

———— ———*and* harted *throne:*

Which the editors took for a word *miſ-ſpelt*, whereas it was a word *miſcalled*. We ſhould read,

Yield up, oh Love, thy crown and PARTED *throne.*

i. e. thy throne which was parted between me and *Deſdemona*: This preſents us with a fine image. The union of *Othello* and *Deſdemona* was ſo perfect, that love divided his throne between them: which he is now bid to reſume, and give to hatred.

2 ——*ſwell, boſom,* &c.] *i. e. ſwell,* becauſe the fraught is of poiſon.

Oth.

Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood——

Iago. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

Oth. Never, *Iago.* [3] Like the *Pontick* Sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course,
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the *Propontick*, and the *Hellespont:*
Even so my bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
'Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up.——Now by yond marble heav'n,
In the due rev'rence of a sacred vow [*He kneels.*
I here engage my words——

Iago. Do not rise yet: [Iago *kneels.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements, that clip us round about!
Witness, that here *Iago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello*'s service. [4] Let him command,
And to obey, shall be in me. Remord
What bloody business ever. *Oth.*

3 ——*Like the* Pontick *Sea,* &c.] This simile is omitted in the first edition: I think it should be so, as an unnatural excursion in this place. Mr. *Pope.*

4 ——————————*Let him command,*
And to obey, shall be in me remorse,
What bloody business ever.] Thus the old copies read, but evidently wrong. Some editions read, *Not to obey*; on which the editor Mr. *Theobald* takes occasion to alter it to, *Nor to obey*; and thought he had much mended matters. But he mistook the sound end of the line for the corrupt; and so by his emendation, the deep-designing *Iago* is foolishly made to throw off his mask when he had most occasion for it; and without any provocation, stand before his Captain a villain confessed; at a time, when, for the carrying on his plot, he should make the least show of it. For thus Mr. *Theobald* forces him to say, *I shall have no remorse to obey your commands how bloody soever the business be.* But this is not *Shakespear*'s way of preserving the unity of character. *Iago,* till now, pretended to be one, *who, tho' in the trade of war he had slain men, yet held it the very stuff of th' conscience to do no contriv'd murder;*

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the inſtant put thee to't:
Within theſe three days let me hear thee ſay,
That *Caſſio*'s not alive.
Iago. [5] My friend is dead;
'Tis done at your requeſt. But, let her live.
Oth. Damn her, lewd Minx! oh, damn her, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift means of death
For the fair Devil. Now art thou my Lieutenant.—
Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Another Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and Clown.*

Def. DO you know, ſirrah, where Lieutenant *Caſſio* lies?
Clown. I dare not ſay, he lies any where.

Def.

murder; when, of a ſudden, without cauſe or occaſion, he owns himſelf a ruffian without *remorſe*. *Shakeſpear* wrote and pointed the paſſage thus,

Let him command,
And to obey ſhall be in me. REMORD
What bloody buſineſs ever.

i. e. however the buſineſs he ſets me upon may ſhock my honour and humanity, yet I promiſe to go thro' with it, and obey without reſerve. Here *Iago* ſpeaks in character, while the ſenſe and grammar are made better by it. So *Skelton*,

And if ſo him fortune to write and plaine,
As ſometimes he muſt vices REMORDE.

And again,

Squire, Knight, and Lord,
Thus the Churche REMORDE.

5 *My* friend *is dead*;] I cannot but think this a very artful imitation of nature. *Iago*, while he would magnify his ſervices, betrays

Def. Why, man?

Clown. He's a ſoldier; and for me to ſay, a ſoldier lies, 'tis ſtabbing.

Def. Go to; where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Def. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to deviſe a lodging, and ſay, he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Def. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

[6] *Clown.* I will catechize the world for him; that is, make queſtions, and bid them anſwer.

Def. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have mov'd my lord on his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compaſs of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it.

[*Exit Clown.*

Def. Where ſhould I loſe that handkerchief, *Æmilia?*

Æmil. I know not, Madam.

Def. Believe me, I had rather have loſt my purſe
Full of Cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no ſuch baſeneſs
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

trays his villany. For was it poſſible he could be honeſt who would aſſaſſinate his Friend? And not to take at this, ſhew'd the utmoſt blindneſs of jealouſy.

6 Clown. *I will catechize the world for him; that is, make queſtions, and* by *them anſwer.*] This *Clown* is a Fool to ſome purpoſe. He was to go ſeek for one; he ſays, he will ask for him, and by his own queſtions make anſwer. Without doubt, we ſhould read; *and* bid *them anſwer. i. e.* the world; thoſe, whom he queſtions.

Def.

Def. Who, he? I think, the Sun, where he was born,
Drew all ſuch humours from him.
Æmil. Look, where he comes.
Def. I will not leave him now, 'till *Caſſio* be
Call'd to him. How is it with you, my lord?

SCENE X.

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady. Oh, hardneſs to diſſemble!
How do you, *Deſdemona?*
Def. Well, my Lord.
Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moiſt, my Lady.
Def. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no ſorrow.
Oth. This argues fruitfulneſs, and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moiſt——this hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from liberty; faſting and prayer,
Much caſtigation, exerciſe devout;
[7] For here's a ſtrong and ſweating devil here,
That commonly rebels: 'tis a good hand,
A frank one.
Def. You may, indeed, ſay ſo;
For 'twas that hand, that gave away my heart.
Oth. A liberal hand. [8] The hands of old gave hearts;
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Def.

7 *For here's a* YOUNG——] We ſhould read, STRONG.

8 *The* hearts of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry *is hands, not hearts.*] It is evident that the firſt line ſhould be read thus,
The hands of old gave hearts:
Otherwiſe it would be no reply to the preceding words,
For 'twas that hand, that gave away my heart:
Not ſo, ſays her husband: *The hands of old indeed gave hearts: But the cuſtom now is to give hands without hearts.* The expreſſion of *new heraldry* was a ſatirical alluſion to the times. Soon after

Def. I cannot ſpeak of this; come, now your promiſe.

Oth. What promiſe, chuck?

Def. I've ſent to bid *Caſſio* come ſpeak with you.

Oth. I have a ſalt and ſorry Rheum offends me:
Lend me thy handkerchief.

Def. Here, my Lord.

Oth. That, which I gave you.

Def. I have it not about me.

Oth. Not?——

Def. No, indeed, my Lord.

Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief
Did an *Ægyptian* to my mother give;
She was a Charmer, and could almoſt read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while ſhe kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, ſubdue my father
Intirely to her love; but if ſhe loſt it,

after *James* the Firſt came to the Crown, he created the new dignity of *Baronets* for mony. Amongſt their other prerogatives of honour, they had an addition to their paternal *arms*, of a HAND *gules* in an Eſcutcheon *argent*. And we are not to doubt but that this was the *new heraldry* alluded to by our author: By which he inſinuates, that ſome then created had *hands* indeed, but not *hearts*; that is, *mony* to pay for the *creation*, but no *virtue* to purchaſe the *honour*. But the fineſt part of the poet's addreſs in this alluſion, is the compliment he pays to his old miſtreſs *Elizabeth*. For *James*'s pretence for raiſing mony by this creation, was the reduction of *Ulſter*, and other parts of *Ireland*; the memory of which he would perpetuate by that addition to their arms, it being the arms of *Ulſter*. Now the method uſed by *Elizabeth* in the reduction of that kingdom was ſo different from this, the dignities ſhe conferred being on thoſe who employed their *ſteel* and not their *gold* in this ſervice, that nothing could add more to her glory, than the being compar'd to her ſucceſſor in this point of view: Nor was it uncommon for the dramatic poets of that time to ſatirize the ignominy of *James*'s reign. So *Fletcher*, in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*. One ſays, *I will ſend thee to* Amboyna *t'th' East-Indies for pepper*. The other replies, *To* Amboyna? *ſo I might be pepper'd*. Again, in the ſame play, a Sailor ſays, *Deſpiſe not this pitch'd Canvas, the time was we have known them lined with* Spaniſh *Duckats*.

Or

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his ſpirits hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did ſo; and take heed on't:——
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To loſe't, or give't away, were ſuch perdition,
As nothing elſe could match.

Deſ. Is't poſſible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magick in the web of it:
A *Sybill*, that had [9] numbred in the world
The Sun to courſe two hundred compaſſes,
In her prophetick fury ſow'd the Work:
The worms were hallowed, that did breed the ſilk;
And it was dy'd in Mummey, which the skilful
Conſerv'd of Maidens' hearts.

Deſ. Indeed! is't true?

Oth. Moſt veritable, therefore look to't well.

Deſ. Then would to heav'n that I had never ſeen't!

Oth. Ha? wherefore?

Deſ. Why do you ſpeak ſo ſtartingly, and raſh?

Oth. Is't loſt? is't gone? ſpeak, is it out o'th' way?

Deſ. Bleſs us!——

Oth. Say you?

Deſ. It is not loſt; but what, an if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Deſ. I ſay, it is not loſt.

Oth. Fetch't, let me ſee't.

Deſ. Why, ſo I can, Sir; but I will not now:
This is a trick to put me from my ſuit,
Pray you, let *Caſſio* be receiv'd again.

Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief —— my mind miſgives——

Deſ. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more ſufficient man.

9 ——*numbred*——
The Sun to courſe——] i. e. numbred the Sun's courſes: Badly expreſſed.

Oth. The handkerchief——
Def. A man, that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you.
Oth. The handkerchief——
Def. Inſooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away!—— [*Exit* Othello.

SCENE XI.

Manent Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Æmil. Is not this man jealous?
Def. I ne'er ſaw this before.
Sure, there's ſome wonder in this handkerchief:
I'm moſt unhappy in the loſs of it.
Æmil. 'Tis not a year, or two, ſhews us a man:
They are all but ſtomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and, when they're full,
They belch us. Look you! *Caſſio*, and my husband.

Enter Iago *and* Caſſio.

Iago. There is no other way, 'tis ſhe muſt do't;
And lo, the happineſs! go and importune her.
Def. How now, good *Caſſio*, what's the news with you?
Caſ. Madam, my former ſuit. I do beſeech you,
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exiſt, and be a member of his love;
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd;
If my offence be of ſuch mortal kind,
That not my ſervice paſt, nor preſent ſorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ranſom me into his love again;
But to know ſo, muſt be my benefit.
So ſhall I cloath me in a forc'd content,

And

And ſhut my ſelf up in ſome other courſe,
To fortune's alms.
Deſ. Alas! thrice-gentle *Caſſio*,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor ſhould I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every ſpirit ſanctified,
As I have ſpoken for you all my beſt;
And ſtood within the blank of his diſpleaſure,
For my free ſpeech! You muſt a-while be patient;
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Than for my ſelf I dare. Let that ſuffice you.
Iago. Is my lord angry?
Æmil. He went hence but now;
And, certainly, in ſtrange unquietneſs.
Iago. "Can he be angry? I have ſeen the Cannon,
"When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
"And, like the Devil, from his very arm
"Puft his own brother; and can he be angry?
"Something of moment then; I will go meet him;
"There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII.

Manent Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and* Caſſio.

Deſ. I pr'ythee, do ſo —Something, ſure, of State,
Either from *Venice*, or ſome unhatch'd practice,
Made here demonſtrable in *Cyprus* to him,
"Hath puddled his clear ſpirit; and, in ſuch caſes,
"Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
"Tho' great ones are their object. 'Tis even ſo.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful members with a ſenſe
Of pain. Nay, we muſt think, Men are not Gods;
Nor of them look for ſuch obſervance always,
As fits the bridal. Beſhrew me much, *Æmilia*,

I was (' unhandſome wrangler, as I am,)
Arraigning his unkindneſs with my ſoul;
But now I find, I had ſuborn'd the witneſs,
And he's indited falſely.

Æmil. Pray heav'n it be
State-matter, as you think; and no conception,
Nor jealous toy concerning you.

Deſ. Alas-the-day, I never gave him cauſe.

Æmil. But jealous ſouls will not be anſwer'd ſo;
They are not ever jealous for a cauſe;
But jealous, for they're jealous. It's a monſter
Begot upon itſelf, born on itſelf.

Deſ. Heav'n keep that monſter from *Othello*'s mind!

Æmil. Lady, amen.

Deſ. I will go ſeek him. *Caſſio*, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your ſuit,
And ſeek t' effect it to my uttermoſt.

Caſ. I humbly thank your Ladyſhip.

[*Ex.* Deſdemona *and* Æmilia *at one door*; Caſſio, *at the other.*

SCENE XIII.

Changes to the Street before the Palace.

Re-enter Caſſio, *meeting* Bianca.

Bian. 'SAVE you, friend *Caſſio.*

Caſ. What makes you from home?
How is it with you, my moſt fair *Bianca?*

1 ——(*unhandſome* WARRIOR *as I am,*)] How this came to be ſo blundered, I cannot conceive. It is plain *Shakeſpear* wrote,

——*unhandſome* WRANGLER, *as I am.*

So *Antony and Cleopatra,*

——*ſie* wrangling *Queen.*

Indeed,

Indeed, ſweet Love, I was coming to your houſe.
Bian. And I was going to your lodging, *Caſſio.*
' What? keep a week away? ſeven days and nights?
' Eightſcore eight hours? and lovers' abſent hours,
' More tedious than the dial, eightſcore times?
' Oh weary reck'ning!
Caſ. Pardon me, *Bianca:*
I have this while with leaden thoughts been preſt;
But I ſhall in a more convenient time
Strike off this ſcore of abſence. Sweet *Bianca,*
[*Giving her* Deſdemona's *Handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.
Bian. Oh *Caſſio,* whence came this?
This is ſome token from a newer friend:
Of thy felt abſence now I feel a cauſe:
Is't come to this? well, well.
Caſ. Go to, woman:
Throw your vile gueſſes in the Devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from ſome miſtreſs, ſome remembrance?
No, in good troth, *Bianca.*
Bian. Why, whoſe is it?
Caſ. I know not neither; I found it in my chamber;
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you? wherefore?
Caſ. I do attend here on the General,
And think it no addition, nor my wiſh,
To have him ſee me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you?
Caſ. Not that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me;
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoon at night?

Caſ. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here. But I'll ſee you ſoon.
Bian. 'Tis very good? [2] I muſt be circumſtanc'd.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Court before the PALACE.

Enter Othello, *and* Iago.

IAGO.

WILL you think ſo?
Oth. Think ſo, *Iago?*
Iago. What, to kiſs in private?
Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiſs?
Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?
Oth. [1] Naked in bed, *Iago*, and not mean harm?
' It is hypocriſy againſt the Devil:
' They that mean virtuouſly, and yet do ſo,

2 —*I muſt be circumſtanc'd,*] *i. e.* your civility is now grown conditional.

1 *Naked in bed,* Iago, *and not mean harm?*
It is hypocriſy againſt the Devil:] This obſervation ſeems ſtrangely abrupt and unoccaſioned. We muſt ſuppoſe that *Iago* had, before they appear in this ſcene, been applying caſes of falſe comfort to *Othello*; as that tho' the parties had been even found in bed together, there might be no harm done; it might be only for the trial of their virtue; as was reported of the *Romiſh* Saint, *Robert D'Arbriſſel* and his Nuns. To this we muſt ſuppoſe *Othello* here replies; and like a good Proteſtant. For ſo the ſentiment does but ſuit the character of the ſpeaker, *Shakeſpear* little heeds how thoſe ſentiments are circumſtanced.

' The

" [2] The Devil their virtue tempts not; they tempt heav'n.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief——

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then, 'tis hers, my lord; and being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

Oth. [3] She is propertied of her honour too;
May she give That?

Iago. Her honour is an essence that's not seen,
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But for the handkerchief——

Oth. " By heav'n, I would most gladly have forgot it;
" Thou said'st,—oh, it comes o'er my memory,
" As doth the Raven o'er th' infected house,
" Boading to ill,—he had my handkerchief.

Iago. Ay, what of that?

Oth.

2 *The Devil their virtue tempts,* AND *they tempt heav'n.*] It is plain, from the whole tenour of the words, that the speaker would distinguish this strange fantastical presumption from other lesser kinds of indiscretion, where prudence is off its guard. But this reading does not distinguish it from any other, it being true of all who run into temptation, that *the Devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heav'n.* The true reading, therefore, without question, is this,

The Devil their virtue tempts NOT; *they tempt heav'n.*

i. e. they do not give the Devil the trouble of throwing temptations in their way: they seek them out themselves, and so tempt heav'n by their presumption. This is a just character of the extravagance here condemned, and distinguishes it from other inferior indiscretions.

3 *She is protectress of her honour too;*] This is plainly intended an answer to *Iago*'s principle, *That what a man is propertied in he may give to whom he pleases,* by shewing the falshood of it, in the instance of a woman's *honour*, which he says she is *protectress* of. But this is strange logic that infers from the acknowledged right of my alienating my *property*, that I may alienate my *trust*, for that *protectress* only signifies. Had *Iago* catched him arguing thus,

Oth. That's not ſo good now.

Iago. What if I ſaid, I'ad ſeen him do you wrong?
Or heard him ſay, (as knaves be ſuch abroad,
Who having by their own importunate ſuit,
Or voluntary dotage of ſome miſtreſs,
[4] Convinc'd or ſuppled them, they cannot chuſe
But they muſt blab.)

Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing?

Iago. He hath, my lord; but be you well aſſur'd,
No more than he'll unſwear.

Oth. What hath he ſaid?

Iago. Why, that he did —— I know not what he did——

Oth. What? what?

Iago. Lye——

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her; on her——what you will——

Oth. "Lie with her! lie on her! lie with her!
" that's fulſom: handkerchief—confeſſions—hand-
" kerchief — handkerchief [— [5] to confeſs, and be
" hang'd for his labour—Firſt, to be hang'd, and
" then—to confeſs!]—I tremble at it—Nature would

thus, we may be ſure he would have expoſed his ſophiſtry. On the contrary he replies, on a ſuppoſition that *Othello* argued right from his principles, and endeavour'd to inſtance in a *property* that could not be alienated; which reduces him to this cavil, that the *property* inſtanced in was of ſo fantaſtic a nature, that one *might* and *might not* have it at the ſame time,

Her honour *is an eſſence that's not ſeen,*
They have it very oft that have it not.

From all this I conclude, that *Shakeſpear* wrote,

She is PROPERTIED *of her honour too:*
May ſhe give that.

And then *Othello*'s anſwer will be logical, and *Iago*'s reply pertinent. *Shakeſpear* uſes the ſame word again in *Timon*,

——*ſubdues and* PROPERTIES *to his love.*

4 Convinc'd] *Convinc'd*, for conquer'd, ſubdued.

5 —*to confeſs* &c.] The words between the hooks ſeem to be the player's traſh.

" not

" not inveſt herſelf in ſuch ſhadowing [6] without ſome
" induction. It is not words, that ſhake me thus——
" piſh——noſes, ears, and lips——is't poſſible! —— con-
" feſs! —— handkerchief! —— oh devil——

[*Falls in a trance.*

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work? thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaſt Dames even thus,
All guiltleſs meet reproach. What hoa! my lord!
My lord, I ſay, *Othello.*——

SCENE II.

Enter Caſſio.

How now, *Caſſio?*

Caſ. What's the matter?

Iago. My lord is fell into an Epilepſy,
This is the ſecond Fit; he had one yeſterday.

Caſ. Rub him about the temples.

Iago. No, forbear,
The lethargy muſt have his quiet courſe;

If

6 *without ſome inſtruction.*] The ſtarts and broken reflexions in this ſpeech have ſomething ſo very terrible, and ſhew the mind of the ſpeaker to be in inexpreſſible agonies. But the words we are upon, when ſet right, have a ſublime in them that can never be enough admired. The ridiculous blunder of writing INSTRUCTION for INDUCTION (for ſo it ſhould be read) has indeed ſunk it into arrant nonſenſe. *Othello* is juſt going to fall into a ſwoon; and, as is common for people in that circumſtance, feels an unuſual miſt and darkneſs, accompanied with horror, coming upon him. This, with vaſt ſublimity of thought, is compared to the ſeaſon of the Sun's eclipſe, at which time the earth becomes ſhadowed by the *induction* or bringing over of the Moon between it and the Sun. This being the alluſion the reaſoning ſtands thus, *My nature could never be thus overſhadowed, and falling, as it were, into diſſolution for no cauſe. There muſt be an* INDUCTION *of ſomething: there muſt be a real cauſe. My jealouſy cannot be merely imaginary. Ideas,* WORDS *only, could not ſhake me thus, and raiſe all*

If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to ſavage madneſs: look, he ſtirs.
Do you withdraw yourſelf a little while,
He will recover ſtraight; when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion ſpeak with you. [*Exit* Caſſio.
How is it, General? have you not hurt your head?

Oth. Doſt thou mock me?

Iago. I mock you not, by heav'n;
Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.

Oth. A horned man's a monſter, and a beaſt.

Iago. There's many a beaſt, then, in a populous city,
And many a civil monſter.

Oth. Did he confeſs it?

Iago. Good Sir, be a man:
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,
May draw with you. Millions are now alive,
That nightly lie [7] in thoſe unproper beds,
Which they dare ſwear peculiar. Your caſe is better.
Oh, 'tis the ſpight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a Wanton in a ſecure couch;
And to ſuppoſe her chaſt. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhall be.

Oth. Oh, thou art wiſe; 'tis certain.

Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine yourſelf but in a patient liſt.
Whilſt you were here, o'er-whelmed with your grief,
(A paſſion moſt unſuiting ſuch a man,)
Caſſio came hither. I ſhifted him away,
And laid good 'ſcuſes on your ecſtaſy;
Bad him anon return, and here ſpeak with me;

all this diſorder. My jealouſy therefore muſt be grounded on matter of fact. Shakeſpear uſes this word in the ſame ſenſe, *Richard* III.

A dire INDUCTION *am I witneſs to.*

Marſton ſeems to have read it thus in ſome copy, and to allude to it in theſe words of his *Fame*,

Plots ha' you laid? INDUCTIONS *dangerous!*

7 ——*in thoſe* unproper *beds.*] *Unproper*, for common.

The

The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourſelf,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable ſcorns,
That dwell in every region of his face.
For I will make him tell the tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago and when,
He hath, and is again to cope your wife.
I ſay, but mark his geſture. Marry, patience;
Or I ſhall ſay, you are all in all in ſpleen,
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Doſt thou hear, *Iago?*
I will be found moſt cunning in my patience;
But, doſt thou hear, moſt bloody?
Iago. That's not amiſs;
But yet keep time in all. [8]Will you withdraw?
[Othello *withdraws.*
Now will I queſtion *Caſſio* of *Bianca*,
A huſwife, that, by ſelling her deſires,
Buys herſelf bread and cloth. It is a creature,
That dotes on *Caſſio*; as 'tis the ſtrumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the exceſs of laughter.—Here he comes—

SCENE III.

Enter Caſſio.

As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall go mad;
[8] And his unbookiſh jealouſy muſt conſtrue
Poor *Caſſio*'s ſmiles, geſtures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong. How do you now, Lieutenant?
Caſ. The worſer, that you give me the addition,
Whoſe want even kills me.
Iago. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't:
Now, if this ſute lay in *Bianca*'s power,
[*ſpeaking lower.*
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed?

8 *And his* unbookiſh *jealouſ.*] *Unbookiſh*, for ignorant.

Caſ.

Caſ. Alas, poor caitiff!

Oth. Look, how he laughs already. [*aſide.*

Iago. I never knew a woman love man ſo.

Caſ. Alas, poor rogue, I think, indeed, ſhe loves me.

Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs out. [*aſide.*

Iago. Do you hear, *Caſſio?*

Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: go to, well ſaid, well ſaid. [*aſide.*

Iago. She gives it out that you ſhall marry her.
Do you intend it?

Caſ. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. [9] Do you triumph, Rogue? do you triumph? [*aſide.*

Caſ. I marry her!—What? a cuſtomer? pr'ythee, bear ſome charity to my wit, do not think it ſo unwholſome. Ha, ha, ha!

Oth. So, ſo: they laugh, that win. [*aſide.*

Iago. Why, the cry goes, that you ſhall marry her.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, ſay true.

Iago. I am a very villain elſe.

Oth. Have you ſcor'd me? well. [*aſide.*

Caſ. This is the monkey's own giving out: ſhe is perſwaded, I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. Iago beckons me: now he begins the ſtory. [*aſide.*

Caſ. She was here even now: ſhe haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the Sea-bank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck———

9 *Do you triumph,* ROMAN? *do you triumph?*] Never was a more ridiculous blunder than the word *Roman*. *Shakeſpear* wrote,

Do you triumph, ROGUE? ———

Which being obſcurely written the editors miſtook for *Rome*, and ſo made *Roman* of it.

Oth.

Oth. Crying, Oh dear *Caſſio*, as it were: his geſture imports it. [*aſide.*

Caſ. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me, ſo ſhakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha!——

Oth. Now he tells, how ſhe pluckt him to my chamber: oh, I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dog I ſhall throw it to. [*aſide.*

Caſ. Well, I muſt leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where ſhe comes.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bianca.

Caſ. 'Tis ſuch another [1] fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one:——

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the Devil and his Dam haunt you! what did you mean by that ſame handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it: I muſt take out the work? A likely piece of work, that you ſhould find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is ſome minxe's token, and I muſt take out the work? there—give it your hobby-horſe: whereſoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Caſ. How now, my ſweet *Bianca?* how now? how now?

Oth. By heaven, that ſhould be my kandkerchief. [*aſide.*

Bian. If you'll come to ſupper to night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.——

Caſ. I muſt, ſhe'll rail in the ſtreets elſe.

Iago. Will you ſup there?

Caſ. Yes, I intend ſo.

1 *Fitchew!*] A polecat. Mr. *Pope.*

Iago.

Iago. Well, I may chance to ſee you; for I would very fain ſpeak with you.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, come, will you?

Iago. Go to, ſay no more. [*Exit* Caſſio.

SCENE V.

Manent Othello, *and* Iago.

Oth. How ſhall I murther him, *Iago?*

Iago. Did you perceive, how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago!*——

Iago. And did you ſee the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to ſee how he prizes the fooliſh woman your wife——She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing——— A fine woman! a fair woman! a ſweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you muſt forget That.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and periſh, and be damn'd to night; for ſhe ſhall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to ſtone: I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand——Oh, the world hath not a ſweeter creature. She might lie by an Emperor's ſide and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but ſay what ſhe is—ſo delicate with her needle.—An admirable muſician.——Oh, ſhe will ſing the ſavageneſs out of a bear: of ſo high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worſe for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thouſand, a thouſand time:
And then of ſo gentle condition!——

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain.
But yet the pity of it, *Iago*——— Oh, *Iago*, the pity of it, *Iago*——

Iago.

Iago. If you are ſo fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near no body.

Oth. I will chop her into meſſes: cuckold me!

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me ſome poiſon, *Iago*, this night; I'll not expoſtulate with her, leſt her body and her beauty unprovide my mind again; this night, *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poiſon, ſtrangle her in her bed, Even in the bed ſhe hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:
The juſtice of it pleaſes; very good.

Iago. And for *Caſſio*, let me be his undertaker:
You ſhall hear more by midnight. [*A Trumpet within.*

Oth. Excellent good: — What Trumpet is that ſame?

Iago. Something from *Venice*, ſure. 'Tis *Lodovico* Come from the Duke: and, ſee, your wife is with him.

SCENE VI.

Enter Lodovico, Deſdemona, *and Attendants, from the Palace.*

Lod. Save you, worthy General.

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The Duke and the Senators of *Venice* greet you. [*Gives him a letter.*

Oth. I kiſs the Inſtrument of their pleaſures.

Deſ. And what's the news, good Couſin *Lodovico?*

Iago. I am very glad to ſee you, ſignior.
Welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod. I thank you; how does lieutenant *Caſſio?*

Iago. Lives, Sir.

Deſ. Couſin, there's fall'n between him and my lord

An unkind breach: but you ſhall make all well.
Oth. Are you ſure of that? [*Aſide.*
Def. My lord? —
Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will*— [Reads.
Lod. He did not call; he's buſy in the paper.
Is there diviſion 'twixt my lord and *Caſſio?*
Def. A moſt unhappy one; I would do much
T' atone them, for the love I bear to *Caſſio.*
Oth. Fire and brimſtone!
Def. My lord!
Oth. Are you wiſe?
Def. What, is he angry?
Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him.
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing *Caſſio* in his Government.
Def. Truſt me, I am glad on't.
Oth. Indeed!
Def. My lord! [*Aſide.*
Oth. I am glad to ſee you mad.
Def. Why, ſweet *Othello?*
Oth. Devil! — [*Striking her.*
Def. I have not deſerv'd this.
Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice,*
Though I ſhould ſwear, I ſaw't. 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, ſhe weeps.
Oth. Oh devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop, ſhe falls, would prove a crocodile:
Out of my ſight—
Def. I will not ſtay t' offend you: [*Going.*
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:
I do beſeech your lordſhip, call her back.
Oth. Miſtreſs,—
Def. My lord.
Oth. What would you with her, Sir?
Lod. Who, I, my lord?

Oth.

Oth. Ay; you did wiſh, that I would make her turn:
Sir, ſhe can turn and turn, and yet go on;
And turn again. And ſhe can weep, Sir, weep;
And ſhe's obedient: as you ſay, obedient;
Very obedient——proceed you in your tears——
Concerning this, Sir,——oh well-painted paſſion!——
I am commanded home——get you away,
I'll ſend for you anon,——Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to *Venice*.—Hence, avant!——
[*Exit* Deſdemona.
Caſſio ſhall have my Place. And, Sir, to night
I do entreat that we may ſup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to *Cyprus*——
Goats and Monkies! [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Manent Lodovico, *and* Iago.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full Senate
Call all-in-all ſufficient? " this the Nature,
" Which paſſion could not ſhake? [2] whoſe ſolid virtue
" The ſhot of accident, nor dart of chance,
" Could neither raze, nor pierce?

2 ——————*whoſe ſolid virtue*
The ſhot of accident *nor dart of* chance
Could neither graze *nor pierce.*] But 'tis no commendation to the moſt ſolid virtue to be free from the attacks of fortune: but that it is ſo impenetrable as to ſuffer no impreſſion. Now to *graze* ſignifies, only *to touch the ſuperficies* of any thing. That is the attack of fortune: And by that virtue is try'd, but not diſcredited. We ought certainly therefore to read,
Can neither raze *nor pierce.*
i. e. neither lightly touch upon, nor pierce into. The ignorant tranſcribers being acquainted with the Phraſe of a *bullet grazing*, and *ſhot* being mention'd in the line before, they corrupted the true word. Beſides, we do not ſay, *graze* a thing; but *graze on* it.

Iago. He is much chang'd.
Lod. Are his wits ſafe? is he not light of brain?
Iago. He's what he is; I may not breathe my cenſure.
What he might be, if what he might he is not,
I would to heaven, he were!
Lod. What, ſtrike his wife!
Iago. 'Faith, that was not ſo well; yet 'would I knew,
That ſtroke would prove the worſt.
Lod. Is it his uſe?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?
Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honeſty in me to ſpeak
What I have ſeen and known. You ſhall obſerve him,
And his own courſes will denote him ſo,
That I may ſave my ſpeech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.
Lod. I'm ſorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Othello *and* Æmilia.

Oth. YOU have ſeen nothing then?
Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did ſuſpect.
Oth. Yes, you have ſeen *Caſſio* and her together.
Æmil. But then I ſaw no harm; and then I heard
Each ſyllable, that breath made up between them.
Oth. What? did they never whiſper?
Æmil. Never, my lord.
Oth. Nor ſend you out o' th' way?

Æmil.

Æmil. Never.
Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
Æmil. Never, my lord.
Oth. That's ſtrange!
Æmil. I durſt, my lord, to wager ſhe is honeſt,
Lay down my ſoul at ſtake: if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuſe your boſom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heav'n requite it with the ſerpent's curſe!
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſt and true,
There's no man happy; the pureſt of their wives
Is foul as ſlander.
Oth. Bid her come hither, go. [*Exit* Æmilia.
She ſays enough; yet ſhe's a ſimple bawd,
That cannot ſay as much. This is a ſubtle whore,
A cloſet lock and key of villanous ſecrets;
And yet ſhe'll kneel, and pray: I've ſeen her do't.

SCENE IX.

Enter Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Def. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.
Def. What is your pleaſure?
Oth. Let me ſee your eyes; look in my face.
Def. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function, miſtreſs;
Leave procreants alone, and ſhut the door,
Cough, or cry, hem, if any body come.
Your miſtery, your miſtery; —— nay, diſpatch.
[*Exit* Æmilia.
Def. Upon my knee, what doth your ſpeech import?
I underſtand a fury in your words,

[3] But not your words.
Oth. Why? what art thou?
Def. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.
Oth. Come, swear it; damn thy self; lest, being like one
Of heav'n, the devils themselves should fear to seize thee.
Therefore be double-damn'd; swear, thou art honest.
Def. Heav'n doth truly know it.
Oth. Heav'n truly knows,
That thou art false as hell.
Def. To whom, my lord?
With whom? how am I false?
Oth. Ah, *Desdemona!* away, away, away——
Def. "Alas, the heavy day! why do you weep?
"Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
"If, haply, you my father do suspect
"An instrument of this your calling back,
"Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
"Why, I have lost him too.
Oth. "Had it pleas'd heav'n
"To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
"All kind of sores and shames on my bare head,
"Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
"Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes;
"I should have found in some place of my soul
"A drop of patience. But, alas to make me
"A fixed figure for the hand of scorn
"To point his slow unmoving finger at——
"Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
"But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
"Where either I must live, or bear no life,
"The fountain from the which my current runs,
"Or else dries up; to be discarded thence;
"Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads

3 *But not your words.*] This line is added out of the first edition. Mr. *Pope.*

"To

" To knot and gender in: [4] Turn thy complexion thence,
" Patience, thou young, and roſe-lip'd cherubin;
" I here look grim as hell."

Def. I hope, my noble lord eſteems me honeſt.

Oth. Oh, ay, as ſummer flies are in the ſhambles,
That quicken ev'n with blowing.
[5] O, thou bale weed, why art ſo lovely fair?
Thou ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet that the ſenſe akes at thee.
'Would, thou had'ſt ne'er been born!

Def. Alas, what ignorant ſin have I committed?

Oth. Was this fair paper, this moſt goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? what, what committed?
Committed?——oh, thou publick commoner!
I ſhould make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cynders burn up modeſty,
Did but I ſpeak thy deeds. What, what committed?
Heav'n ſtops the noſe at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets,
Is huſh'd within the hollow mine of earth,

4 ——————*Turn thy complexion* THERE,

I here look grim as hell.] We ſhould read THENCE. The meaning is, in ſuch a caſe, as laſt deſcribed, Patience will have no power or efficacy; therefore let her turn herſelf elſewhere. I am grim and inexorable as hell.

5 ——————————*Oh thou weed!*
Who art ſo lovely fair, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet
That the ſenſe akes at thee.] The fairneſs of the flower does not contribute, with the ſweetneſs of the ſmell, to the aking of the ſenſe. The old Quarto reads,

O thou BLACHE *weed*, why *art ſo lovely fair?*
Thou ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet, that the ſenſe akes at thee.

Which the editors not being able to ſet right, alter'd as above. *Shakeſpear* wrote,

O thou BALE *weed, why art ſo lovely fair?*
Thou ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet that the ſenſe akes at thee.

Bale, i. e. deadly poiſonous. Why art thou ſo fair to allure the admirer to deſtruction.

And will not hear't. What committed?—Impudent Strumpet!

Def. By heav'n, you do me wrong.

Oth. Are not you a ſtrumpet?

Def. No, as I am a chriſtian.

If to preſerve this Veſſel for my lord
From any other, foul, unlawful, Touch,
Be not to be a ſtrumpet, I am none.

Oth. What, not a whore?

Def. No, as I ſhall be ſaved.

Oth. Is't poſſible?

Def. Oh, heav'n forgive us!

Oth. I cry you mercy, then.
I took you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello*———

SCENE X.

Enter Æmilia.

You, miſtreſs,
That have the office oppoſite to St. *Peter*,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
We have done our courſe, there's mony for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counſel. [*Exit.*

Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

Def. Faith, half aſleep.

Æmil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

Def. With whom?

Æmil. Why, with my lord, madam?

Def. Who is thy lord?

Æmil. He that is yours, ſweet lady.

Def. I have none; do not talk to me, *Æmilia*.
I cannot weep; nor anſwer have I none,
But what ſhould go by water. Pray, to night

Lay

Lay on my bed my wedding ſheets, remember;
And call thy husband hither.
Æmil. Here's a change indeed! [*Exit.*
Def. 'Tis meet I ſhould be uſed ſo, very meet:
How have I been behav'd, that he might ſtick
The ſmall'ſt opinion of my leaſt miſuſe?

SCENE XI.

Enter Iago *and* Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleaſure, Madam? how is't with you?
Def. I cannot tell; thoſe, that do teach your babes,
Do it with gentle means, and eaſie tasks;
He might have chid me ſo: for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.
Iago. What's the matter, lady?
Æmil. Alas, *Iago*, my lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,
Thrown ſuch deſpight and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.
Def. Am I that name, *Iago?*
Iago. What name, fair lady?
Def. Such, as, ſhe ſaid, my lord did ſay I was.
Æmil. He call'd her whore; a beggar in his drink,
Could not have laid ſuch terms upon his callet.
Iago. Why did he ſo?
Def. I do not know; I'm ſure, I am none ſuch.
Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas, the day!
Æmil. Hath ſhe forſook ſo many noble matches?
Her father? and her country? and her friends?
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?
Def. It is my wretched fortune,
Iago. Beſhrew him for't! how comes this trick upon him?
Def. Nay, heav'n doth know.
Æmil. I will be hang'd, if ſome eternal villain,

Some

Some buſie and inſinuating rogue,
Some cogging, cozening ſlave, to get ſome office,
Has not devis'd this ſlander: I'll be hang'd elſe.
Iago. Fie, there is no ſuch man; it is impoſſible.
Deſ. If any ſuch there be, heav'n pardon him!
Æmil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!
Why ſhould he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelyhood?
The Moor's abus'd by ſome moſt villanous knave,
Some baſe notorious knave, ſome ſcurvy fellow.
Oh heav'n, that ſuch companions thou'dſt unfold,
And put in every honeſt hand a whip,
To laſh the raſcal naked through the world,
Ev'n from the eaſt to th' weſt!
Iago. Speak within door.
Æmil. Oh fie, upon them! ſome ſuch 'ſquire he was,
" That turn'd your wit the ſeamy ſide without;
And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moor.
Iago. You are a fool; go to.
Deſ. Alas, *Iago*,
" What ſhall I do to win my lord again?
" Good friend, go to him; by this light of heav'n,
" I know not how I loſt him. Here I kneel;
[*Kneeling.*
" If e'er my will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his love,
" Or in diſcourſe, or thought, or actual deed;
" Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any ſenſe,
" Delighted them on any other form;
" Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
" And ever will, though he do ſhake me off
" To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
" Comfort forſwear me! Unkindneſs may do much;
" And his unkindneſs may defeat my life,

" But

" But never taint my love. I can't ſay, *whore*;
It does abhor me, now I ſpeak the word;
To do the act, that might th' addition earn,
Not the world's maſs of vanity could make me.

Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The buſineſs of the State do's him offence,
And he does chide with you.

Deſ. If 'twere no other,——

Iago. It is but ſo, I warrant. [*Trumpets.*
Hark, how theſe inſtruments ſummon to ſupper!
The meſſenger of *Venice* ſtays the meat;
Go in, and weep not; all things ſhall be well.

[*Exeunt* Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

SCENE XII.

Enter Rodorigo, *to* Iago.

How now, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'ſt juſtly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doſt'ſt me with ſome device, *Iago*; and rather, as it ſeems to me now, keep'ſt from me all conveniency, that ſupplieſt me with the leaſt advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it. Nor am I yet perſwaded to put up in peace what already I have fooliſhly ſuffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; and your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me moſt unjuſtly.

Rod. With nought but truth: I have waſted my ſelf out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to *Deſdemona*, would half have corrupted a Votariſt. You have told me, ſhe hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of ſudden reſpect and acquittance; but I find none.

Iago.

Iago. Well, go to; very well.

Rod. Very well, go to; I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well; nay, I think, it is ſcurvy, and begin to find my ſelf fob'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make my ſelf known to *Deſdemona:* If ſhe will return me my jewels, I will give over my ſuit, and repent my unlawful ſollicitation: if not, aſſure yourſelf, I will ſeek ſatisfaction of you.

Iago. You have ſaid now——

Rod. Ay, and ſaid nothing, but what, I proteſt, intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now, I ſee, there's mettle in thee; and even from this inſtant do I build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, *Rodorigo*, thou haſt taken againſt me a moſt juſt exception; but, I proteſt, I have dealt moſt directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your ſuſpicion is not without wit and judgment. But, *Rodorigo*, if thou haſt That in thee indeed, which I have greater reaſon to believe now than ever, (I mean, purpoſe, courage, and valour) this night ſhew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Deſdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and deviſe engines for my life.

Rod. Well; what is it? is it within reaſon and compaſs?

Iago. Sir, there is eſpecial Commiſſion come from *Venice* to depute *Caſſio* in *Othello*'s place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then *Othello* and *Deſdemona* return again to *Venice.*

Iago. Oh, no; he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Deſdemona*, unleſs his abode be lingred here by ſome accident: Wherein none can be ſo determinate, as the removing of *Caſſio.*

Rod.

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him incapable of *Othello*'s Place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourſelf a profit and a right. He ſups to night with a harlot; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune; if you will watch his going thence, (which I will faſhion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take him at your pleaſure. I will be near to ſecond your attempt, and he ſhall fall between us. Come, ſtand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will ſhew you ſuch a neceſſity in his death, that you ſhall think yourſelf bound to put it on him. It is now high ſupper-time; and the night grows to waſte. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reaſon for this.

Iago. And you ſhall be ſatisfied. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beſeech you, Sir, trouble your ſelf no further.

Oth. Oh, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyſhip.

Deſ. Your Honour is moſt welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir? oh *Deſdemona!*——

Deſ. My lord.

Oth. Get you to bed on th' inſtant, I will be return'd forthwith; diſmiſs your attendant there; look, it be done. [*Exit.*

Deſ. I will, my Lord.

Æmil.

Æmil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Def. He ſays, he will return incontinent;
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to diſmiſs you.

Æmil. Diſmiſs me?

Def. It was his bidding; therefore, good *Æmilia*,
Give me my nightly Wearing, and adieu.
We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.

Æmil. I would, you had never ſeen him!

Def. So would not I; my love doth ſo approve him,
That even his ſtubbornneſs, his checks, and frowns,
(Pr'ythee, unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid thoſe ſheets, you bad me, on the bed.

Def. All's one: good father! how fooliſh are our minds?
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, ſhroud me
In one of theſe ſame ſheets.

Æmil. Come, come; you talk.

Def. My Mother had a maid call'd *Barbara*,
She was in love; [4] and he, ſhe lov'd, forſook her,
And ſhe prov'd mad: She had a ſong of *willow*,
An old thing 'twas, but it expreſs'd her fortune,
And ſhe dy'd ſinging it. That ſong to night
Will not go from my mind; I've much ado,
But to go hang my head all at one ſide,
And ſing it like poor *Barbara*. Pry'thee, diſpatch.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Def. No, unpin me here;
This *Lodovico* is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handſom man.

4 —— *and he, ſhe lov'd, prov'd mad,*
And did forſake her: ——] We ſhould read,

—— *and he, ſhe lov'd, forſook her,*
And ſhe prov'd mad: ——

Def.

Def. He ſpeaks well.

Æmil. I know a lady in *Venice* would have walk'd barefoot to *Paleſtine* for a touch of his nether lip.

Def. *The poor ſoul ſat ſinging by a ſycamore-tree,*
Sing all a green willow: [ſinging.
Her hand on her boſom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The freſh ſtream ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, &c.
Her ſalt tears fell from her, and ſoftned the ſtones;
Sing willow, &c.
Willow, willow, &c.
(Pr'ythee, hye thee, he'll come anon)
Sing all a green willow muſt be my garland.
Let no body blame him, his ſcorn I approve.
Nay that's not next—— Hark, who is it that knocks?

Æmil. It's the wind.

Def. *I call'd my love falſe love; but what ſaid he then?*
Sing willow, &c.
If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.
So, get thee gone, good night; mine eyes do itch,
Doth that boad weeping?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Def. I have heard it ſaid ſo; oh theſe men, theſe men!
Doſt thou in conſcience think, tell me, *Æmilia*,
That there be women do abuſe their husbands
In ſuch groſs kind?

Æmil. There be ſome ſuch, no queſtion.

Def. Would'ſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Def. No, by this heav'nly light.

Def. Nor I neither, by this heav'nly light:
I might do't as well i'th' dark.

Def. Would'ſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?

Æmil. The world's a huge thing,
It is a great price, for a ſmall vice,

Def.

Def. In troth, I think, thou would'ſt not.

Æmil. In troth, I think, I ſhould; and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do ſuch a thing for a joint-ring, nor for meaſures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps; nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world; why who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I ſhould venture purgatory for't.

Def. Beſhrew me, if I would do ſuch a wrong
For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th' world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

Def. I do not think, there is any ſuch woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage, as
Would ſtore the world they plaid for.
But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,
If wives do fall: ſay, that they ſlack their duties,
And pour our treaſures into foreign laps;
Or elſe break out in peeviſh jealouſies,
Throwing reſtraint on us; or ſay, they ſtrike us,
Or ſcant our former Having in deſpight;
Why, we have galls, and though we have ſome grace,
Yet have we ſome revenge. Let husbands know,
Their wives have ſenſe like them; they ſee and ſmell,
And have their palates both for ſweet and ſower,
As husbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? is it ſport?
I think, it is; and doth affection breed it?
I think, it doth: is't frailty, that thus errs?
It is ſo too. And have not we affections?
Deſires for ſports? and frailty, as men have?
Then let them uſe us well; elſe let them know,
The ills we do, their ills inſtruct us to.

Def.

Def. Good night, good night; heaven me ſuch uſes ſend,
Not to pick bad from bad; but by bad, mend!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street before the Palace.

Enter Iago *and* Rodorigo.

IAGO.

HERE, ſtand behind this bulk. Straight will he come:
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick, fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it marrs us: think on That,
And fix moſt firm thy reſolution.
Rod. Be near at hand, I may miſcarry in't.
Iago. Here, at thy hand; be bold and take thy ſword.
Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
Yet he hath given me ſatisfying reaſons:
'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my ſword: he dies.
[*Stands apart.*
Iago. I've rubb'd this young Gnat almoſt to the ſenſe,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill *Caſſio*,
Or *Caſſio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live *Rodorigo*,
He calls me to a reſtitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As gifts to *Deſdemona*.
It muſt not be.——If *Caſſio* do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, beſides, the Moor

May unfold me to him; there ſtand I in peril;
No, he muſt die. Be it ſo; I hear him coming.

Enter Caſſio.

Rod. I know his gate; 'tis he: villain, thou dyeſt.
[*He runs at* Caſſio, *and wounds him.*

Caſ. That Thruſt had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'ſt:
I will make proof of thine.
[*Fight.* Iago *cuts* Caſſio *behind in the Leg, and* exit.
[*Then* Rodorigo *and* Caſſio *fall.*

Rod. Oh, I am ſlain.

Caſ. I'm maim'd for ever; help, hoa! murther, murther!

SCENE II.

Enter Othello *above at a Window.*

Oth. The voice of *Caſſio*,—*Iago* keeps his word.

Rod. Oh, villain that I am!

Oth. It is even ſo.

Caſ. Oh, help, ho! light! a ſurgeon!——

Oth. 'Tis he! oh brave *Iago*, honeſt and juſt,
That haſt ſuch noble ſenſe of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teacheſt me—Minion, your Dear lies dead;
And your fate hyes apace.—Strumpet, I come:
From off my heart, thoſe charms, thine eyes, are blotted:
Thy bed, luſt-ſtain'd, ſhall with luſt's blood be ſpotted.
[*Exit* Othello.

SCENE

SCENE III.

Enter Lodovico *and* Gratiano, *at a diſtance.*

Caſ. What, ho! no watch? no paſſage? murther, murther!

Gra. 'Tis ſome miſchance; the voice is very direful.

Caſ. Oh help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. Oh wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans. It is a heavy night;
Theſe may be counterfeits: let's think't unſafe
To come into the cry, without more help.

Rod. No body come? then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, *in his ſhirt, with a Light and Sword.*

Lod. Hark ———

Gra. Here's one comes in his ſhirt with light and weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whoſe noiſe is this, that cries out murther?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Do not you hear a cry?

Caſ. Here, here: for heav'n's ſake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is *Othello*'s Ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The ſame, indeed, a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here, that cry ſo grievouſly?

Caſ. Iago? oh I'm ſpoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me ſome help.

Iago. Oh me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

Caſ. I think, that one of them is hereabout;
And cannot make away.

Iago. Oh treacherous villains!
What are you there? come in, and give ſome help.
[*To* Lod. *and* Gra.

Rod. Oh, help me there.
Caſ. That's one of them.
Iago. Oh murth'rous ſlave! oh villain!
[Iago *ſtabs him.*
Rod. Oh damn'd *Iago!* oh inhuman dog!
Iago. Kill men i'th' dark? where be theſe bloody thieves?
How ſilent is this town? ho, murther! murther!
What may you be? are you of good or evil?
Lod. As you ſhall prove us, praiſe us.
Iago. Signior *Lodovico?*——
Lod. He, Sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy? here's *Caſſio*, hurt by villains.
Gra. Caſſio?
Iago. How is't, brother?
Caſ. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!
Light, gentlemen, I'll bind it with my ſhirt.

SCENE IV.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, hoa, who is't that cry'd?
Iago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. Oh my dear *Caſſio*,
My ſweet *Caſſio*, oh *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*.
Iago. O notable ſtrumpet! *Caſſio*, may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be, that have thus mangled you?
Caſ. No.
Gra. I'm ſorry to find you thus:
I have been to ſeek you.
Iago. Lend me a garter. So—— Oh for a chair
To bear him eaſily hence.
Bian. Alas, he faints. Oh *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio!*
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do ſuſpect this Traſh
To be a party in this Injury.

Patience

Patience a while, good *Caſſio*; come, come:
Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?
Alas, my friend, and my dear countryman
Rodorigo? no: Yes, ſure: yea, 'tis *Rodorigo.*
Gra. What, of *Venice?*
Iago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?
Gra. Know him? ah!
Iago. Signior *Gratiano?* I cry your gentle pardon:
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my manners,
That ſo neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to ſee you.
Iago. How do you, *Caſſio?* oh, a chair, a chair.
Gra. Rodorigo?
Iago. He, he, 'tis he: oh, that's well ſaid, the chair.
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the General's ſurgeon. For you, miſtreſs,
Save you your labour. He that lies ſlain here, *Caſſio*,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?
Caſ. None in the world; nor do I know the man.
Iago. What, look you pale? — oh, bear him out o'th' air.
Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, miſtreſs?
Do you perceive the gaſtneſs of her eye? [*To* Bianca.
Nay, if you ſtare, we ſhall hear more anon.
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
Do you ſee, gentlemen? nay, guiltineſs
Will ſpeak, though tongues were out of uſe.

SCENE V.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, husband?
Iago. Caſſio hath there been ſet on in the dark
By *Rodorigo*, and fellows that are 'ſcap'd:
He's almoſt ſlain, and *Rodorigo* dead.
Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good *Caſſio!*

Iago. This is the fruit of whoring——— Pray, *Æmilia*,
Go know of *Caſſio* where he ſupt to night.
What, do you ſhake at that?
Bian. He ſupt at my houſe, but I therefore ſhake not.
Iago. Oh, did he ſo? I charge you go with me.
Æmil. Oh fie upon thee, ſtrumpet!
Bian. I am no ſtrumpet, but of life as honeſt
As you that thus abuſe me.
Æmil. As I? fie upon thee!
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's ſee poor *Caſſio* dreſt.
Come, miſtreſs, you muſt tell's another tale.
Æmilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath hap'd:
Will you go on afore?—— This is the night,
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.
[*Exeunt*, Iago *following*.

SCENE VI.

A Bed-chamber: Deſdemona *is diſcovered aſleep in her Bed.*

Enter Othello, *with a Light and a Sword.*

Oth. "IT is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul;——
"Let me not name it to you, you chaſt Stars!
"It is the cauſe.—— Yet I'll not ſhed her Blood,
"Nor ſcar that whiter skin of hers than ſnow,
"And ſmooth as monumental alabaſter:
[*Lays down the ſword.*
"Yet ſhe muſt die; elſe ſhe'll betray more men.
"[1] Put out the light, and then—Put out the light?—
"If

1 *Put out the light, and then—— Put out the light?*——] So it ſhould be printed. The meaning is, I will put out the light, and *then* proceed to the execution of my purpoſe. But the expreſſion of

" If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
" I can again thy former light restore,
" Should I repent: but once put out *thy* light,
" Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
" I know not where is that *Promethean* heat,
" That can thy light re-lumine.— [*Sets down the taper.*
" When I have pluck'd thy rose,
" I cannot give it vital growth again;
" It needs must wither.— I'll smell thee on the tree;
[*Kissing her.*
" Oh balmy breath, that dost almost perswade
" Justice to break her sword! — One more; one more;
" Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
" And love thee after.— one more, that's the last;
So sweet, was ne'er so fatal! I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: this Sorrow's heav'nly;
It strikes, where it doth love.— She wakes——
Def. Who's there? *Othello?*
Oth. Ay, *Desdemona.*
Def. Will you come to bed, my Lord?
Oth. Have you pray'd to night, *Desdemona?*
Def. Ay, my Lord.
Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n, and grace,
Sollicit for it straight.
Def. Alack, my Lord,
What may you mean by That?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
No, (heav'ns forefend!) I would not kill thy soul.
Def. Talk you of killing?

of *putting out the light,* bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks short, and questions himself about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his first words, as much as to say, But hold, let me first weigh the reflexions which this expression so naturally excites.

Oth. Ay, I do.
Def. Then heav'n have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Def. If you ſay ſo, I hope, you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum.
Def. And yet I fear you: for you're fatal then,
When your eyes rowl ſo. Why I ſhould fear, I know not,
Since guilt I know not: yet, I feel, I fear.
Oth. Think on thy ſins.
Def. They're Loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for That thou dy'ſt.
Def. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you ſo your nether lip?
Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very frame;
Theſe are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be ſtill.
Def. I will ſo: what's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief
Which I ſo lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'ſt *Caſſio*.
Def. No, by my life and ſoul: ſend for the man,
And ask him.
Oth. Sweet Soul, take heed, take heed of perjury;
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Def. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Preſently;
Therefore confeſs thee freely of thy ſin:
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak, the ſtrong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Def. Oh, heav'n have mercy on me!
Oth. I ſay, amen.
Def. And have you mercy too! — I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd *Caſſio*,
But with ſuch general warranty of heav'n,
As I might love. I never gave him token.

Oth.

Oth. By heav'n, I ſaw my handkerchief in's hand.
Oh perjur'd woman! thou doſt ſtone my heart;
And mak'ſt me call, what I intend to do,
A murther, which I thought a ſacrifice.
I ſaw the handkerchief.
Def. He found it then;
I never gave it him; ſend for him hither,
Let him confeſs a truth.
Oth. He hath confeſt.
Def. What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath—— us'd thee———
Def. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Def. He will not ſay ſo.
Oth. No, his mouth is ſtopp'd;
Honeſt *Iago* hath ta'en order for't.
Def. My fear interprets then— What, is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had ſtomach for them all.
Def. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.
Oth. Out, ſtrumpet! weep'ſt thou for him to my face?
Def. Oh baniſh me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, ſtrumpet.
Def. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night.
Oth. Nay, if you ſtrive———
Def. But half an hour.
Oth. Being done, there is no pauſe.
Def. But while I ſay one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. [*He ſmothers her.*

SCENE VII.

Æmilia, *at the door.*

Æmil. My lord, my lord! what hoa! my lord, my lord!

Oth.

Oth. What noiſe is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, ſo.

Æmil. within.] What hoa! my Lord, my Lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, I would ſpeak a word with you.

Oth. " Yes, 'tis *Æmilia*—by and by—ſhe's dead.
" 'Tis like, ſhe comes to ſpeak of *Caſſio*'s death;
" The noiſe was high.—Ha, no more moving?
" Still as the Grave. Shall ſhe come in? were't good?
" I think, ſhe ſtirs again—No——what's the beſt?
" If ſhe come in, ſhe'll, ſure, ſpeak to my wife;
" My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
" Oh inſupportable! oh heavy hour!
" Methinks, it ſhould be now a huge eclipſe
" Of Sun, and Moon, and that th' affrighted globe
" [2] Should yawn at alteration——

Æmil. I beſeech you,
That I may ſpeak with you. Oh, good my lord!—

Oth. I had forgot thee; oh, come in, *Æmilia.*
Soft, by and by, let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?
[*Unlocks the door.*

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh, my good lord, yonder's foul murther done.

Oth. What? now?

Æmil. But now, my Lord.

Oth. It is the very error of the Moon;
She comes more near the Earth than ſhe was wont,
And makes men mad.

2 *Should* yawn *at alteration.*] *Yawn,* for gape.

Æmil.

Æmil. Caſſio, my Lord, hath kill'd
A young *Venetian*, call'd *Rodorigo*.
Oth. Rodorigo kill'd? and *Caſſio* kill'd?
Æmil. No, *Caſſio* is not kill'd.
Oth. Not *Caſſio* kill'd? then murther's out of tune,
And ſweet revenge grows harſh.
Deſ. Oh, falſely, falſely murther'd! —
Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? what?
Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.
Help! help, hoa! help! oh lady, ſpeak again;
Sweet *Deſdemona!* oh ſweet miſtreſs, ſpeak.
Deſ. A guiltleſs death I die.
Æmil. Oh, who hath done this deed?
Deſ. No body, I myſelf, farewel;
Commend me to my kind Lord; oh, farewel.
[*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how ſhould ſhe be murther'd?
Æmil. Alas! who knows?
Oth. You heard her ſay, herſelf, it was not I.
Æmil. She ſaid ſo, I muſt needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a lyar gone to burning hell;
'Twas I, that kill'd her.
Æmil. Oh, the more Angel ſhe, and you the blacker Devil.
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and ſhe was a whore.
Æmil. Thou doſt bely her, and thou art a Devil.
Oth. She was falſe as water.
Æmil. Thou art raſh as fire, to ſay
That ſhe was falſe. Oh, ſhe was heav'nly true.
Oth. Caſſio did top her; ask thy husband elſe.
Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon juſt grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.
Æmil. My husband!
Oth. Thy husband.
Æmil. That ſhe was falſe to wedlock?

Oth.

Oth. Ay, with *Caſſio:* had ſhe been true,
If heav'n would make me ſuch another World,
Of one entire and perfect Chryſolite,
I'd not have ſold her for it.

Æmil. My husband!

Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me firſt:
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſticks on filthy deeds.

Æmil. My husband!

Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?
I ſay, thy husband.

Æmil. [3] Oh miſtreſs! villany has made mocks with love.
My husband ſay, ſhe was falſe!

Oth. He, woman;
I ſay, thy husband; do'ſt underſtand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honeſt, honeſt *Iago.*

Æmil. If he ſay ſo, may his pernicious ſoul
Rot half a grain a day! he lyes to th' heart.
She was too fond of her moſt filthy bargain.

Oth. Hah!———

Æmil. Do thy worſt:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heav'n,
Than thou waſt worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were beſt.

Æmil. [4] Thou haſt not half that power to do me harm,

3 *Oh miſtreſs! villany* &c.] This ſpeech and the following are not in the firſt Edition. Mr. *Pope.*

4 *Thou haſt not half that* power *to do me harm,*
As I have to be *hurt:*—] *Power* for *will:* For *will* ſignifying both ability and inclination, and *power* ſignifying ability, he uſes *power*, for inclination. But the *Oxford Editor*, not underſtanding his author's phraſeology any better when he had ended, than when he had begun with him, alters, *As I have to* be *hurt*, to, *As I have to* bear *hurt:* which yet does not mend the matter, had the poet here uſed *power* in the ſenſe of ability.

As

As I have to be hurt: oh gull! oh dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou'ſt done a deed——
I care not for thy ſword, i'll make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty lives—— Help! help, hoa; help!
The Moor hath kill'd my miſtreſs. Murther, murther!

SCENE VIII.

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, *and others.*

Mon. What is the matter? how now, General?
Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Iago?* you have done well,
That men muſt lay their murthers on your neck.
Gra. What is the matter?
Æmil. Diſprove this villain, if thou be'ſt a man;
He ſays, thou toldſt him that his wife was falſe:
I know, thou didſt not; thou'rt not ſuch a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.
Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more,
Than what he found himſelf was apt and true.
Æmil. But did you ever tell him, ſhe was falſe?
Iago. I did.
Æmil. You told a lye; an odious, damned, lye:
Upon my ſoul, a lye; a wicked lye.
She falſe with *Caſſio?* did you ſay, with *Caſſio?*
Iago. With *Caſſio*, miſtreſs; go to, charm your tongue.
Æmil. I will not charm my tongue; I'm bound to ſpeak;
My miſtreſs lies here murther'd in her bed.
All. Oh heavens forefend!
Æmil. And your reports have ſet the murther on.
Oth. Nay, ſtare not, maſters; it is true, indeed.
Gra. 'Tis a ſtrange truth.
Mon. Oh monſtrous act!

Æmil.

Æmil. Villany! villany! villany!
I think upon't—I think—I ſmell't—Oh villany!
I thought ſo then; I'll kill myſelf for grief;—
Oh villany, villany!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Æmil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to ſpeak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance, *Iago*, I will ne'er go home.

Oth. Oh! oh! oh! [Othello *falls on the bed.*

Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar:
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt Innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.

Oth. Oh, ſhe was foul! [*Riſing.*
I ſcarce did know you, Uncle; there lies your Niece,
Whoſe breath, indeed, theſe hands have newly ſtop'd;
I know, this act ſhews horrible and grim.

Gra. Poor *Deſdemona!* I'm glad thy father's dead:
Thy match was mortal to him; and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This ſight would make him do a deſp'rate turn;
Yea, curſe his better Angel from his ſide,
And fall to reprobation.

Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet *Iago* knows,
That ſhe with *Caſſio* had the act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed. *Caſſio* confeſt it;
And ſhe did gratify his amorous works,
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I firſt gave her; I ſaw it in his hand;
It was an handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.

Æmil. Oh heav'n! oh heav'nly Powers!

Iago. Come, hold your peace.

Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out— I, peace!
No, I will ſpeak as liberal as the air;
Let heav'n, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all cry ſhame againſt me, yet I'll ſpeak.

Iago.

Iago. Be wife, and get you home.
Æmil. I will not. [Iago *offers to ſtab his wife.*
Gra. Fie, your ſword upon a woman?
Æmil. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief, thou ſpeak'ſt of,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a ſolemn earneſtneſs,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to ſuch a trifle)
He begg'd of me to ſteal it.
Iago. Villanous whore!
Æmil. She give it *Caſſio?* alas, I found it,
And I did giv't my husband.
Iago. Filth, thou lieſt.
Æmil. By heav'n, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous coxcomb! what ſhould ſuch a fool
Do with ſo good a wife?

Iago *breaks through and wounds his wife, then runs out.*

Oth. [5] Are there no ſtones in heav'n?
For what then ſerves the thunder? precious villain!
Gra. The woman falls; ſure he has kill'd his wife.
Æmil. Ay, ay; oh, lay me by my miſtreſs' ſide.
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain; take this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without, let him not paſs,

5 *Are there no ſtones in heav'n,*
BUT WHAT SERVE FOR *the thunder?*—] What occaſion for other, when thoſe would ſerve his purpoſe? For he wanted a thunderbolt for *Iago.* Without queſtion, *Shakeſpear* wrote, and pointed the lines thus,

Are there no ſtones in heav'n?
FOR WHAT THEN SERVES *the thunder?*—

i. e. are there no bolts in heaven for this villain? for what purpoſe then ſerves the thunder, that inſtrument of its vengeance?

But

But kill him rather; I'll after that ſame villain,
For 'tis a damned ſlave. [*Exeunt* Mon. *and* Gra.

SCENE IX.

Oth. "I am not valiant neither;
"But every puny whipſter gets my ſword.
"But why ſhould honour out-live honeſty?
"Let it go all."

Æmil. What did thy Song boad, lady?
Hark, can'ſt thou hear me? I will play the ſwan,
And die in muſick; *Willow*, *Willow*, *Willow*——
Moor, ſhe was chaſt; ſhe lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my ſoul to bliſs, as I ſpeak true;
So ſpeaking as I think, alas, I die. [Æmilia *dies*.

Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It was a ſword of *Spain*, [6] the *Ebro*'s temper;
Oh, here it is: Uncle, I muſt come forth.

Gra. within.] If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee dear;
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.

Oth. Look in upon me then, and ſpeak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?

Oth. Lo! I have a weapon:
A better never did itſelf ſuſtain
Upon a ſoldier's thigh. I've ſeen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good ſword,
I've made my way thro' more impediments,
Than twenty times your ſtop. But, oh vain boaſt!

6 ——*the* Ebro's *temper*;] In the firſt edition it is, *Iſebroke's temper*. Thence corrupted, to *Ice brook's*.—*Ebro's temper*; the waters of that river of *Spain*, are particularly famous for tempering of ſteel. The fineſt arms in the world are the *Catalonian* Fuſees. Mr. *Pope*.

Who

Who can controul his fate? 'tis not ſo now.
Be not afraid, tho' you do ſee me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my Butt,
The very ſea-mark of my utmoſt ſail.
Do you go back diſmay'd? 'tis a loſt fear:
Man but a ruſh againſt *Othello*'s breaſt,
And he retires. Where ſhould *Othello* go?
Now———how doſt thou look now? oh ill-ſtarr'd
Wench!
Pale as thy ſmock! When we ſhall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my ſoul from heav'n,
And fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girl,
Ev'n like thy chaſtity. O curſed ſlave!
Whip me, ye Devils,
From the poſſeſſion of this heav'nly ſight;
Blow me about in winds, roaſt me in ſulphur,
Waſh me in ſteep-down gulfs of liquid fire——
Oh *Deſdemona! Deſdemona!* dead, dead! oh, oh!

SCENE X.

Enter Lodovico, Caſſio *led in wounded*, Montano, *and* Iago *priſoner, with Officers.*

Lod. Where is this raſh and moſt unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he, that was *Othello:* here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down tow'rds his feet; but That's a fable.
If that thou beeſt a Devil, I cannot kill thee.
[Othello *wounds* Iago.
Lod. Wrench his ſword from him.
Iago. I bleed, Sir, but not kill'd.
Oth. I am not ſorry, neither: I'd have thee live;
For, in my ſenſe, 'tis happineſs to die.
Lod. Oh thou, *Othello*, that waſt once ſo good,
Fal'n in the practice of a curſed ſlave,——

What ſhall be ſaid to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing;
An honourable murth'rer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confeſt his villany:
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio*'s death?
Oth. Ay.
Caſ. Dear General, I never gave you Cauſe.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-devil,
Why he hath thus enſnar'd my ſoul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;
From this time forth I never will ſpeak word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou doſt beſt.
Lod. Sir, you ſhall underſtand what hath befal'n,
Which, as I think, you know not; here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the ſlain *Rodorigo*,
And here, another; one of them imports
The death of *Caſſio* to be undertook
By *Rodorigo*.
Oth. Oh villain!
Caſ. Moſt heatheniſh and moſt groſs!
Lod. Now, here's another diſcontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it ſeems,
Rodorigo meant t'have ſent this damned villain;
But that, belike, *Iago* in the interim
Came in and ſatisfy'd him.
Oth. Oh thou pernicious caitiff!
How came you, *Caſſio*, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
Caſ. I found it in my chamber;
And he himſelf confeſt it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a ſpecial purpoſe,
Which wrought to his deſire.

Oth.

Oth. Oh fool, fool, fool!

Caſ. There is, beſides, in *Rodorigo*'s letter,
How he upbraids *Iago* that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was caſt; and even now he ſpake,
After long ſeeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.

Lod. You muſt forſake this room, and go with us;
Your Pow'r and your Command is taken off,
And *Caſſio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this ſlave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his. You ſhall cloſe priſoner reſt,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* State. Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
" I've done the State ſome ſervice, and they know't;
" No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
" When you ſhall theſe unlucky deeds relate,
" Speak of me, as I am: Nothing extenuate,
" Nor ſet down aught in malice. Then muſt you ſpeak
" Of one that lov'd not wiſely, but too well;
" Of one, not eaſily jealous; but being wrought,
" Perplex'd in the extream; of one, whoſe hand,
" [7] Like the baſe *Judian* threw a pearl away
" Richer than all his tribe; of one, whoſe eyes,
" Albeit unuſed to the melting mood,
" Drop tears as faſt as the *Arabian* trees

Their

7 *Like the baſe* INDIAN *threw a pearl away*] The elder Quarto reads JUDIAN, and this is certainly right. And by the *Judian* is meant *Herod*, whoſe uſage to *Mariamne* is ſo appoſite to the ſpeaker's caſe that a more proper inſtance could not be thought of. Beſides, he was the ſubject of Tragedy at that time, as appears from the words in *Hamlet*, where an ill player is deſcribed,

——————*to out-herod* Herod.

" Their medicinal gum. Set you down this:
" And ſay beſides, that in *Aleppo* once,
" Where a malignant and a turban'd *Turk*
" Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State,
" I took by the throat the circumciſed dog,
" And ſmote him thus." [*Stabs himſelf.*

Lod. O bloody period!

Gra. All, that is ſpoke, is marr'd.

Oth. I kiſt thee, ere I kill'd thee.——No way but this, [*To* Deſdemona.
Killing myſelf, to die upon a kiſs. [*dies.*

Caſ. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.

Lod. Oh *Spartan* dog! [*To* Iago,
More fell than anguiſh, hunger, or the ſea!
Look on the tragick loading of this bed;
This is thy work; the object poiſons ſight,——
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the houſe,
And ſeize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they ſucceed to you. [8] To you, lord Governor,
Remains the cenſure of this helliſh villain:

The

The metaphorical term of a *pearl*, for a fine woman, is ſo common as ſcarce to need examples. In *Troilus* and *Creſſida*, a lover ſays of his miſtreſs,

There ſhe lies a PEARL.——

And again,

Why ſhe is a PEARL *whoſe price* &c.

8 ——————*To you, lord Governor,*
Remains the cenſure of this helliſh villain:] *Rymer* who had neither vigour of imagination to make a poet, or ſtrength of judgment to make a critic, as appears from his *Edgar* and his *Remarks on* Shakeſpear, had yet juſt enough of both to play the buffoon and caviller. His criticiſms on the *Poets of the laſt age*, with only a mixture of trite remarks, tranſcribed from the *French* commentators on *Ariſtotle*, are one continued heap of ignorance and inſolence. Almoſt the only remark on *Shakeſpear*, which, I think deſerves an anſwer, is upon *Iago*'s character, which he thus cenſures. *To entertain the audience* (ſays he) *with ſomething new and*

The time, the place, the torture, oh! inforce it.
My ſelf will ſtraight aboard; and to the State
This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate. [*Exeunt.*

and ſurpriſing, againſt common ſenſe and nature, he would paſs upon us a cloſe, diſſembling, falſe, ungrateful Raſcal inſtead of an open-hearted, frank, plain-dealing ſoldier, a character conſtantly worn by them for ſome thouſands of years in the world. This hath the appearance of ſenſe, being founded on that rule of *Nature* and *Ariſtotle*, that each character ſhould have manners convenient to the age, ſex, and condition.

Ætatis cujuſque notandi ſunt tibi mores, &c.

ſays *Horace*. But how has our critic applied it? According to this rule it is confeſſed, that a ſoldier ſhould be brave, generous, and a man of honour. This is to be his dramatic character. But either *one* or *more* of any order may be brought in. If only one, then the character of the order takes its denomination from the manners of that *one*. Had therefore the only ſoldier in this play been *Iago*, the rule had been tranſgreſſed, and *Rymer*'s cenſure well founded. For then this *eternal villain* muſt have given the character of the ſoldiery; which had been unjuſt and unnatural. But if a *number* of the ſame order be repreſented, then the character of the order is taken from the manners of the majority; and this, according to nature and common ſenſe. Now in this play there are many of the order of the ſoldiery, and all, excepting *Iago*, repreſented as open, generous, and brave. From *theſe*, the ſoldier's character is to be taken; and not from *Iago*, who is brought as an exception to it, unleſs it be unnatural to ſuppoſe there could be an exception: or that a villain ever inſinuated himſelf into that corps. And thus *Shakeſpear* ſtands clear of this impertinent criticiſm.

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OF THE

CHARACTERS, SENTIMENTS,

SIMILIES,

SPEECHES *and* DESCRIPTIONS

IN

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—— to *Mars.*	*Hen.* 5. *Prol.*		319	
—to aStrawberry growing among Weeds.	*Hen.* 5.		323	*Ely.*
Heart, a penitent one, to a ripe Mulberry.	*Coriol.*	6	505	*Vol.*
I.				
INſurrection, to a Storm.	2 *Hen.* 4.	4	250	*Pr. Hen.*
—— to Bees.	2 *Hen.* 6.	5	59	*War.*
King *James* I. to a Cedar.	*Hen.* 8.		452	*Cran.*
K.				
KIng *Richard*, compar'd to a falling Star and the ſetting Sun.	*Richard* 2.	4	45	*Salisb.*
King's return to his Country compar'd to a Mother's meeting her Child.	ibid.		47	*K. Rich.*
L.				
LOVE, compar'd to a canker in a Bud.	2 *Gent. Ver.*	1	177	*Pro. Val.*
—— to *April* Weather.	ibid.		187	*Pro.*
—to a waxen image.	ibid.		202	*idem.*
Lover, to a *Camelion.*	ibid.		193	*Speed.*

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Love, compar'd to a Figure on Ice.	2 *Gent. Ver.*	1	220	*Duke.*
Lover ſucceſsful, to a Conqueror.	*Mer. of Ven.*	2	146	*Baſs.*
—his thoughts, to the inarticulate Joys of a Crowd.	ibid.		147	*idem.*
M.				
MInd, in doubt, compar'd to the Tide.	2 *Hen* 4.	4	238	*North.*
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O.				
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P.				
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S.				
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TReaſon, compar'd to a Fox.	1 *Hen.* 4.	4	188	*Wor.*
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W.				
Worceſter, E. of, in Rebellion, compar'd to a Meteor.	1 *Hen.* 4.	4	184	*K. Hen.*
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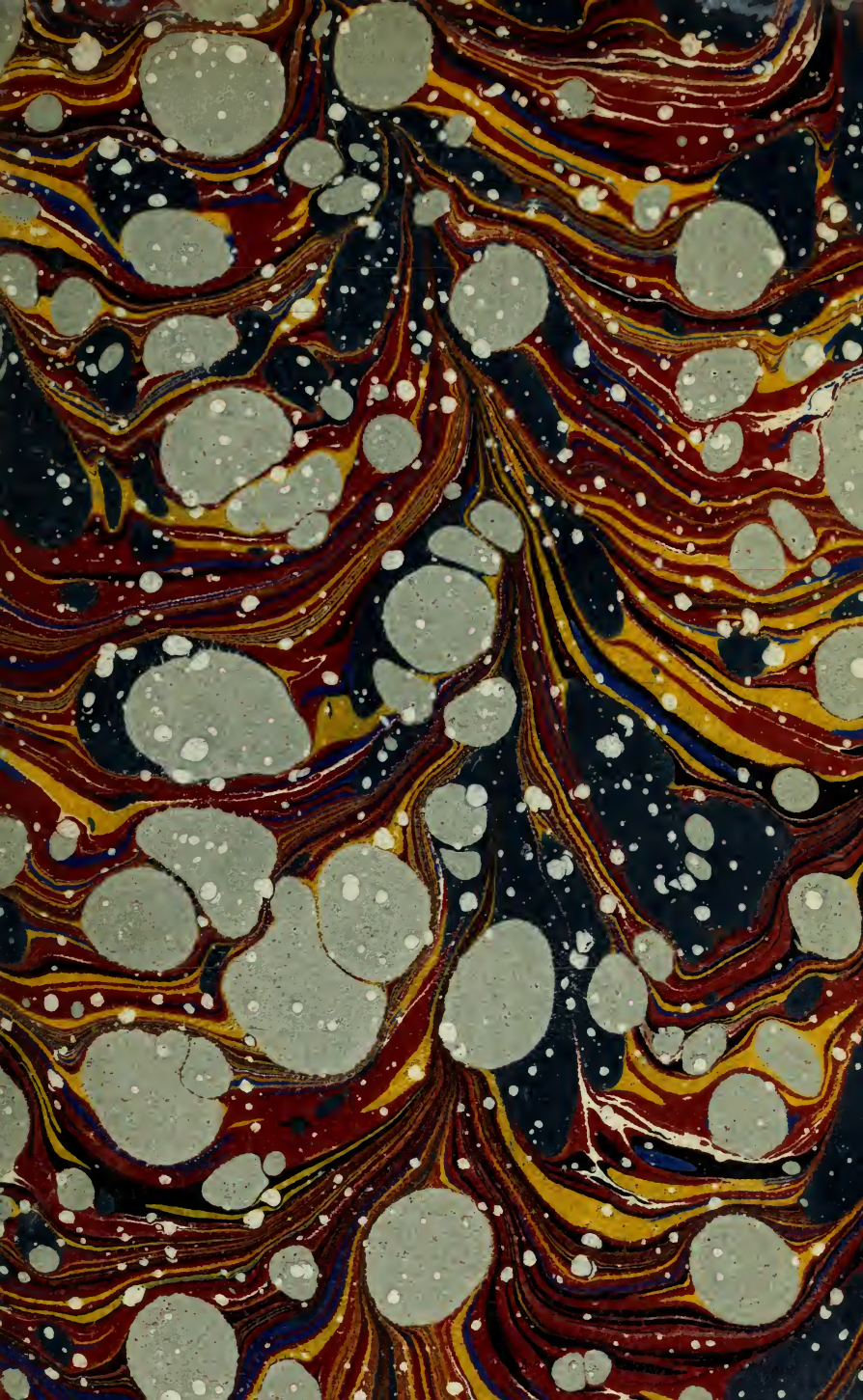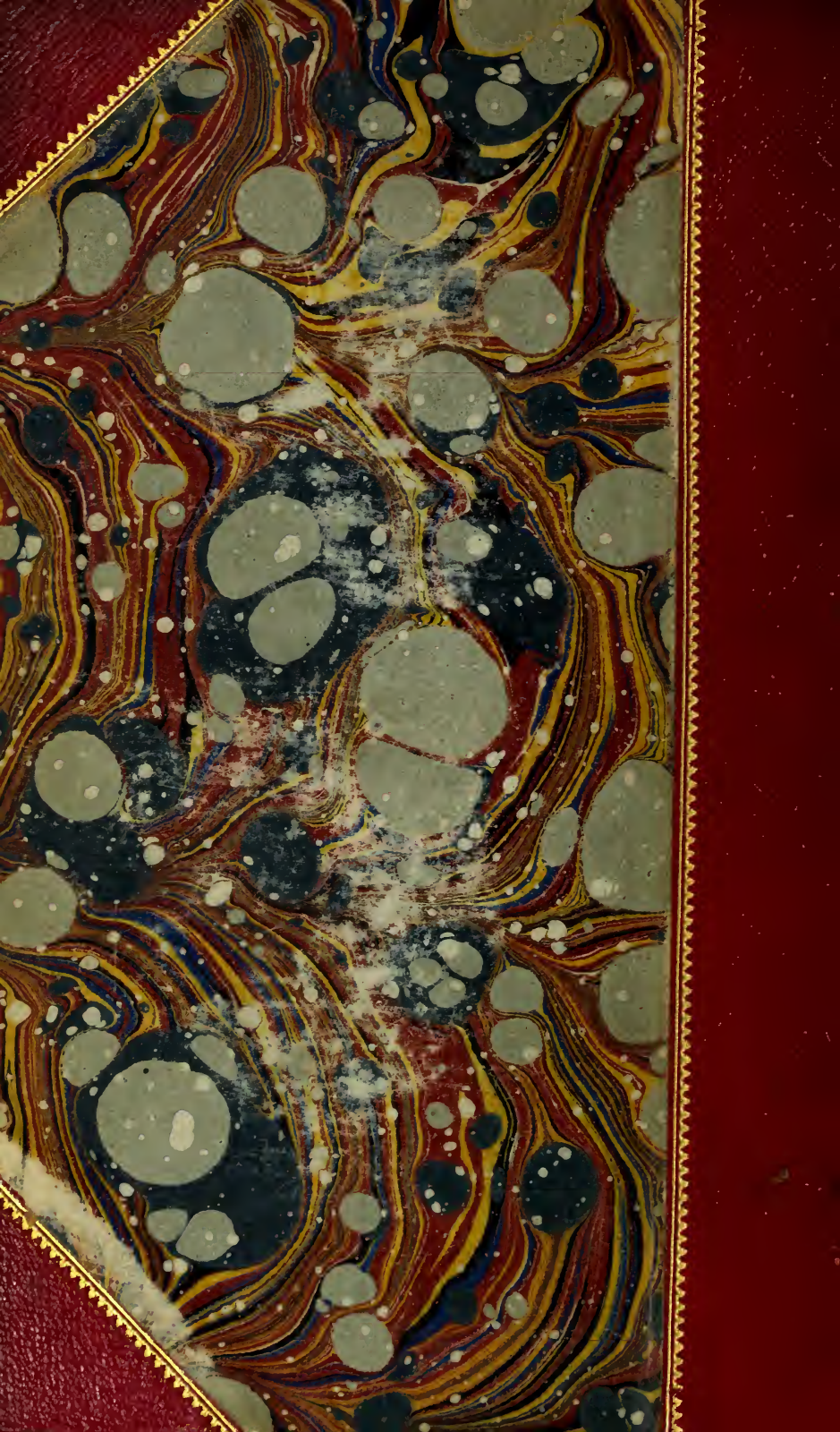
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